PENTHOUSE

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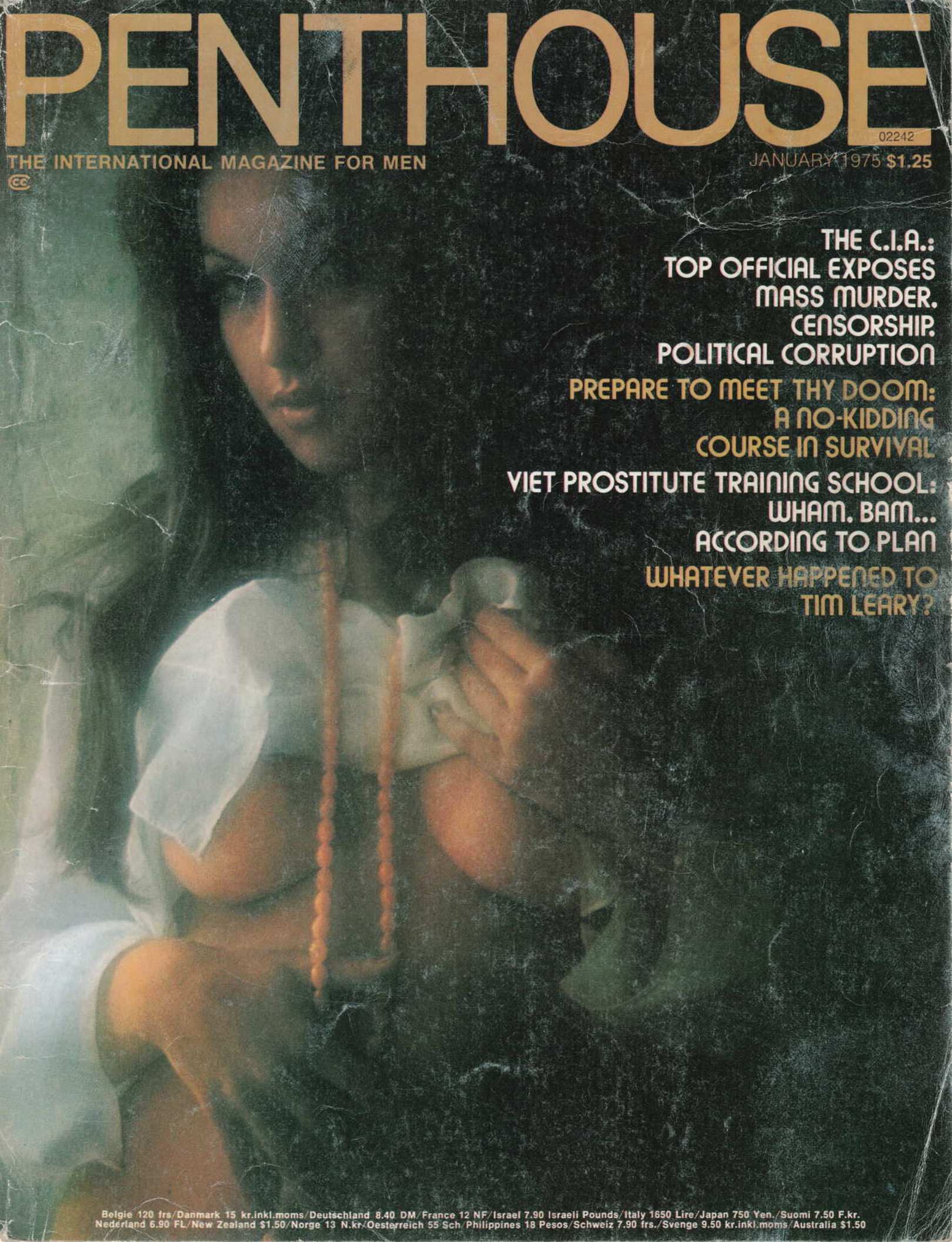
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1975 $1.25



THE C.I.A.:
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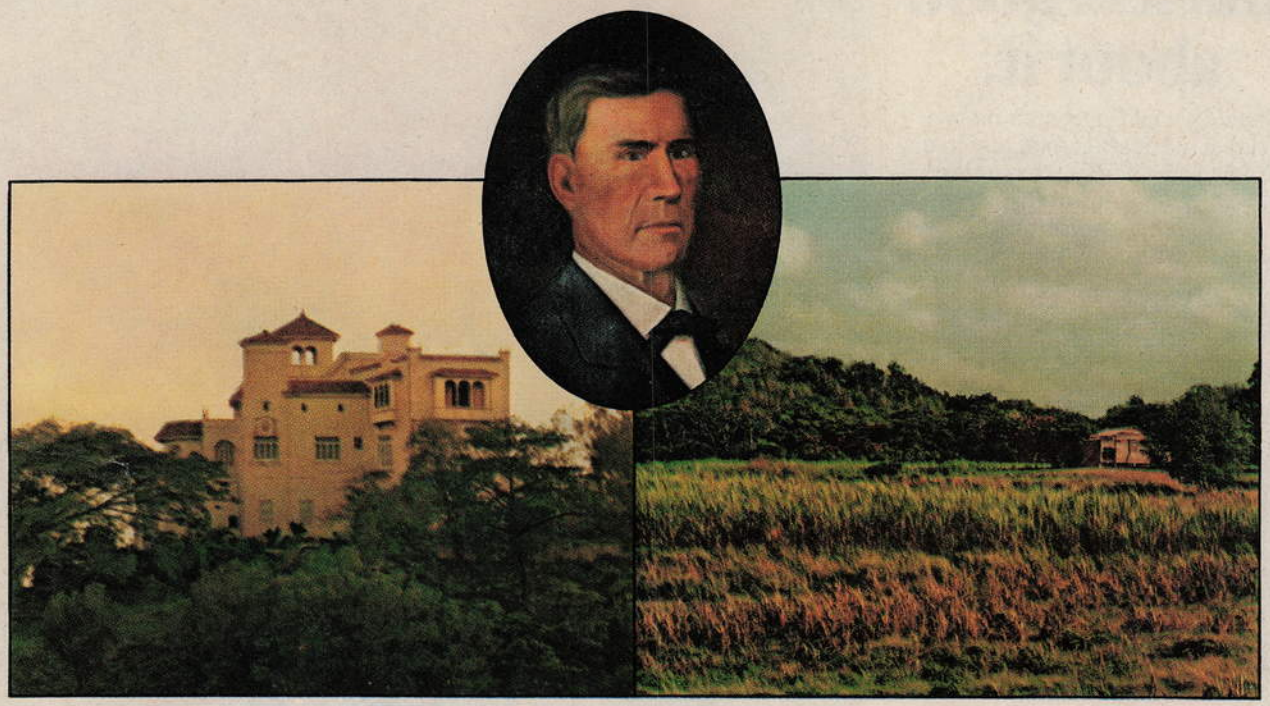

We're not sure why Sebastian Serralles left the comfort of his family's Cataluna estate to come to an island in the West Indies.

All we know is that in 1830, this youth of 20—possessed of fine education, heir to a considerable fortune—stepped aboard a sailing vessel bound for Puerto Rico.

When he got there, he cleared a densely forested tract of land, and planted it with sugar cane.

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PENTHOUSE

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DELETED. In big block letters, the word defaces **Victor Marchetti**'s breakthrough book, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, a total of 168 times. The Central Intelligence Agency, it seems, was not overly pleased with the idea of one of its own men writing about it—particularly a fourteen-year veteran who had shared in top-echelon decision-making and who felt that many of those decisions were questionable, if not ultimately immoral. When the spy types got hold of the manuscript, they demanded that the publisher make wholesale changes, and a shattering court decision reminiscent of *1984* made the book the first in U.S. history to be censored *before* publication—a triumph of government muscle, not to mention secrecy, over the First Amendment.

In an exclusive *Penthouse* interview this month, Marchetti traces his recruitment and his rise through agency ranks and tells of the disenchantment which led to his resignation. The former CIA officer discusses with interviewer **Morton Kondracke**, White House correspondent for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the barbarous Phoenix "murder program" which resulted in 20,000 Vietnamese deaths; the new president ("I don't expect anything good to come out of the Ford presidency"); Mafia connections; assassinations; CIA agent and Watergater Howard Hunt ("He ended up being as simple-minded as his friend William Buckley"); and the great Kissinger ("He's power-mad, a manipulator of world events. . . . I don't think he understands what this country is all about").

In fact, one of the deleted passages involved a recently publicized statement by the Secretary of State, in which he said to a top-level government committee: "I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people." It was this very attitude which soured Marchetti on the agency and made him a crusader against "secret government."

During the same Vietnam War era, while Marchetti was turning off on official immorality, a sizeable segment of the under-thirty generation was turning off on American society as a whole. For one brief but incredible moment in the Sixties, they captured the national spotlight with their music, drug experimentation, and skeptical view of a world they had never asked for. The blooming of the flower generation, however, was to be short-lived, as **Robert Westbrook**—himself a faded Flower Child—reports in *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?* Abbie Hoffman has gone underground following an indictment for selling cocaine; Tim Leary is "singing" to the authorities about his former drug-scene colleagues; and Rennie Davis is spiriting around the world with the dubiously holy but decidedly wealthy Guru Maharaj Ji.

Rising from the graveyard of the Sixties, however, Westbrook discerns a rebirth of those early dreams now seasoned by maturity—a new and quiet quest for reality among the survivors of the hippie years. All across this country, he's found evidence of this renaissance in a return to the land, to crafts, and to a search for inner peace. Westbrook, twenty-eight, is the author of *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* (Crown, 1969) and also of the screenplay for the book's film version.

We've all had those Robinson Crusoe dreams of being marooned on a desert island and surviving on our wits. Well, according to author **David Black**, we'd never make it! In *Surviving the End of the World*, Black tells how he and nine companions simulated post-holocaust conditions on a desolate island of the Bahama chain in "the type of landscape sci-fi writers populate with leftover dinosaurs." Black choked (but subsisted) on land crabs, raw conch, and boiled palmetto hearts, and found that starvation reduced his sexual urge to no more than a tiny erotic tickle. Like so many other things we've tended to take for granted, sex, he concludes, is a luxury.

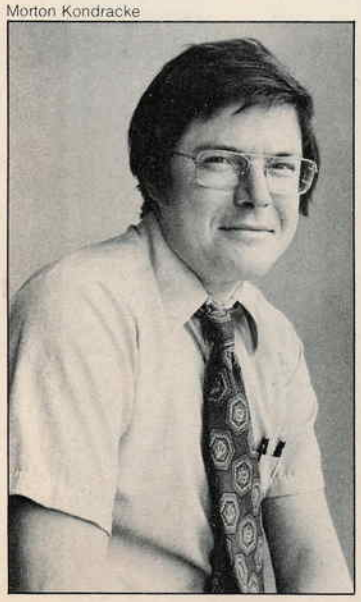
Speaking of sexual activities, transvestism is probably the most misunderstood of all. This complex male predilection for female attire is often confused with homosexuality and/or transsexuality. But, according to **Vicki Richman** in *Queen for a Day*, "most transvestites are as devoted to their families and the American way of sex as the judges who sentence them for various 'offenses.' " And with the incidence of transvestism highest among professional men and college graduates, Miss Richman believes that many of the judges themselves may be "chamber" transvestites. A gown by any other name. . . .

When it comes to *male* attire, *Penthouse* Fashion Editor **Ed Emmerling**, a clotheshorse of another color who has placed on the Nation's Best Dressed Men list, has a passion for authenticity. "When you shoot fashion stories in a studio," he says, "all too often you get a series of pictures that look as though they belong in a catalogue. That's not for us. People should be shown wearing clothes in the proper setting." So be it. For this month's feature on sweaters, we packed the *Penthouse* fashion team off to Helsinki on a Finnair jet, and then mushed them all the way to Lapland. Why? Why not? In Finland, after all, sweaters are the equivalent of a second skin—the next best thing to a sauna for keeping warm. "It's basically a question of doing things *naturally*," says Ed. Which is how we like to operate.

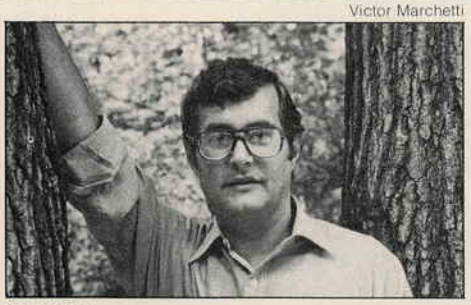
And before we send *you* off to this month's moveable feast, we'd like to offer a special *Penthouse* toast to you all for 1975: a splendid New Year and . . . Bottoms Up. ○—

HOUSECALL

Morton Kondracke



Victor Marchetti



Ed Emmerling

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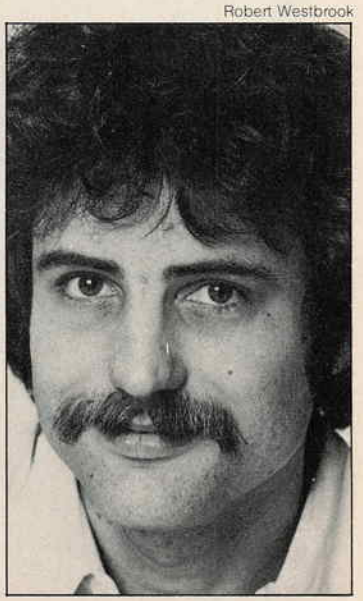

David Black

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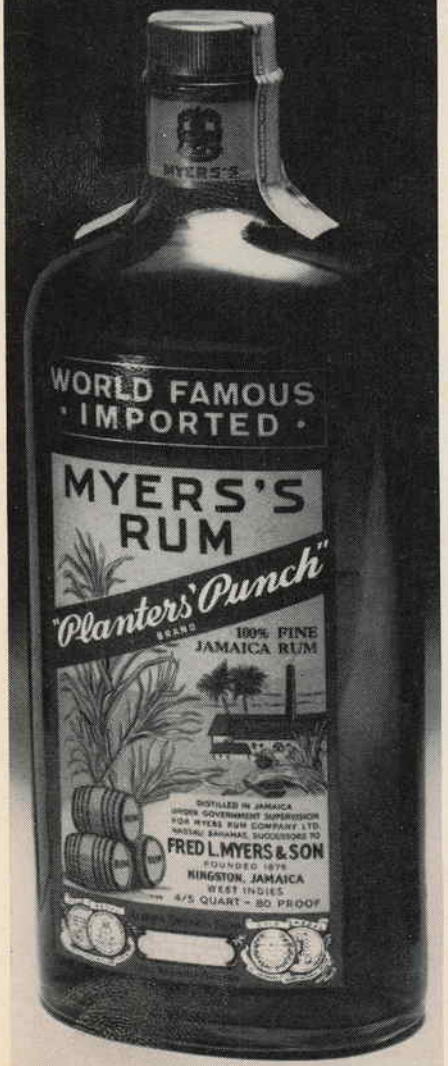

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The bushy pussy

This isn't one of those angry "cancel my subscription" letters but I'll tell you flat out that many of your models are too furry. I don't like 'em bald, and I don't like 'em with dense foliage. The *via media* is ideal, enough to decorate, but not to obscure the Happy Valley. To use another Latinism borrowed from St. Thomas Aquinas, *de gustibus non disputandum est*. Among the copious writings of St. Thomas which are still extant, I can find none that bear directly on the optimum hirsuteness of the labia majora. However, his principle is valid—"tastes should not be a matter for dispute." But nonetheless, let me give you a few bars in favor of the lightly-thatched pussy. (I could probably just refer to Miss Barbie Lewis of July's memorable issue and rest my case.)

I am a pussy lover—a connoisseur, I like to think. Assuredly, I love the legs that guard it, the smooth belly that surmounts it, those beautiful ruby-tipped ivory globes that proudly thrust out above it, and above all, that very special face which crowns it all. But when it comes to getting my cock in an uproar, it is the pussy that reigns supreme. So I like to see it and caress it without having to plow through an Afro.

One night that I can recall very vividly is apropos. After "round one" I was engaging in one of my favorite pastimes—not 69, but simply lying in a position where I could fondle my lover's pussy. I said something like "I'd love to shave every hair off this beautiful little pussy just so I could see it better!" The effect was electric. She said "Do it!" I protested that I was only half-serious. She said "It'll grow back!" And so I took up barbering as a second career. Since it took us over two hours to perform this delicate tonsorial operation, anoint the affected parts, and fuck the patient as often as the attending physician was able to, you wouldn't have space to record all the juicy details.

But the next morning (we were both sober again, ugh!) she surveyed her shorn crotch and said disgustedly, "Uh, I look like a little kid!" This was an obvious exaggeration but I will admit that until the fur began to reappear I was much less stimulated by the sight of her nude body than I normally was.

So to hell with all those freaks who write to you about getting enemas from one-legged ladies. The only customers whose wishes are worth considering are the normal ones, like me, guys who drool over lightly-feathered labia.—*Name withheld, Milwaukee, Wis.*

Sine qua non?

How about some shaved twats in your centerfold? The new emphasis on oral sex makes depilation a *sine qua non* of erotic voyeurism as well as tasty cunnilingus. Oh for a hairless pussy, bulging, well-oiled and glistening, from among your hairy horde. What a sensation that would make!

As a matter of fact, I can envisage a whole series in the mode: pristine notches, stubbly cunts—what a sensation balling one of those — half-grown beards, and full thatches. What opportunities for poetic juxtaposition of smooth quim and silky boobs; stubbly quiff, and glistening thighs; disordered clothes and pristine nakedness. One sees a very short-haired model with sleek coiffure and no bush. Terrific. And then there are color possibilities, with black, brown, and yellow girls—all shorn. The mystery of the Orient, long discussed but rarely revealed to the Westerner, now unveiled. A Turkish tart in yashmak and unfringed gash. A Californian, her quim toasty brown and simmering in suntan oil. A whole world of horny hairlessness. Let's go.—*J.W., New York, N.Y.*

Stocking sensation

So what if a man wants to wear feminine underwear and other articles of clothing! Women have been wearing men's apparel for years, and we are not supposed to say "boo" about it; yet if a man wears panties, etc., he's supposed to be queer. Do you realize that women's underthings are designed to be the most comfortable of clothing (especially for lounging at night, after a hard day's work).

Not only that, but if you want to feel sexy just wear a body stocking or panties under a silk or nylon dress, and see how quick you get a hard-on—especially if your feminine partner starts to slide her hands up your silk-covered legs and over your body!

May I suggest if a man and a woman want a real thrill, try taking a nylon stocking, cut down the leg of it front and rear, until you get to the heel and stop. You will find that the foot part fits beautifully over the penis and the testicles fit snugly in the heel! Then twist the ends once around behind your balls and pull the ends around your waist and tie them in front. Now run it into her love nest and pump her full of the juices from the vine of love. She'll love you for it.

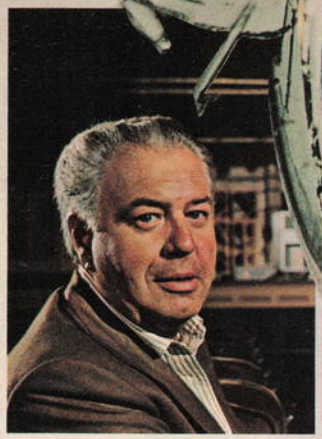
In the second go, take it off, and if you have a small, hard, plastic ball, put it into the toe of the stocking and gently push it well into her with your fingers. Now push the rest of the stocking into her. A little later, slowly pull it out either from the front, or from between her legs and up between her cheeks. Also you can pull it out part way up her front and tie it to her bra. Then let her walk that way and she'll love you for it.—*K.G., British Columbia, Canada*

Steam heat

This past summer I had an unusual experience which I would like to relate to your readers. Late one hot afternoon I happened to look out my apartment window, which overlooks the pool and clubhouse, and saw four teenage girls playing games in the pool. Each would pull her bikini-bottom over her ass, or unfasten her bra before diving into the pool. Next they exchanged bikinis underwater. Finally, two left and the two best-looking removed their bras in order to tan topless.

Deciding to see those young, round breasts a bit closer, I donned my swim trunks (which hardly concealed my swollen penis) and went down to the pool. Seeing a strange man approach, the two girls scrambled to replace their tops. On closer inspection, they looked even sexier. Both had quite slender tanned bodies, which made their

Is it live or is it Memorex? Who knows?



In our most recent test, we asked Ella Fitzgerald's old friend and longtime jazz arranger, Nelson Riddle, if he was listening to Ella live, or Ella as recorded on a Memorex cassette.

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pert and protruding breasts look even better. Both were brunettes with flat, hard stomachs and long, shapely legs.

At this point, I got an even more tremendous erection and decided to go in the clubhouse and take a sauna. After taking a cold shower, my erection hadn't subsided one bit. In fact, just thinking about those girls made my erection longer and harder. Therefore, since nobody else was in the area, I decided to masturbate in the sauna. I went inside, took off my towel, and started massaging my penis.

After a couple of minutes I was really into it and didn't notice that someone had cracked open the door and was watching me masturbate. Suddenly the door opened wide and in walked the two gorgeous "topless sunbathers." They said they noticed my erection through my swim trunks up at the pool and playfully asked if they could do anything to help. Before I could say a word, they had locked the outside door and slipped off their bikinis. The taller one took my aching prick firmly in hand and proceeded to give me the greatest combination hand and blowjob I have ever had. Using long, slow strokes with her hand and mouth, she skillfully brought me almost to the point of orgasm several times, each time backing off just before I came. Meanwhile her friend was caressing my chest, thighs, and balls. What a fantastically erotic session! There I was—lying literally red hot from the sauna and sex, perspiring profusely, moaning from pleasure—while these two sex wolves attended to my needs.

Finally I could stand it no longer and put my penis into the tall girl's hot, wet vagina. She was tremendously excited too and we came immediately. We both shook so we almost fell off the bench. As soon as I had recovered, I led the other one into the exercise room to one of those vibrating reducing machines. I stood in front of her, put the belt around her ass, turned on the juice, and entered her shaking vagina. It felt great being inside her vibrating vagina. There we were, shaking together—ass, vagina, and penis shaking as one. We each had quite an orgasm.

Afraid that someone might come down to the sauna, we returned to my apartment where the session continued for another hour. Over the next few weeks I introduced them to my vibrators and we had a lot more great screwing sessions before the end of summer, and my wife's return.—*Name withheld, Columbus, Ohio*

Mobile mouth

I had a rather interesting trip from California to New York last fall which might be of interest to your female readers. I am a twenty-four-year-old rather attractive woman who has a strong sex drive and who particularly enjoys sucking a man's cock. I was driving to New York and the thought of not being able to satisfy my sexual urges for three days made me think about solving the problem. My first thought was to make myself available to a service station man but I realized there was no place to really relax and enjoy him.

As I was leaving a small town in Tennessee, I noticed a nice, well-kept mobile home sales location, and then the problem of satisfying my urge for a good sucking session seemed to have found an answer. I drove in and pretended to be interested in buying a mobile home. After determining from the man's appearance that he was clean and friendly, I asked him to show me a particular house far removed from the office.

I pretended to be interested in what he was saying until we reached the back bedroom, where I told him my real reason for being there and felt for his cock through his trousers. I suggested that he lay down, gently pushing him back on the bed. He lay on his back and I knelt between his legs, unzipping his trousers and leaving them around his hips. His penis was not yet erect but I immediately took it into my mouth and began sucking and licking it. In no time he had a tremendous, eight-inch, large-headed erection. My sucking action drove him to moaning and thrusting his hips. While he certainly enjoyed my mouth he did take a rather long time to reach an orgasm, but I continued to suck until I had an orgasm. His cock remained erect and I climbed on top of it. His hands grabbed both cheeks of my bottom and he gave me a gorgeous and completely satisfying balling. When he had finished, I immediately got off and left him—still on his back completely exhausted.

The next encounter was not as completely satisfying as the first one. The only thing he wanted was a straight fuck and no oral sex. He was small and lasted only a few minutes before reaching an orgasm.

In all I stopped at four locations, having sex at three. The conditions are excellent for a short, satisfying sexual encounter. Availability of fine male specimens is excellent. I suggest you stop at only the large nice locations. I will when the desire is there.—*Name and address withheld*

Pet comment

I have just seen the September issue and would like to comment on the pictorial *Babetta—The Sensual Sorceress*.

I find the textual matter truthful and accurate, as opposed to your definition of "witchcraft" in Sexindex, July 1974. I particularly applaud the identification of witchcraft as a natural religion divorced from satanism. I find the backgrounds, consisting of stuffed animals, skulls, graveyards, etc., overly theatrical and unlikely to be used by the majority of witches. The floral, triple circle and pentacle shown on page 89 is rarely used but accurate and beautiful as is Babetta's posture, which is quite common in the craft. I find the picture on page 90 very striking and, in it's own way, the most sensual of the article. Thank you for presenting, at least partially, the other side of the coin.—*John Neilson, Winnipeg, Canada*

On page 25 of your October issue there is one of the most beautiful women I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. Please reveal her name, and let's have some more photos of her real soon.

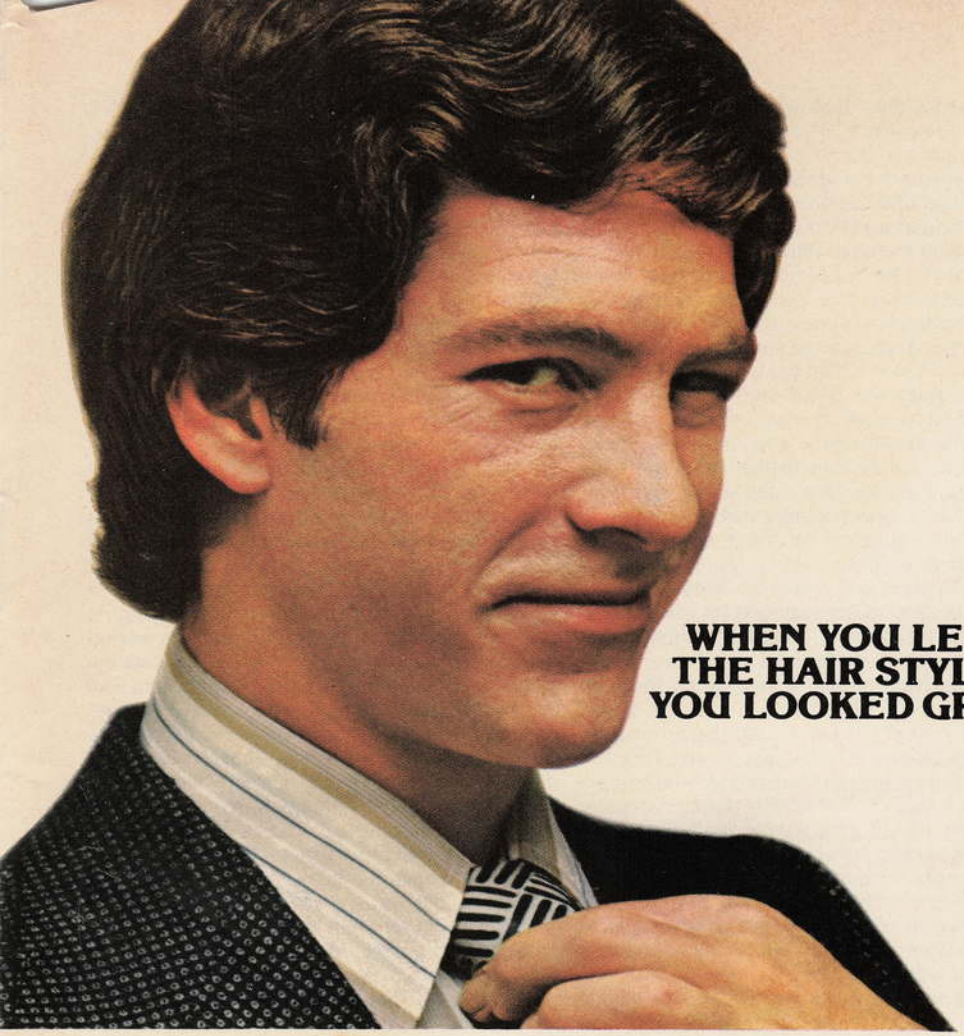
I also think your Pet of the Year, Miss Avril Lund, deserves everything she received as Pet of the Year and more. Being the beautiful and intelligent woman she is, and with a body like that, she has my vote for the next Pet of the Year.—*C. Fanning Jr., Reidsville, Ga.*

Where have you been? That's September Pet Janice Kane on page 25.—Editor

Just a note to say how much my wife and I enjoyed the photos of Karen Dermer in the October issue. Cincinnati's loss is certainly Florida's gain! We only wish you had said what part of Florida, for we would be on our way. Especially after we read of her preference for threesomes (Can you dig it?). What she doesn't have, we don't need.—*J. and J. Harris, Atlanta, Ga.*

Lots of leather

I am writing both to say thanks and to suggest a slightly different spread in reference to *Blazing Saddles* in your September issue. As a cycle-nut I got a terrific "blaze" from the babes on the bikes, but my buddies and I looked in vain for a twist on the subject we love: I mean cycle-chicks in skin-tight leather. Maybe it comes as a blast to you to learn that bike guys sometimes prefer chicks in tight leather to just the standard "tight skin"!



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JANUARY

Perhaps if I describe two or three experiences you'll get the picture. Of course most cats know leather suits are worn by motorcycle freaks to protect them from being wiped out in encounters on a nonscheduled basis with highways, ditches, rocks, cars, garbage thrown from cars, rain, dust, bugs, and all the other junk cycle nuts must endure. A lot of cats don't know that when a chick buddies up to a guy on a cycle and scrunches her face into his leather-jacketed back on a long ride, she begins to associate the leather smell and feel with the cycle jock. Often the typical sex-starved chick who rides with a real stud finds her leather-gloved hand working down into his pants as she hunches over his back, and the stud suddenly vibrates into reality as a leather hand grips his wiener. Sturdier cats have been known to ride for hours in this close encounter before ditching in somebody's shrubbery, cornfield, or any convenient brush pile. At times, the guy may want more than a hand massage, and may choose to buddy behind his chick. Lets suppose for sake of discourse that the babe is dressed in tight leather levis, leather shirt, gloves and boots, as any sensible cycle-bitch should dress. When the stud mounts the bike behind her, his crotch slides down her leather back and snuggles around her leather-encased ass. It is easy to visualize the scene as the cycle-couple buzz down the country road. (This kind of play is only done on country lanes!) His hands grapple her leather-covered tits, stomach, and crotch—perhaps his fly opens to allow more rubbing action—until again they ditch in a grove of trees, bushes, or any handy hole. The point, of course, is that either way most of the physical contact by well-dressed bikers is leather on leather.

I met a real queen one night at a beer joint outside of D.C. I was riding alone and had stopped to see if I could find some action. While sitting at the bar drinking a cold one, three cycle-chicks walked in (no old men around) and all three wore leather gear—one was really a knockout. She must have been 5'8", big tits, and lots of hips—real curves! She wore tight jet black leather hiphuggers with a two-inch white belt, a black leather shirt laced up to the top of her belly with white thongs, a cycle jacket, tough knee boots with the leather pants fitted down over them like a pair of sleeves. Her hair was long and blond, and her face was open, big eyes, round mouth, and an almost too big nose.

They sat down by me, the blond next to me, almost too easy. I could hear them talking about some studs who apparently had rumbled them up the road. They seemed depressed that in the dark the guys had thought they were guys. One said she guessed they'd have to hang lamps on their bumpers so the studs could tell the difference. To make a long evening short—I soon was making contact with Jackie: my hand moved on her leg without any resistance except leather friction. After a couple of beers we saddled on her Harley—a big one—and went for her ride. It was a wild ride but the part I want to leave you with is—when we hit the bushes and I started to take her pants off (quite a chore for skintight leather over cycle boots) she stopped me and directed my attention to her leather-covered crotch. Surprisingly, with much wriggling and wrestling I entered her. After the fireworks were over, I discovered she had a slick leather pocket fitted into her crotch like a large finger. Whenever I entered, the feelings were more sensuous to her than the real thing and completely contraceptive! I lost track of time and place, but later I learned we balled out there in the Virginia scrub pine for close to four hours!

Unfortunately Jackie informed me she liked lots of new experiences and didn't wish to give me her address or any way to contact her, so she is just a memory.—*P.P., address withheld*

A great beginning

As an avid reader of *Penthouse* since its conception I just couldn't believe it when I read *A little cock does the trick* (October Forum). It reminded me of my early teens. When I was fourteen I really had a thing for my sister Sue and two of her friends, Donna and Carol. Susan was eighteen at the time and so were her friends. They knew each other from school and would always get together at my house after school.

These girls were really sexy. Donna had fantastic breasts, and she knew it. She used to wear tight tops all the time. Carol had a dream face and blond hair down to her waist. She usually wore jeans, and Donna would always wear a dress or a skirt. She had great legs which she showed off in short miniskirts. Whenever she sat down I could sit there and gaze up at her panties.

Well, I was never seduced, in fact, those girls probably never even thought of me as a sexual being. I was just Sue's kid brother. That was my status until my sister got married and Donna was the maid of honor. Around the middle of the evening my sister paired us up on the dance floor. As we were dancing I felt Donna's hand rubbing my penis through my pants. I couldn't think of anything to say, so I just held her tighter. I could feel her breasts pushing against me, and I got an erection right there on the dance floor.

She must have felt it because she suggested that we go upstairs to her room (the wedding party was staying at that hotel). As soon as my sister and her husband retired to their room, Donna and I did the same. When she got to the room, she massaged my penis with one hand and undressed me with the other. I helped her off with her gown and we got into bed. We spent almost an hour just on foreplay. It was like a dream. The very breasts I had fantasized about for years were now right there in my hands. I was kissing them, sucking on them. We massaged each other's bodies, then had intercourse. I was a virgin but she seemed to make it all so easy. Then we slept out the night in each other's arms. I'm still not sure how, but my parents found out about it in the morning. They didn't say anything about it and I thought that was cool.

It was a great beginning, but now that I'm twenty-two, I can't help but wonder how it would have felt to be like Marc—seduced by my three idols in the basement family room. I wonder.—*Name and address withheld*

A ticklish situation

I am twenty-five, single, and enjoy a very gratifying sex life which is based on the driving desire to tickle the feet of the women I date. One night after a date with a very foxy-looking twenty-two-year-old blond, she decided we would go back to her place. She was in college and living at home with her parents, who were out for the evening and weren't due home until very late. We were in the living room listening to some music when we both found each other touching the private areas of each other's anatomy. I put my hands on her waist and she jumped. When I asked her what was wrong she said that she was very ticklish there. Then I asked her where else she was ticklish. She said her knees, the back of her neck, behind her ear, and especially her feet. I made her think I wasn't really excited to hear that—but was I ever. As we kissed and fondled I began plotting ways to get at those feet.

We began kissing more and decided the couch was too small and that her parents' bed would be more appropriate. Upon entering the bedroom, I noticed her father left his clothes closet open.

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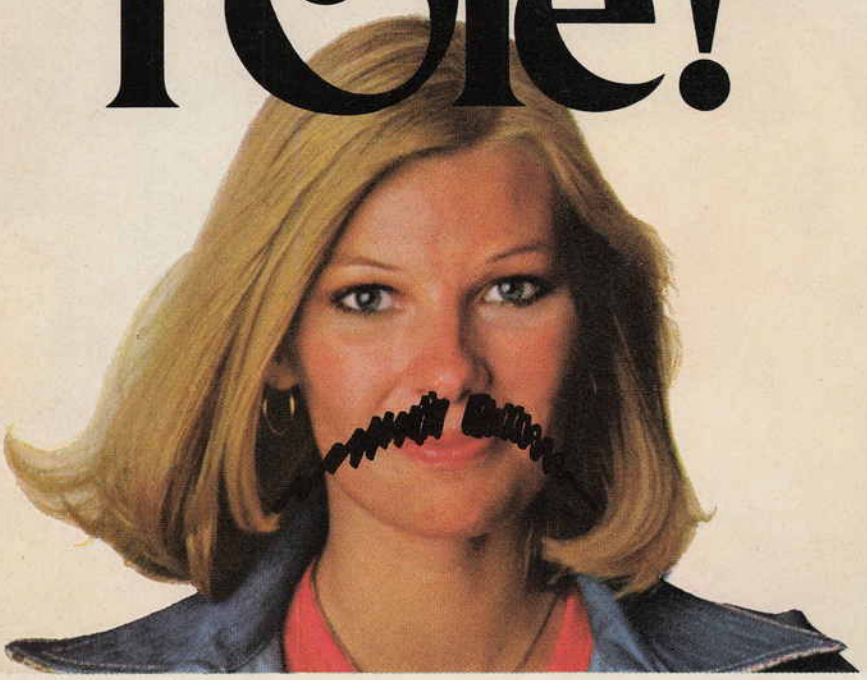

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While she was slipping into something more comfortable, I removed two neckties. She was wearing only panties and a bra when she returned. She lay down on the bed and asked me to join her. I began tying her hands and feet when she started to become curious about what I was doing.

I told her (after she was bound to the bed) that I left something im my sportscoat in the living room and I would be back in a flash. I returned within seconds concealing a feather I had in my coat pocket. She then realized what was going on. She began pleading with me not to tickle her, because it drove her up the wall. I drew the feather closer and closer to her gorgeous feet while she pleaded with me not to. I began running the feather ever so slowly up and down the soles of her feet, and occasionally gently stroking her toes. She was laughing so hard the bed began to shake. After thirty minutes, I paused and gave her a chance to regain her composure. She continued to plead with me not to torture her this way. Again I drew the feather to her feet and again she began to laugh, harder and harder. I released the feather and a look of relief covered her face, only until I began using my fingers to make little circles on the balls of her feet. After an hour of this, I finally stopped, released the bonds, and we made violent love. I had visions of her, while we were screwing, lying bound and helpless while I tickled her feet. When I thought of her like that, I came like a tiger.—*C.M., Detroit, Mich.*

Towing the line

I really got off on the article in the August Forum entitled *Tantalizing Toes*. It hit home for me being an ex-hooker and married to a "foot man."

You might be surprised to know that it was one of my most requested fetishes. I would like to tell you one form of foot language that most any man enjoys. My feet are always well cared for (soft) because I like to rub baby oil on them and then sandwich a man's penis between the toes. It makes for a pretty sensual massage. It's a good exercise too. Many men—including my husband—also appreciate bloodred toenails and sheer nylons. I've also discovered through my own experiences, and through my friends, that many foot men liked getting their bottoms spanked.—*Name withheld, Portland, Ore.*

A letter in your September Forum prompted me to write in applauding the writer's feelings toward beautiful women's feet. I too hold that a nicely shaped, manicured, slender foot is extremely sensuous.

When I was ten years old or so, I can remember asking my female cousins if I could fondle their bare feet and having them rub their soft feet about my face. As I grew older, I found that my excitement rose if I saw a beautiful lady driving a car in her stocking feet or playing the organ pedals in her bare or stocking feet.

When I was fifteen, my buddy's older sister would drive us around in her Volkswagen. She would always kick off her shoes so she could feel the small pedals easier when she shifted. It turned me on when I watched her curl her slender toes around the top perimeter of the pedals as she manipulated them.

Our church had a couple young pretty women who, when playing the pedals on the large organ, would slip their shoes off so they would feel and slide around on the pedals easily. I would sit on the front pew and stare at their feet as they went up and down the pedalboard. It would excite me so, I'd go home and masturbate a couple times.

When I went to college, I sang in a choir. The organist was a beautiful blond. I made sure I sat in the choir where I could watch her play the pedals because she played in her stocking feet. After a while she noticed that I kept watching her play and asked if I minded her playing without shoes on. I said, "Of course not." I told her I enjoyed watching her working the pedals in her stocking feet and this seemed to please her.

To make a story short, we dated, got married and we now have an organ of our own. A part of our sex play involves her playing the pedals barefooted for a while, then sliding across the bench and rubbing my face with her soft, slender feet as I lie next to the organ. We soon find ourselves in the bedroom and have a good fuck.

Perhaps you could picture a few pretty partially nude women pedaling the pedals on a large organ in their bare feet. It would be much appreciated and certainly satisfy a number of your readers. I would like other men with similar desires to write to the Forum.—*E.H., Dayton, Ohio*

Organ Leroy on the organ again?—Editor

Coming out

When my old lady and I first met seven months ago, we got down into some heavy sex that first night. There were no hassles or complaints about anything. There still aren't—it just gets better as we go along.

To my surprise I have found out that she actually shoots when reaching an orgasm. Like I shoot when I masturbate. Especially when I finger-fuck her. If I don't withdraw my finger from her, she'll never stop coming. She just keeps shooting and coming all over the place!

Don't get me wrong, I enjoy it and it turns me on very much. It's just that I have never met a girl who comes like her—like a water pistol.

It's just that it's uncomfortable to relax after we

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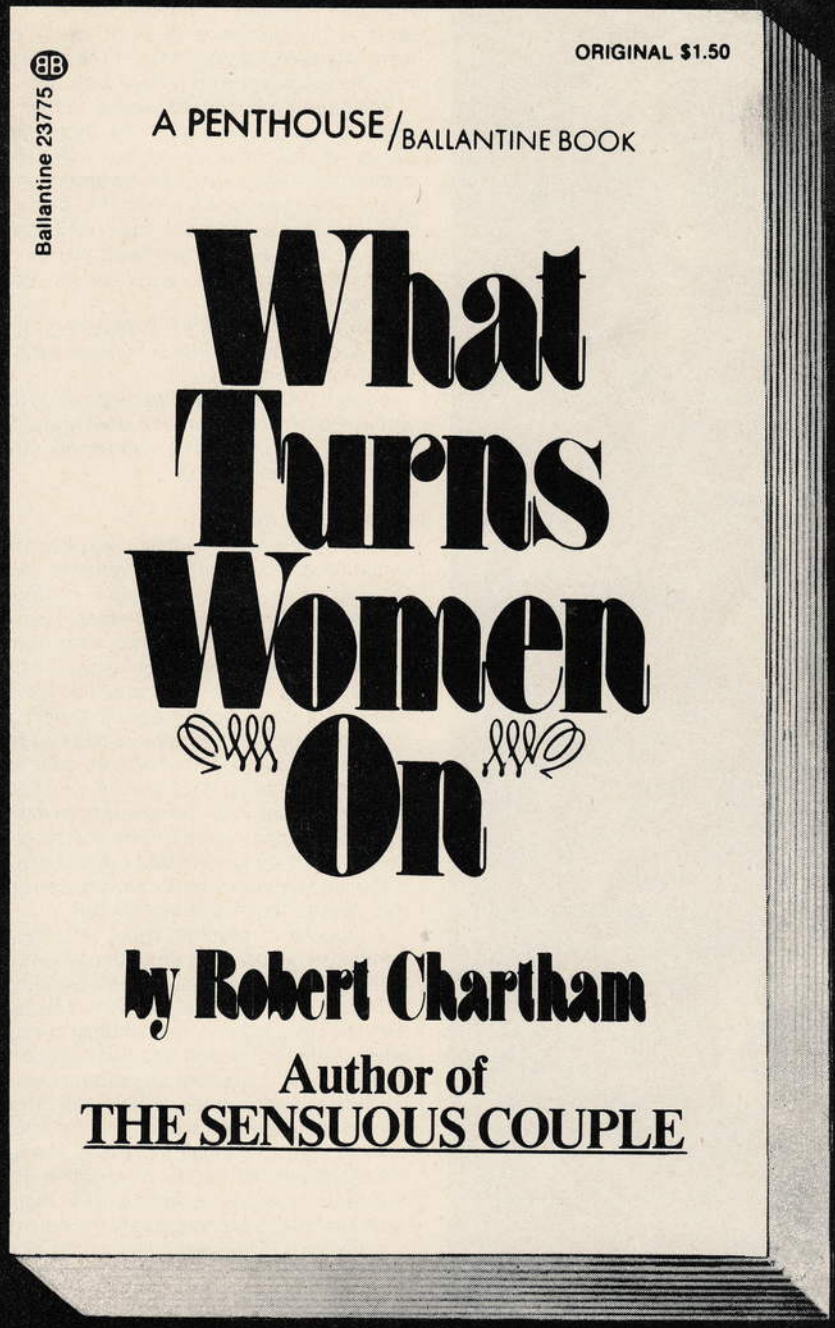

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finish balling. 'Cause the sheets are drenched through to the mattress, and even the pillowcases too. (We use them in different positions.)

Sandy has told me what I do to her that brings her to climax like that. She favors the ninety-six position. The only surprise that would come to me now is if she ever stopped shooting like an automatic revolver.—*C.F., address withheld*

In all seriousness, simply explain the difference in the meanings and manifestations of a woman "creaming" and "coming." My question arises from having seen excellent X-rated movies, where it is very visible that the man's prick is covered with creaminess while going in and out, and at the same time the girl is passionately imploring him to "make her come"?—*N.C., New York, N.Y.*

A woman "creams," and she "comes," but she (and you) experience them in totally different ways. Instead of going to the movies, we suggest you find a woman who'll make love with you.

The natural lubrication she feels in her vagina is what you call "creaming." It's lubrication produced by her body—and her emotions—that signals stimulation and the preparation for orgasm. She may moan, "Make me come," but it only means she wants to climax. When she does, it's pure feeling—*there's nothing* you *can see because a woman doesn't ejaculate (or "come") in any form.*

"Coming" means either ejaculating, or climaxing. A man does both simultaneously, and a woman just climaxes.

If you think women are missing out on this deal, just watch her "come" and "come" again. She can have more orgasms in a shorter period of time than a man can.—Editor

It's all in the head

I just had the most fantastic experience that I would like to share with other readers. I work for a large company in an executive position and I have my own personal secretary. This girl has been with me for more than two years now and we get along very well. She is quite good-looking but not what you would call beautiful. Flowing red hair and a good body makes her very sexy. At thirty-four she is still single but has had her share of male companionship, and I am quite sure they weren't all platonic. From the very first day I was attracted to her, but I refrained from making any advances since I didn't have anything to offer. There are many women that I would like to go to bed with, but unless the circumstances are right, I don't like to make a fool of myself.

A couple of months ago I left my copy of *Penthouse* on top of my desk, and when I returned to the office the next day she was reading it. She smiled at me and made a funny remark regarding the kind of magazines that her boss brought to the office. I offered to lend it to her but she laughed and said that if she kept on reading she wouldn't be able to concentrate on her work. That night I offered the copy again and this time she took it.

From then on things progressed in a rather unusual fashion. We had lunch together every day. She read my whole collection of *Penthouses* and we were able to exchange very intimate details of our sex lives. She wasn't as bashful as my wife, and she not only told me that she loved to masturbate, but she also told me how she did it, where she liked to touch herself, and with what. And then suddenly I realized that was what I had missed in my married life. I always knew that I was a cerebral-sexual intellectual, and talking to this girl excited me as much as anything physical.

This intellectual game is still going on. We have never touched each other, and the only time we have been close to it happened a couple of weeks ago. We were working late, which is something we have done many times, but this time when we were finally through we didn't go home. Instead we stayed there and in the silence of the empty office, we picked up our favorite game. The excitement was there, but this time I promised myself that if I felt an orgasm coming I wouldn't try to hold it. We were sitting on a large leather sofa, facing each other, each one at a different side separated by a few feet, when suddenly I realized that she was caressing her breasts. Unnoticed by me, she had unbuttoned her blouse, and was actively caressing her left naked breast. That was enough for me and I went off like a bomb. And I couldn't hide it. My pleasure was so great and so evident that she knew what was happening to me. She did not say a word but she started breathing more rapidly.

Then, when I was totally finished, she simply opened herself to me and without even taking her panties off, she pushed them aside with one hand and proceeded to masturbate herself with more and more pleasure. She climaxed with a shattering orgasm that kept her fingers trembling for a long time.

We have not been able to do this again but it seems that the incident has not changed anything between us. I found the whole situation unusual, to say the least, but extremely pleasurable. She seems to feel the same.—*Name withheld, Jacksonville, Fla.*

Monopede mania

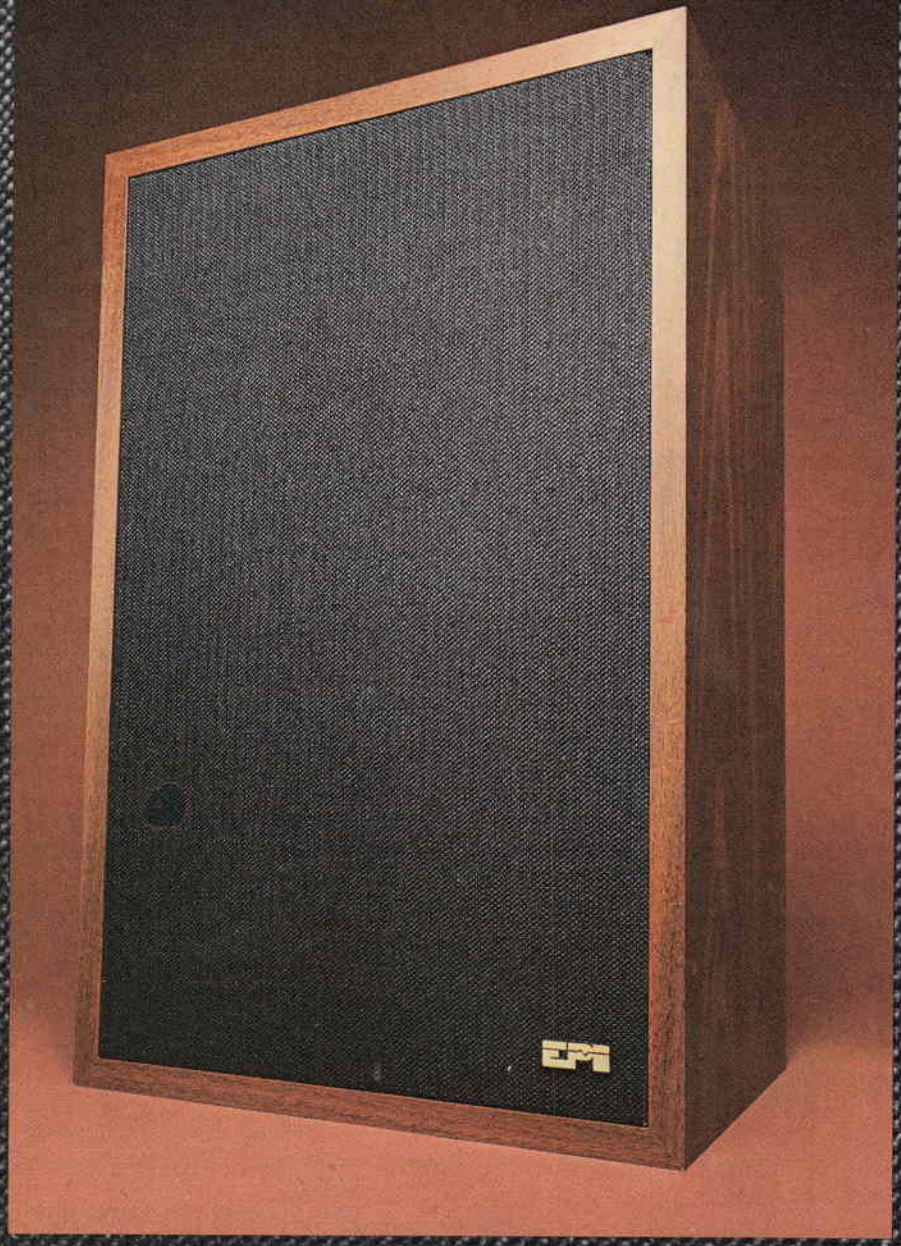
Reading the letters about monopede mania over the past few months has been like a breath of fresh air for me. I am a veteran of Vietnam where I lost my right leg and hand in a freak explosion in an ammunition dump. Before my accident, I had little interest in monopedia, but now the subject really turns me on. I am a creative, inventive person and I have developed a few things I would like to share with my fellow readers.

I was married before I was sent to Vietnam but when I came back with only stumps where my hand and leg used to be, my wife freaked out and ran away with a garbage man from Toledo. Fortunately, I found a job and soon was on very friendly terms with a red-haired secretary named Jo. She seemed especially attracted by my disabilities, constantly toying with my mechanical hand and asking questions about my leg.

One evening she invited me to her apartment for dinner. She said she'd like me to meet her roommate. Imagine my surprise when I found out she lived with another monopede—her sister Lou Ellen who had been born without legs.

The three of us sat down to what can only be called a very strange dinner. Lou Ellen wasn't wearing a bra and her big breasts—well developed from years of pushing her own wheelchair—pushed out against her T-shirt which, incidentally, said "All Deliveries in Rear"! She sat on my left on a chair with a pillow, and all throughout the dinner she rolled her eyes and giggled and tickled my good leg with her flipper-like legs. These little legs, which I found erotic as hell, hung down from her chair and had little red booties that she'd embroidered herself.

After coffee, Jo reached under the table and unzipped my fly and released my hard penis. I told her to wait a minute. We all went into the bedroom and I unstrapped my artificial leg. Now, this is not your ordinary artificial leg. I have fashioned a special limb which has a hidden compartment with a spring door that opens at a touch on a secret button. Inside the compartment I keep a small supply of high-quality marijuana, papers and matches, and a vial of love lotion I bought in Saigon.



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I rolled a couple of joints and we all toked up. Then we stripped naked and massaged each other with my fragrant love oil. Jo kissed and sucked my leg stump and I played with Lou Ellen's nipples—much to her delight. Then I unleashed my big surprise. I have a special vibrator attachment made to my order for my artificial hand, and with a little help from that simple gadget I brought two luscious women to hot, quivering climaxes—and me only half a man! I finished in Jo's mouth, with one of Lou Ellen's warm little legs rubbing my ass.

Since that first time we have spent at least one night a week together. As far as I am concerned, artificial limbs are not insurmountable handicaps; rather, they can be your ticket to some real good times.—*Name withheld, Manchester, Mich.*

Pain and pleasure

I'd like to share an experience I had three years ago when I was living in Germany. It was embarrassing and painful but also sexually exciting.

As a young girl of eighteen I dated an American serviceman and soon invited him to my home. I had some girl friends there and played a trick on him, stealing his clothes and locking him in a room with my friends. He was embarrassed but the joke turned sour when my parents returned and got mad. They blamed him, but it was really all my fault.

He wouldn't talk to me for weeks but I finally coaxed him to make a second visit. This time I made sure the two of us would be alone.

He arrived at the house and I immediately got on my knees and begged his forgiveness. I felt guilty and told him he could do anything he wanted with me. He needed no suggestions and soon I was ordered into the kitchen.

Following his instructions, I stood there while he found a plastic glass in the cupboard. A blindfold was placed around my eyes and I was told I would have to balance the water-filled tumbler on my head. He told me that for every time the tumbler fell, my bottom would be hit five times with his belt. This made it exciting and soon the glass was placed upon my head.

He ordered me to lift up my left leg, and as I obeyed he pulled off my shoe. The glass tipped over and I was soaked. It was refilled and by the time he had removed my shoes and stockings, it had fallen three more times. My guilty feelings suddenly vanished and I was shaking. It made matters worse, and after he had taken my blouse, skirt, and slip off, I was really drenched. I tried to remain calm, but he removed my bra and panties with quick motions, and I jerked my head backwards, causing it to fall again.

I begged him to stop but he laughed and the procedure went on—this time by fondling and pinching my breasts and sensitive parts. After five agonizing minutes, he stopped and the blindfold was removed. Scared and shaking even more, I assumed my position on the chair, my bottom in a very lewd pose. I shuddered when he told me I would be hit sixty-five times. He began, and the first few weren't even light. Soon my bottom stung considerably and I thrust my hands down to protect my fanny. He hit my hands with the belt and threatened to tie them unless they were moved. I moved them back and began to whimper and cry. Suddenly something strange occurred, and I began to get excited. These pleasurable feelings became greater and greater until he finished. I looked over my shoulder and as our eyes met, I knew what would happen next.

We went into my bedroom and made love, but for me it was anticlimactic. A day or two after, he was sent back to the States and I have not seen him since. I will see him in about a month, and hope that again I can obtain the climactic feelings of that day.—*C.S., address withheld*

It's exciting to note that other wives share a disciplinary problem with their husbands (September Forum) but mine is the most unique I have either read or heard about.

Several years ago my husband shared his most intimate fantasy with me: that of assisting me put on a sheer black garter belt, sheer black stockings, and either spike-heeled shoes or high-heeled clingy boots. I secretly ordered these items from a mail-order house and set the stage for what has become a very exciting ritual.

One night when he was totally tuned-in to his Monday night football game, I reminded him of his fantasy and what a naughty boy I thought he was. I then set out before him the black garter belt, sheer black stockings, and five-inch spike-heeled shoes.

Off went the TV (what a surprise that was), off came my clothes, and with considerable clumsiness, he hooked on the garter belt, put the stockings on my legs, and slid the spike heels on my feet. I then proclaimed what a naughty boy he was and sternly asked him if he knew what happened to naughty boys. He admitted he did not know (though I think he did), so I took command.

I demanded he remove his pants and undershorts and fetch my hairbrush. Over my lap he went, his firm erection held tightly between my knees, and I administered a good fifty whacks with my brush.

What followed I won't describe, but he's never been better in bed. And from that moment on we've created a situation we both enjoy. He puts me in my sexy costume and I in return have the pleasure of disciplining my naughty boy.—*Name and address withheld*

"You call me a spendthrift! . . . the biggest waste of money around this house was the money you spent on that vasectomy!"

I'd like to speak in defense of spankers. I do not mean an S or M man. My husband is a spanker and I am glad. I am twenty-eight years old and was brought up to believe that the man of the house is boss and the wife listens. I don't mean that a woman never argues or disagrees, but there are times when I like and need someone else to take a definite stand for me.

I was never spanked by my dad because my mom was afraid he might hurt us. Maybe that's one reason I like to have my husband spank me. I guess I am just the type of woman who needs a man who is *all* man.

The first time he spanked me it was all in fun until we found out how excited I got. Now when he's in the mood he finds something I should have done but didn't do, and promises me a spanking when the children are asleep. Yes, we have four children; the oldest is seven (we very rarely spank them). After we kiss the last one good night he takes me down to the basement and sits in his chair. I then have to remove my clothing and get across his lap. This is hard to do because I know what will happen next. He gives me twenty-eight spankings, one for each year. They are all hand spankings. I have only been spanked once with a paddle (thirty-five smacks) and was made love to afterwards, and you can bet your life I'll *never* provoke him enough to get another one of those. I don't get spanked every time we have sex. It is just a different type of foreplay.

So folks, don't downgrade anyone for doing what their partner needs. A spanking to one woman is no different than cunnilingus to another. I personally don't want to do without either one.

Thank you for the letters and please print this so others can try to be more open-minded to those of us who need a boss and an occasional spanking.—*M.C., Baltimore, Md.*

THE ANCIENT TEQUILA ARTS OF MONTEZUMA.

The reign of Montezuma was the golden age of the Aztecs. And, according to Montezuma Tequila, the golden age of tequila drinking.

The Aztecs drank a forerunner of tequila. It was a sacred drink. And was symbolized in many Aztec religious artifacts. Like the sacred Aztec calendar called the Sun Stone.

Within the Sun Stone's inner ring are twenty symbols; one for each of the 20 days in the Aztec week. These symbols can also be viewed as suggesting what kind of tequila drink it might be appropriate to serve on each day.

Tequila Stinger. A lizard symbolizes the fourth day of the Aztec week; representing cunning and quickness. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, ½ oz. green creme de menthe; shake with crushed ice, strain and serve in chilled cocktail glass.

CUETZPALLIN

Bloody Maria. The first day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a crocodile; representing alert and aggressive beginnings for all endeavors. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 3 oz. tomato juice, ½ oz. lemon juice, dash of salt and pepper, dash of hot sauce, dash of worcestershire; shake with cracked ice, strain into 6 oz. glass.

CIPACTLI

COATL

Tequila Manhattan. The serpent symbolizes the fifth day of the Aztec week; representing colorful sophistication. The drink: 2 parts Gold Montezuma Tequila, 1 part sweet vermouth, squeeze of lime; serve on rocks in old-fashioned glass, garnish with cherry and orange slice.

Tequila Sunrise. A monkey symbolizes the eleventh day of the Aztec week; representing high-spirited social fun. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, ½ oz. lime juice, 3 oz. orange juice, ½ oz. grenadine; pour into tall glass with ice, garnish with lime.

OZOMATL

Aztec Punch. Herbs symbolize the twelfth day of the Aztec week; representing variety and tasty adventures. The drink: 1 gallon Montezuma Tequila, juice of 12 lemons, 4 (16 oz.) cans grapefruit juice, 2 quarts strong tea, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, 1½ oz. bitters; pour into large punch bowl, let stand in refrigerator 2 hours; stir well before serving; makes 124 cups.

MALINALLI

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Pleasure and spankings should go hand in hand. M.C. and her husband know it. For them, spankings are sexually exciting foreplay that satisfy a need for some form of punishment that's moderate without being meaningless. Pain and pleasure tingle M.C.'s tush—and that's as it should be.

The following letter is from a mother who's too ashamed and frightened to divulge her name or address because her husband beat their seventeen-year-old daughter. Corporal punishment is a very complex subject that we aren't qualified to discuss in its entirety, but we doubt that any seventeen-year-old can benefit from a beating of this nature—Editor

I read your September issue, which my son brought home from college, and noted the two letters in Forum on spanking.

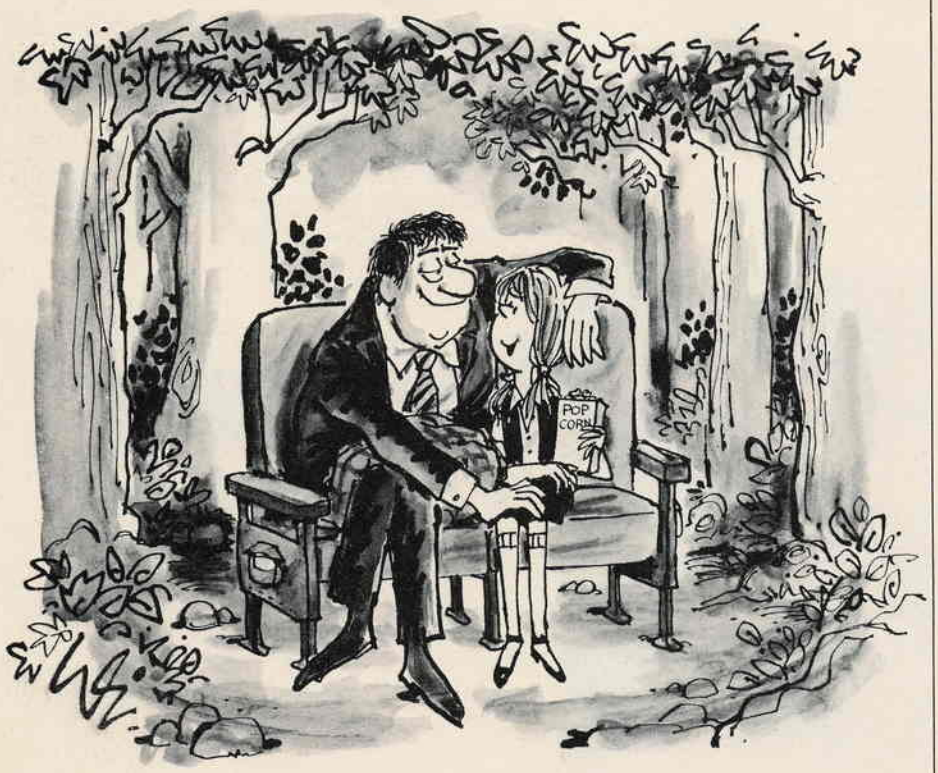
First, a little background on my husband. He's a former amateur boxer who still keeps in condition and an ex-WW II navy squadron leader where he was noted as a disciplinarian.

Now here's my story. Our lovely seventeen-year-old daughter showed up two hours and fifteen minutes past her home time from a date without phoning us. My husband was worried but also furious. He told her to got to the recreation room and get a Ping-Pong paddle because she was going to get fifty swats on her "bare ass." She was just trembling when she brought the paddle upstairs and he made her lie across his footstool. She took her jeans down first but not her panties, so he just ripped them off, completely exposing her bare buttocks. My protests were useless as he told her if she fought, he was going to give her one hundred swats. He then started paddling her and even made her count the swats out loud. They were awfully hard and I couldn't stand it after he hit her about a dozen times so I went to our bedroom, shut the door, and covered my head with a pillow. I could still hear her counting, though, and could still hear the paddle strokes. I could also hear her pleading "Please Daddy—not so hard—I can't take any more." He just kept right on and finally, at the count of forty-seven, I went out to make sure he was going to stop as I was afraid she was going to faint from the pain. At fifty strokes he let her go and she just rolled onto the floor where she writhed in pain for at least two or three minutes with me trying to console her. My husband's only comment was, "She'll be home on time after this." I supported her while she walked to her room and I put some Solarcaine on her buttocks to relieve the stinging and the burning. Her poor buttocks were redder than two overripe apples. The spanking was so severe she couldn't even go to school the next day because she couldn't possibly sit down. Most of the day she just lay in bed on her stomach with two ice packs on her buttocks. A week later she still had signs of the spanking and it was three weeks before her natural skin color returned.

I will concede that she hasn't been late since except once when she called on the phone to explain why and my husband accepted the explanation. My point is that this spanking was much too severe a punishment and, at seventeen, I don't think a girl should be spanked at all. At least not on the bare buttocks.

My husband never had to spank our son who was remarkably well-behaved and, my husband never touched me in anger. He's not a sadist as he's even gentle in his lovemaking—almost to the point of being too delicate.

Please answer editorially as my husband warned both of us against telling about the spanking to anyone. He said, "This isn't legally child abuse—it's just a spanking, but I don't want it known outside our house." He enjoys an excellent reputation and I suppose he thinks this might mar it. Since this is a small town please don't use my name under any circumstances. Rather than do that, I would prefer that you just throw this in the wastebasket.—*Name and address withheld*



"Gee, I used to think things like this only happened in the movies!"

Rub-a-dub-dub

My husband and I enjoy taking showers together often. With soap in hand, we both suds up, with him sudsing my breasts and I his penis. We soap each other's back, and at unpredicted times go up each other's anus with a sudsy finger. It is most relaxing and enticing. Kissing each other on the lips, held close and embracing until we are rinsed thoroughly, we then proceed to have intercourse, standing. Each of us climaxes and could go on again and again ranging from three to four times. This is most satisfactory and to boot, we are clean and ready for each other after we shower. —*Name withheld, North Syracuse, N.Y.*

Enema accidents

As a registered nurse, I was dismayed by the letter in your September issue from the boy whose parents had given him repeated enemas apparently using a vaginal pipe rather than a rectal pipe. Careless insertion could have resulted in a perforated rectal wall and possibly peritonitis. In addition, if that boy gained five pounds from the enemas he gave himself, he was taking nearly two-and-one-half quarts of water, which is far too much for anyone. No wonder it hurt, and it's a wonder it didn't do some damage.

An enema is nothing to be fooled around with, particularly by ignorant or clumsy people using the wrong equipment the wrong way. There was an excellent article in the March 1966 issue of the *American Journal of Nursing* regarding the proper administration of enemas and some of the many complications that can arise from improper use, including irritation, abrasion, perforation, water intoxication, potassium depletion, sodium retention, etc.—*Name and address withheld*

Pygophiliac

What's wrong with ass holes? *Penthouse* (and every other skin-book) hides this highly erotic area of the body. Why? Cunnilingus is great, agreed. But what about *analingus*? A clean ass hole is a lot more enjoyable to lick than a hanging vulva . . . and cuter, too.

Your snatch-shots in September's issue were absolutely beautiful (what a center spread) and I felt like eating several of those beautiful beavers—but the one chance for a real good view of a cute little pink ass hole (page 76) was ruined by the model's fingers which were (purposely?) in the way.

Why, don't tell me that *Penthouse*, which advocates that *all* parts of the body are beautiful, chickens-out when it comes to showing the rear-entry?

I mean, duck-fucking (page 97), and girl-to-girl tit-sucking (page 52), are "normal". . . . *Sure* they are! So, fuck the duck, but don't be chicken! Be different. Let's have some real solid rear-views, soon, with those big, fleshy cheeks spread apart to show that wonderful little hole of delight, where tongue and dick find extra pleasures.

Penthouse is the best of the bunch so let it lead the way!—*R.M. Hollister, Pleasantville, N.J.*

I can't help appreciating the letter from my fellow countryman, J.D. of Quebec. He extols not only the overall beauty of Beatrice Vogler, but specifically the glories of that much-maligned and misunderstood part of the anatomy, the anus. I'm greatly stimulated to learn that someone else

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turns on to the sight of pubic hair protruding from between the cheeks of a gorgeous rump, and am hoping you intend giving us more. If so, could you make the next one a brunette?

Having also worshipped at this living shrine for some years, I agree with everything J.D. says. As an analingus devotee since my teens, I too cannot understand why men have to be ashamed of any proclivity towards the female posterior. I can only feel sorry for those who are not enamoured of, or who have not explored, this area; it means simply a greater lack of variety in their sexual experiences than in mine.—*Name and address withheld*

Clothes encounter

I'm a West Point cadet, and as such my sexual outlets are few. Here a man must learn to be quick or horny. During the summer, however, I found a new sensual experience. On weekend privileges I wore my short-sleeved shirt with plenty of starch and no T-shirt. It wasn't long before my nipples became aroused—they've always been very sensitive anyway—and before I knew it I would find myself around a corner where I whipped out my penis for the finest masturbations of all time. —*Name, company, and alpha number withheld*

Periodic perversion

Your magazine is the only one that has shown labial lips as part of a woman and not airbrushed them out. My pet perversion is and continues to be women's menstrual periods. The sight of a gal wearing a sanitary belt and napkin gives me an immediate erection. Like anyone else who teaches college and gives grades, I have had my share of proposals for merchandise/money/sex in exchange for grades. Mostly I turn all down flat, except for the lookers who offer more than money. One gal made an offer before an exam last semester (June 1974) that I gladly took her up on.

I gave her my address, and sure enough, she showed up before the final at my place; we discussed tutorial costs and she said she didn't have much money—but maybe I'd like "to help her in exchange for a little sex." But it sure couldn't be then because she was having her period.

I said that at least I wanted to see her nude. She proceeded to undress and when she got down to her panties she asked, "You want me to go further?"

"Why not," I said, and there she was: small boobs, thin body, with a wide belt, and a sanitary napkin all bunched up on her pussy. I got horny staring at her paraphernalia and we began to make out a little. I took off my robe and my penis was rampant in its erection. I played with the napkin and then my finger went into her bush. Man did she start squirming and panting! She got a towel, and spreading the towel under her rear, she said, "Are you sure you want to do this . . . I'm flowing like mad and will be pretty messy?"

A hard dick has no conscience, so I straddled her hips, eased the front tab off the napkin, spread her legs, and entered her. (She sure was no virgin!) It was as warm as an oven and slippery. After about two minutes I orgasmed. She followed about halfway through and when I pulled out, she orgasmed again.

I am sure some (most) people are really turned off by periods, but to me that is when a gal is so much a woman. Later that summer, I went to the dean's office and got her phone number, called her, and we had a repeat of the first performance. But this time I played with her more and by lifting the napkin, I could savor the heady aroma. I even licked around her vagina a little—and other than the esthetics involved—it's not bad. Later, she put on a little show for me, posing, bending over, etc. While she was doing that I was masturbating.

Now she's hinting around about getting engaged, and I haven't turned her off. After that divorce and all the soul searching, I think we'll get engaged. She's honest, bright, truthful, and knows all my faults.

I hope this letter is not too gross, but with what people write about enemas and amputees, I don't think my love of periods, belts, and napkins is wild. Hell, they sell them in the supermarket. I sure would like to hear some readers', especially women readers', reaction to my little perversion (if it is one?).—*Name and address withheld*

Delectable delirium

I love sex and thought that I knew all there was to know. However, last year I met a fifty-seven-year-old man who has given me more pleasure and taught me more than I ever believed possible.

We do everything, but what I love most is "the big number." We go without sex for three or four days. Then several hours after a light lunch, I take a douche and enema in private. Then we take a bubble bath together, washing all over but stopping before either comes. After drying each other off, we cover the bed with two large beach towels. We take turns massaging each other everywhere, using lots and lots of baby oil; this takes up to one hour and we are very careful to stop for a few minutes whenever either of us is almost ready to come. We then spend about one-half hour having 69 and intercourse in many positions, always stopping before either actually comes. We then rest for about five or ten minutes, having just one drink, and we are really ready for the "big number."

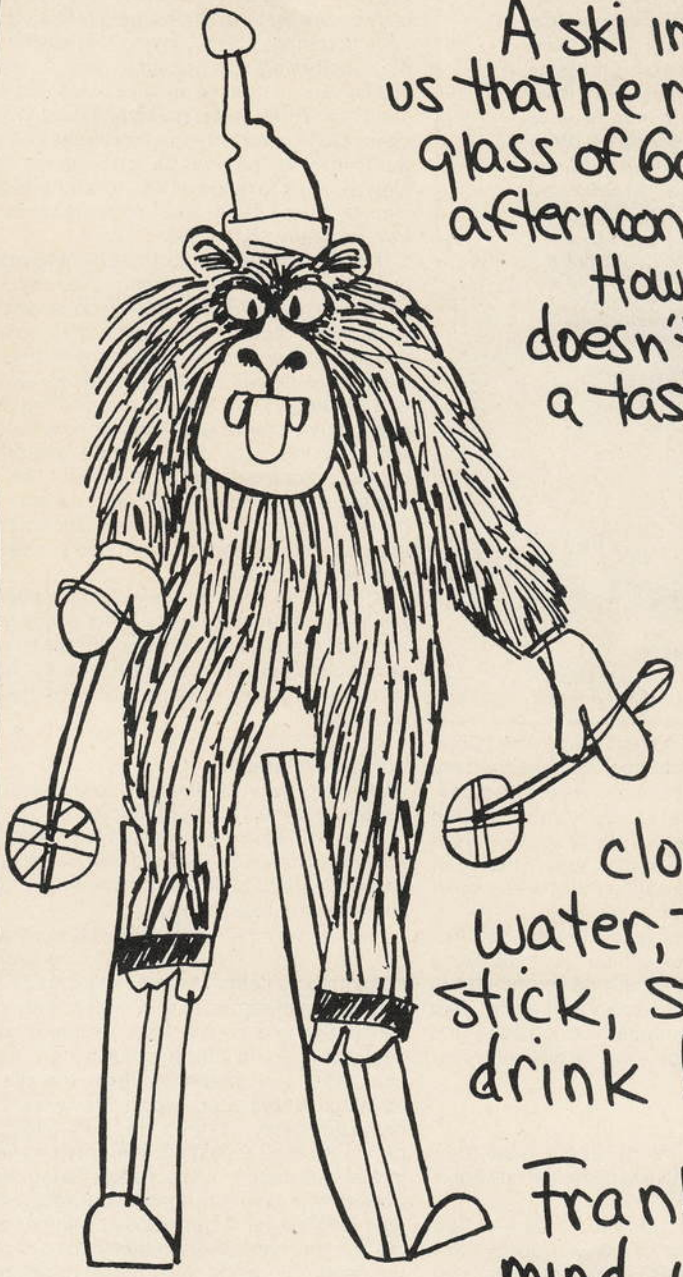
He lies on his back with a pillow under his bottom. I lie on top of him, also on my back (my back on his tummy). He puts six Ben-Wa balls (also known as Rin-No-Tama balls) into my vagina. They stay in because my vulva is pointing up. He puts them in alternately, that is an empty ball, then a driver ball, etc. We then twist just the upper parts of our bodies slightly so we can soul-kiss. He massages my very oily breasts with his right hand and my clit with his left hand, placing his thumb and a finger about my clit-hood to avoid irritation. Then he inserts his penis into my anal opening that is still well covered with baby oil. Thus, at the same time I am receiving mouth, breast, clit, vagina, and anus stimulation—wow! I start coming and keep coming every thirty seconds or so for ten or fifteen minutes. I usually pass out in delectable delirium. He rolls me over so that we are on our sides and while he is still in me we fall asleep for about an hour.

When we wake up, I remove the balls from my vagina, and we have vaginal intercourse. We then shower together, get dressed and go out to dinner, followed by either the theater or a piano bar. We have a quickie when we go to bed and have another in the morning. I have never been so *fully* satisfied by any man in any other way. I recommend it to my close friends and they have also found it to be the very best. My nineteen-year-old niece was on the verge of getting a divorce because her husband of one year seldom satisfied her. I told her about the "big number," her marriage has been saved, and she is again deeply in love with her husband. The only difference in their procedure is that because of her husband's age, she gives him fellatio in the tub because he cannot hold it during the yummy foreplay if she doesn't.—*Name and address withheld*

Making sex her major

I'm a twenty-year-old liberated college woman who enjoys *Penthouse* and a few other magazines that imitate your style—mainly because I am ca-

Dear Sirs, he said.



A ski instructor from Tahoe wrote us that he really enjoys a nice hot glass of Gorilla Sweat after a brisk afternoon on the slopes.

However, he went on, he doesn't think he'll ever develop a taste for the name.

To that, we can only say "Naame Schmame!"

Just take 2 ounces of Cuervo, a pat of butter, a clove of clove, pour in scalding water, toss in a cinnamon stick, stir briskly, and drink heartily.

Frankly, we don't really mind what you call Gorilla Sweat. As long as you swallow this story.

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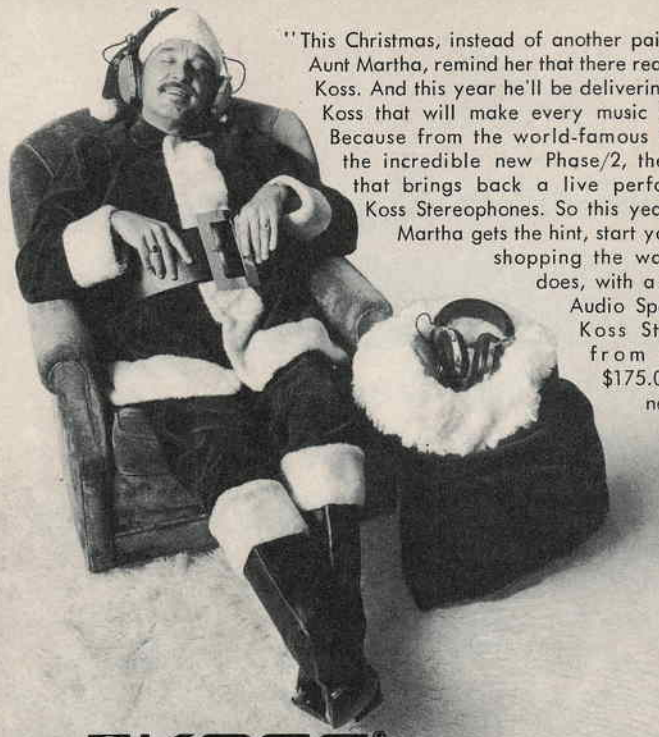
"Yes, there is a Santa Koss."



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pable of getting extremely hot just by reading well-written material about sex. At times, the straight talk about sex in your Forum gets me so excited that I masturbate (despite all the crap written in sex manuals claiming that women aren't stimulated by reading sexually explicit material).

Nearly all of my reading assignments in college are deadly boring to me as you would expect textbooks to be. Occasionally, the English lit assignments will have a little bit of sexy stuff that I enjoy—like a few pages in *Slaughterhouse Five*. Recently, I stumbled onto a new college text that surprised the hell out of me. It was a drab looking book published by some obscure company but when I got into it, I discovered that it is one of the most sexually exciting books that I have ever read.

Reading this stuff drove me right up the library wall. I did something that I have never done before. It was on a Friday night and the library was almost deserted, but I was so turned on that I just had to have some. I slipped into the john and took off my panties. When I put my thin, tight, white shorts back on, just about everything showed. Then I wandered through the stacks until I found a guy that I had never even seen before and pretended to be interested in a book on the shelf next to where he was browsing. Since he was kneeling to check a book on a lower shelf, he got a close-up view of the black pubic hair showing through my shorts. I could see his pants begin to bulge out of the corner of my eye. Just to hurry up the process, I reached for a book that was positioned so I planted my puss right on his shoulder. Within a few minutes, we were pawing each other. He screwed me right there in the stacks in a standing position. We both were so hot that it only took a couple of minutes before we came, but I think some other student walked by the aisle and got an unexpected sex education.

After that one time, I haven't made it in public anymore, but reading that book has changed my sex life for the better. I have always enjoyed having a man go down on me, but that didn't happen very often because I was too shy to ask for it. That book explained sexual attitudes so well that I can manipulate any guy into eating me now and make him think it was his idea.

I thought your readers would like to know that college study can be sexier than they think. But, I have been thinking about that wild few minutes in the stacks and would like to know if any of your other readers have ever gotten carried away and made it in a public place.—*Name withheld, Tuscaloosa, Ala.*

What turns me on

You've printed many things about what turns women on, and I would like to comment on seducing a man.

As a garden-variety, single female—untroubled by any inhibitions or choked up by what used to be called "morals"—I am not an easy lay nor do I hop into bed with every guy I go out with. I can't pretend my views apply to anyone but myself, of course, but for the record I can state the male techniques that never fail with me. To put it bluntly, any man who follows these procedures will be able to lay me—in fact, he will hardly be able to avoid it, I will be so turned on.

I will qualify this in only one way, and that is I do not quite mean "any" man. I mean any man I am likely to be with, since I always make it a rule never to accept more than a cup of coffee from someone I would not be willing to go to bed with if the vibes are right. If I accept an offer of a drink, a dinner, a movie, or a walk in the park, I am already somewhat interested in the man. I don't waste his time or mine.

Here's what it takes as far as I'm concerned: Some concern for the setting and assurance of privacy; usually about three drinks, well spaced to give me a nice, but unstoned high; a lot of touching—I like him to touch my hands, my shoulders, my neck, my ears—to pat my ass a little, to brush across my nipples, to stroke me, and pet me a bit while we're together early in the evening.

I like him to pull me close—either pull me to my feet if I'm sitting down, or draw me to him if we are both on our feet—and kiss me as if he means it, long, lingering, playful, loving kisses with lots of playful nibbling, lots of tongue, lots of indication that he likes to kiss me and likes me to be kissing him back. While this is going on I want to feel his cock poking and pushing at my thighs and belly. I want him to let me know he is poking me deliberately, and not to hold back or act embarrassed. A minute of two of this, and I am as good as in the hay, or nearly so, anyway.

If after a minute or two or three of this we don't sit or lie down something is wrong, of course. I like to have him continue his loving dominance and *immediately* open my neckline or in some way manage to begin playing with my nipples. I always hope he will rub them between his thumb and forefinger, still kissing me, as though he is absolutely carried away. And finally, while we still are busy this way, and my eyes are probably closed or focused directly into his, I like him to unzip his fly, bring his cock out, take my hand in his and carry my fingers to an encircling grip around it, squeezing my hand gently after I have grasped his cock.

A man who does all these things, whether on our first time together or our twentieth, is going to find me "ready." I am not about to loosen my grip on his cock, for sure, until I am sure it is about to slip up my pussy.—*Name withheld, Bethesda, Maryland*

Special preference

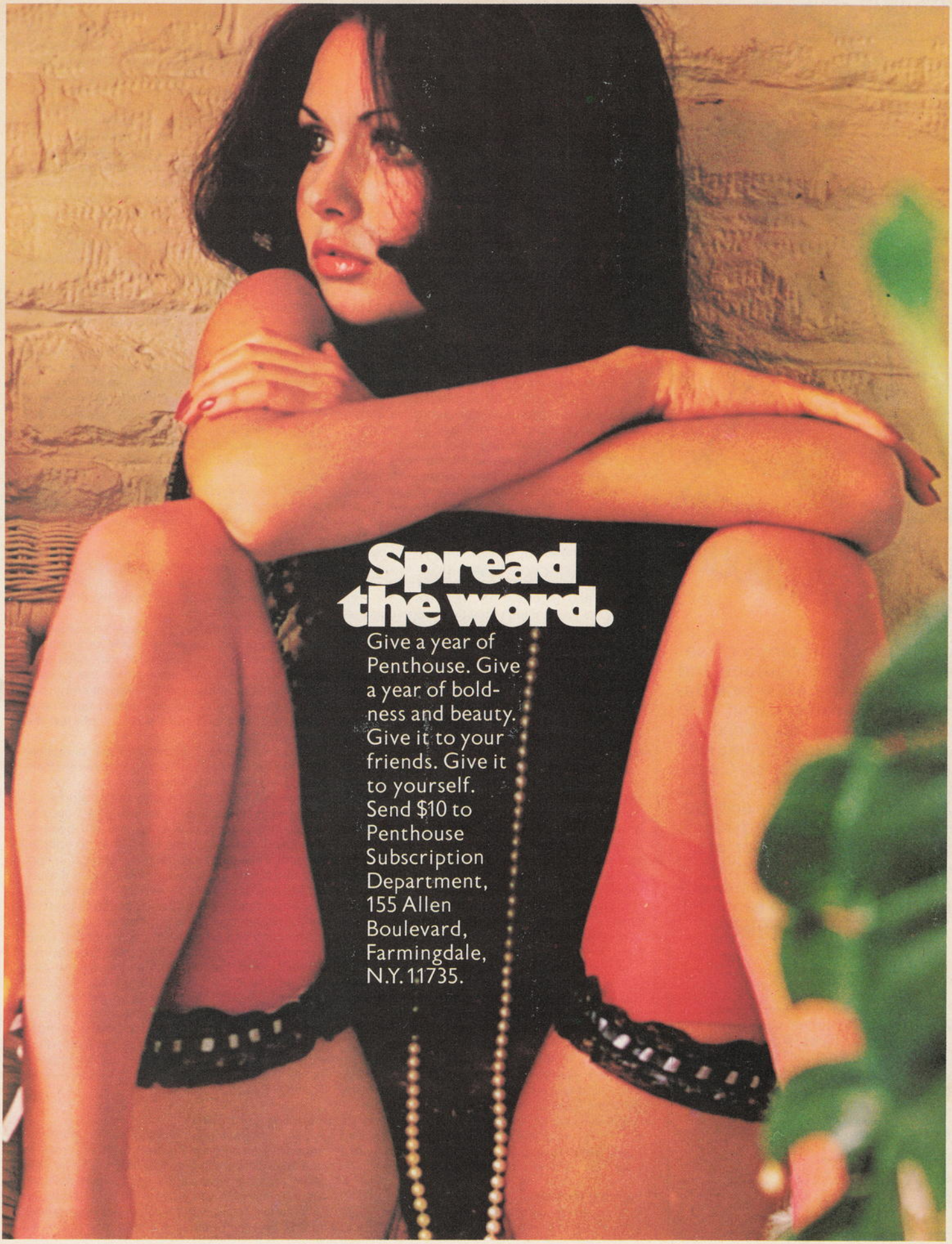
I would like to relate a recent incident that I can't explain. Maybe your readers can.

First of all I'm thirty-six years old, happily married to a thirty-four-year-old sexy wife, and we have four children. We also have a very fulfilling and experimental sex life.

I manage a small retail store. Recently a small, old lady about sixty came into the store and bought some items. We got to talking as no one else was in the store, and we had a lively conversation. She told me she was very lonely, and that her husband paid little attention to her—although she didn't look neglected from the diamonds flashing on her fingers. Apparently when he gets home from work he's tired, and falls asleep on the couch. As she's telling me this, I noticed her looking at the crotch of my pants. Being well endowed, and wearing tight fitting pants, it didn't take long for me to get aroused with her eyes on me, and my hard-on was clearly obvious through the pants. I honestly never had a feeling like it in all my life, my cock was just throbbing for that old lady, and I was on the verge of coming.

I stood in back of the counter to conceal the lower half of my body. But then I thought, "Why not let her see my hard-on?" I stepped out front again, and she got a side view of my throbbing penis. She was still talking and staring when the phone rang. When I answered it she said she would be back again sometime. After she left, and I finished the phone call, I went into the bathroom and jerked off.

Believe me there's no one better than my wife when it comes to loving, and screwing—and she can come four or five times each time we have sex. I've never had an affair with anyone in all the years I've been married, but lately I've been getting hornier and hornier.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Why would I have this fixation on the old lady? Every day I hope she might return to the store, and I await her visit with anticipation. But I really don't know what will happen if she does return. Have any of your readers had similar experiences as this?—*Name and address withheld*

Big, little, or middle. . . .

Apparently B.M. of Warrensburg, Mo. (September Forum) is hung up with her 36C boobs. Contrary to her erroneous opinion, those of us who prefer small breasts are not so "few and far between." Did it ever occur to her that some of us dig small breasts? If a woman is small, I think she looks a lot sexier with small breasts. Even a big woman is more provocative if her breasts are pert and uptilted, rather than bulbous and sagging. To each his own. There is an old saying that "Anything more than a mouthful is wasted." So, show us your cupcakes!—*James W. Henderson, Columbus, Ohio*

Boy! Was I ever pissed-off when I was reading the September Forum. That absurd woman, Miss B.M., from Warrenburg, Mo., who wrote the letter entitled *Big breasts best?* should read her *Penthouse* a little closer next time and try to understand what some of us men have been trying to say for some time now. She starts cutting down on us verbally because she thinks that we're saying large-breasted women don't have much sensitivity in their bosoms. Hardly the case! I think they would feel a helluva lot more with a well-sized chest.

The point that our kind of male is actually saying is: we find women with small or slightly smaller than average-sized breasts more sensuous or stimulating to us when we are making love. I enjoy kissing and touching my partner's face. Big, sloshy tits just wouldn't provide enough room, let alone breathing space. They might even become annoying. The time has come where I will undoubtedly choose a woman with a pretty face and nicely rounded bottom over some other with larger-than-average-sized breasts. I would definitely react quicker from the sight of the pretty-faced girl in a crowd of females than the overloaded girl who would probably plague me with fears of suffocation while I made love to her.

But seriously, I honestly think the pretty face and smooth ass combination, such as that modeled by London Pet Ms. Helen Caunt, is becoming a popular demand. I hope you print this to warn those lovelies who think they haven't the proper equipment because they're not heavily stacked that they shouldn't inflate their bosoms. And also to warn Miss B.M. to read her *Penthouse* more thoroughly.

My apologies to her and all those heavily-endowed *Penthouse* Pets who I also enjoy admiring.—*Danny Kabana, Colonia, N.J.*

I have read several letters on the subject of the size of tits, big tits or little tits, the size of asses, big asses or little asses, the size of this and the size of that, and on and on.

It has been my experience and it is my firm conviction that really good sex is not dependent on big tits, or little tits, or a big ass, or a little ass, or a big mouth, or a little mouth, but is really dependent on two things. These are the size of the woman's heart, and if it is in the right place.

If these two conditions do not exist, then the other sizes will have little meaning, because she could be as sexless as a concrete column with a hole in it.—*Name withheld, Ft. Worth, Texas*

Fighting females

I have seen several letters in Forum from guys who are turned-on by wrestling with women, and women wrestling with each other. I discovered the joys of it at twenty-two when I met an athletic girl who had magnificent smooth, olive-brown legs, and who kept trim by jogging. At the outset of our affair she discovered I was horribly ticklish and I would have to pin her or lock her into immobility with my arms and legs—or else be tickled breathless. I found this to be an intense turn-on and so did she. Neither of us liked any sort of stylized S & M (i.e., rope, chains, leather, etc.), but organic bondage was dynamite fun for us.

We also had naked wrestling matches. (I wore a jockstrap since it is almost impossible—and perhaps dangerous—to wrestle with a hard-on whipping around.) She was almost my size and would often win by locking her legs around me and squeezing until I had to submit from lack of breath. This is the preferred hold of girl wrestlers since a girl's greatest strength is concentrated in her thighs and pelvic area. Being squeezed by her legs was the most exquisite pain I have known.

She would also use this leg vice to bring me to a quick orgasm as a preliminary to extended love-making bouts. She would sit facing me and take my penis fully into her by sliding down on it, and then lock her legs around me. This caused maximum pressure on our genital surfaces which, when she began a rocking-chair motion with her legs and torso, would bring us off in a minute or two.

Power to us wrestling freaks. I wish you would do a photo essay on this with attractive, athletic girls.—*Name and address withheld*

Rematched mates

I am writing you this letter, as a sequel to the one I wrote you last year. I believe you published it in your September 1973 issue under the title *Lightweight champ*.

I continued to see this girl, and after a while she stopped suggesting a return match and the incident seemed closed. I began to look back on it and analyze what had happened to me. I finally came to the conclusion that I was taken by surprise, otherwise the outcome would have been different. (I wouldn't have been clobbered the way I was.)

Well, one afternoon last month, she, one of her girl friends, and I were sitting in her rec room having a few drinks, when for some reason or other, she blurted out the story to her girl friend. This girl listened incredulously, and I tried to make light of the whole thing. My girl became crazy and challenged me to another go right on the spot. I hesitated and her girl friend came right out and asked me if I was afraid. I was embarrassed and said, "OK, I'll accept—provided that you act as referee." This was acceptable to all, so we all changed and the fight began.

This time when I came to after the fight, I was lying nude on my girl friend's bed. She was nowhere around, but her girl friend was there. She had applied ice to my eyes, thighs, and testicles, and was cleaning up the cuts on my nose and forehead. I felt sheepish, but she consoled me by saying that I had done my best and had nothing to be ashamed of. She further said that the myth of all males being physically superior to all females is just that—a myth—as if I didn't know.—*R.H., Toronto, Canada*

Coupling controversy

I'm writing this in the interest of myself and thousands of men and women like me. I'm an inmate in one of America's penal institutions. There is a pretty important issue that I would like to discuss. The subject of the controversy is conjugal visits.

Inmates, being victims of penal negligence, realize only too greatly the importance of sex. It's

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as much a necessity of life as eating, breathing, and shitting. And if you can't get it one way, you'll get it another. The bureau of prisons seems to be against anything inmates are for, unless the public and press are crawling up their ass about it. Where the public is concerned, in reference to conjugal visiting, is really hard to say. But, at this point, it would appear as if they don't give a damn one way or the other.

Back to inmates. I'm sure a good many of you have heard of all the violence and bloodshed going on in prisons today. Well, I'm not going to say it's all true, but I'm damn sure not going to deny it either. All I'm going to say is for you people to try going for two years or more without a good fuck, and see how you feel. And as far as masturbating goes, after a couple of years, you almost forget what a cunt looks like. I personally know of a couple of times when a homosexual was put in the population and a damn near riot started over ownership of "her." Now what the hell kind of bullshit is that? I'm not saying that there is always a riot over a homosexual, but there is a lot of violence, whether between individuals or groups, that a little sex would help to eliminate. Not to mention the importance of maintaining marital relationships with your wives. I mean it just doesn't help your morale to hear your wife is fucking your best friend or someone because you aren't around to take care of her needs.

I know that there are some prisons which have ruled in favor of conjugal visiting, none in the Federal system though. I also realize the expense and extra staffing conjugal visiting would require. There are also good arguments against it, of which extra staffing and expenses are a couple. But let me say again, the people who have the say so over this problem can go home at night to a nice, soft, warm cunt. They don't have to go so many years without sexual relief. That's O.K. too. Some places even have furloughs for inmates who keep clean records while in prison but this usually requires inmates who are one year short of release.

In short, the only fucking we get is from the system. The only way conjugal visits will be permitted is if the Federal Bureau of Prisons decide in favor of it or if the public can see our viewpoint and gives us a little support. We're people. We like sex as much as the next guy. How about a little help?—*D.C., El Reno, Okla.*

Repression . . .

My wife and I were astounded to read about the sick repression perpetrated by the city of Dallas by their use of a "decoy prostitute." This act is directed against adult males whose only real offense is that they are sexually normal and in search of female companionship. Are Anglo-American vice squads now being sent out to arrest participants in noncriminal acts like prostitution, when the number of truly dangerous crimes like heroin trafficking, theft with violence, etc. continue to rise?

Here in my country, the Canadian Criminal Code states that prostitution itself is not a crime, and that adult females are free to dispose of their bodies as they please. However hotel-keepers and pimps participating in same for lucrative gain are severely punished by the courts. Not only is "sex for money" not an act that endangers society, but also great theologians like St. Thomas Aquinas considered prostitution to be a vital safety valve for any society. Prostitution has over 4,000 years of existence, regardless of whether it agrees with the private moral standards of many Anglo-Saxon Americans or not. Do U.S. legislators for instance not have anything better to do with their precious time than to tell adult males, through a vast network of vice squads, which women they should or should not sleep with? Suzanne Labin the renowned French sociologist who spent over twenty years studying American culture states bluntly that because of constant repression of prostitutes, Anglo-America has produced the greatest number of homosexuals of any Western society. The recent homosexual mass murders in Texas come as no surprise to Canadians like myself. In Canada, as in France, the trend seems to be towards some form of municipally-controlled brothels.—*Chris Comas, Montreal, Canada*

. . . and regression

I would like to comment on your magazine's philosophy concerning sexual freedom in this country. *Penthouse* seems to give the impression that young ladies are easy to pick up and go to bed with. In a fairy tale land this might be true —but it simply isn't in real day-to-day life.

From my personal experiences, I find that women are rather indifferent to sex. I have *never* picked up a girl in a bar. Yet I have used every technique in trying to get young women interested in me. But most, if not all of them, act rather indifferent toward me.

The whole moral tone of your magazine tends to emphasize the negative and destructive side of man's nature. Free sex is not free because indulging oneself is compensated by broken homes, divorce, venereal disease, jealousy, and disappointment. Our country needs a large dose of good old-fashioned evangelism to make us realize that there is more to this life than self-centered pleasure seeking. Rome fell because of the moral decadence of its people. The United States *could* fall if its people continue to follow the path of moral debauchery.—*Name withheld, Kansas City, Kans.*

Chacun à son gout.—*Editor*

Fact or farce?

October's *The Old Shell Game* was terrific! I can't remember reading a funnier, more entertaining article. Almost every paragraph displayed unbelievable imagination and drew such fantastic conclusions; the logic throughout was so terribly, obviously false; the accusations were so utterly unsubstantiated by fact, I simply had to laugh aloud. It's been too long since yellow journalism and sensationalism by the press have been chastized and Mr. Sherrill has found a powerful weapon in satire.

I especially liked how the title reflected the theme: anybody can play it, not just government and industry, but the greatest shell game of them all can be played by unscrupulous and irresponsible correspondents who would create facts rather than report them.

Bravo *Penthouse*! Keep those hi-grade articles coming.—*Tom Schmal, Bossier City, La.*

Robert Sherrill replies:
Anyone familiar with Bossier City, Louisiana, knows that the residents of that town work either in gambling establishments or for oil companies. Mr. Schmal doesn't sound like a gambler to me.

An invite for Vince

Very nice interview with Vince Furnier aka Alice Cooper in your September issue. As for his comment about being "pissed off" at not being invited to his high school class reunion, I can only say: Vince, you weren't invited because it hasn't happened yet! You don't really think that Cortez would forget our lettermen turned show biz stars, do you? So get an address to Cortez for your special invite and warm up that pink motorcycle

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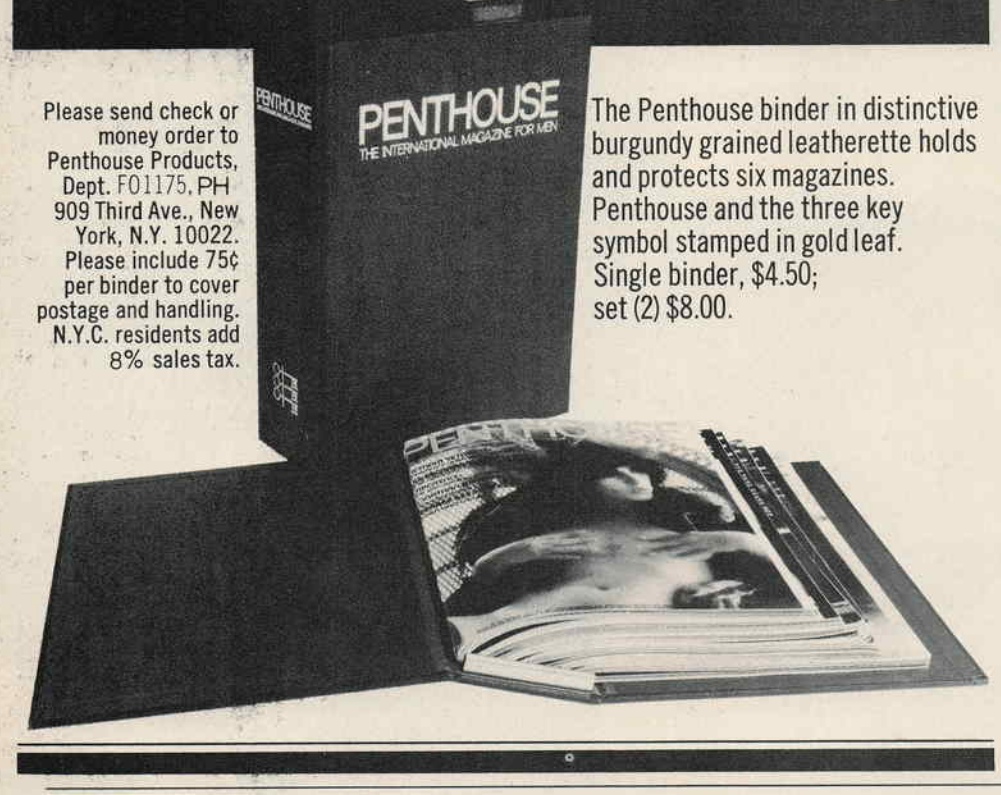

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and black leather so you can vroom into the reunion next summer!—*Linda (Anderson) Bishop, Cortez High School '65, Phoenix, Ariz.*

Vietnam vets

As I write this my boyfriend is passed out in my little girl's bedroom and I'll sleep with her again tonight. He's out on bail for drunkenness, resisting arrest, and possession of a contraband substance for about the fourth time in the two years. He's a Vietnam veteran.

I don't know why I'm writing this to you, maybe I won't mail it, but your articles on the vets really struck home. I saw him in so many of the articles. His drinking, drugs, unemployment, and his helplessness. Right now the attorneys, doctors, and police say he's crazy; that he should be taken off the streets. But they don't know the man, they don't even care why he's the way he is or think he can be helped. They think the solution is throw him in prison and forget about him.

I love him for the man he is and could be if someone could help him. I've held him while he cried because he feels he's nothing and can't stop himself from destroying himself.

I've stood by him and given him all I can to try and help him, to save him. I was neurotic and emotionally drained. I cried, I screamed, and threatened to leave him. I took everything he did as against me. I couldn't understand why, if he loved me, he didn't try and please me and shape up. I felt he took all and gave nothing. He was selfish and used me, I thought, until I read your articles, and heard other men talk of why they did the things they did. Your articles have made me realize that I had nothing to do with the way he was. The work and what he came back to was the reason. He got started on heroin over there, and he always was a heavy drinker.

You know he was an E-5 and when he got out he was owed a bronze star and eight other medals. It took the army two years just to send two medals of the eight medals he was awarded. They really cared didn't they?

I don't know what will happen or where he'll end up but I love him and I'll stay till the end. Thank you for the articles. At least now I have some answers and know I'm not alone. I just pray to God he doesn't end up just another casualty from Vietnam.—*Name and address withheld*

Your focus of late months on Vietnam veterans provides a credible outlet for the dissemination of the soldier's point of view. It is a tremendous service you do.

I was involved in the Southeast Asian conflict as an army helicopter pilot. I terminated service in 1971 through normal channels, with honors. Presently, I work the civilian flight market while maintaining my military commitment through National Guard activities.

I would like to offer you and others a personal insight. I suggest you focus part of your efforts now on the value of hiring veterans in the civilian market. I personally believe that employers who somehow, consciously or unconsciously, manage to discriminate against hiring veterans do themselves a disservice. Veterans are generally intense and ambitious. They know who they are, what they are capable of, and how they can accomplish productive work and lead happy, sensitive, and loving lives.

War is tragic. Those who have not known it miss that point of view and will never understand it in that manner. The veterans of the Vietnam era, I feel, are unique in that they had the courage to participate in an unpopular war.

Veterans are intense, ingenious, creative and capable of tremendous effort. Veterans don't want it easy, they want cooperation. They don't need regimentation—if they did perhaps they would have remained with the military.

If you were to focus attention on ways, methods, means, schemes, etc. by which veterans have coped with ineffective management or have found ways to effectively manage organizations I think you would do both veterans and industry a large service.

In closing please let me say that the "*joke*" is on management in failing to realize the value of hiring veterans. Veterans *are* an extraordinary employee base.—*Name and address withheld*

In keeping with your support for the Vietnam veteran, I feel the following will be of interest to fellow Forum readers:

Both the House of Representatives (in February) and the Senate (in June) voted unanimously to increase veterans present monthly educational benefits. The senate version would increase educational benefits, by granting veterans as much as $720 a year to help defray costs, give them up to forty-five months total benefits instead of the present 36 months, and grant up to $2,000 per year in low interest loans to veterans attending more expensive schools. In addition, both the House and Senate versions would offer the veteran ten years to utilize educational benefits instead of the present eight years.

My sentiments upon learning of the Senate Bill decision were aptly expressed by Senator Vance Hartke (D. Ind.), Chairman of the Senate Veterans Affairs Committee, when he said that this bill was "a major step in finally giving Vietnam Era veterans a real chance at getting an education and training, the kind of chance I and millions like me had after the second World War."

Thus far, the executive branch has not signed the bill into law. Why? Perhaps time has been more "efficiently" utilized in attending Soviet dinner parties catered by the U. S. taxpayers, donating U. S. taxpayers money in the form of helicopters to foreign dignitaries, erasing tapes, or meditating other woes.

In any case, I feel that we veterans are getting a "raw deal" if the President does not sign all the legislation into law that our elected Congressional members voted we are entitled to have. I urge every veteran to write to Washington to express his utter disgust concerning the past administration's anti-vet proposals, and hope for a quick reversal of policy.—*Name and address withheld*

Normally I don't write letters, but lately in dealing with the VA I have become a tremendous correspondent. That's another story and I'll not go into the asses that run that part of the government. Let me pass on a tip to Vietnam veterans that has worked wonders for me: With each letter you write make a 10¢ copy and send it to your congressman, representative, or any other elected official. They are elected and will be interested. It even helps if you misspell words—I do this frequently in my "service connection" battle—even though I have a Master's degree in English. I was an officer (resigned) in one of the elite services and flew helicopters in VN. I had 31 air medals (623 missions) till I sent them back to that ass that was president at the time and told him to keep them! —*Name withheld, Long Beach, Calif.*

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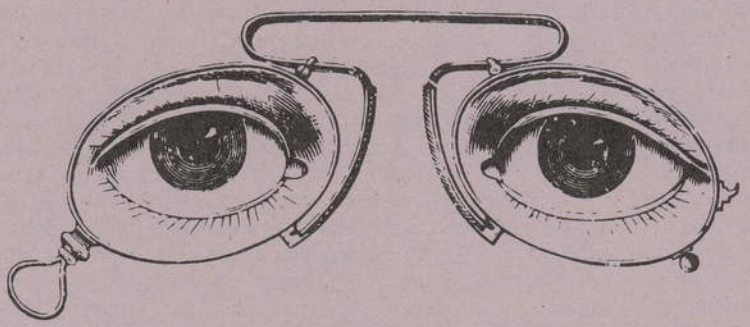
VIEW FROM THE TOP



SEX TAKES A HOLIDAY

It's a mean and low-down, dirty, crying shame what's happened to the sexy broad who used to turn us on whenever we turned on the television—the glamour girl we used to ogle on the commercials.

It didn't matter what the product was: refrigerators, toothpaste, apple juice—whatever. There she was in her bikini or her low-cut gown trying to get a rise out of us.

Of course, we realized she was unattainable, this goddess with the perfect face and the build to match. And that throaty, sultry voice and those double-entendre eyes. But when she came on the tube, we bought. Because deep in our psyches we clung to the illusion that somehow she came with the product. We had the hots for her; she had us by our libidos.

But then one day the agency geniuses in their towers decided her sexiness was counterproductive, because the housewives who did most of the family spending—not being glamorous themselves—were turned off by her type. And they were jealous besides, watching their husbands staring and slobbering over the freshly starched antimacassars.

So they switched their pitch from eros to "humor." And our sex object was redesigned into a female clown, to whom the typical average American housewife—as she was envisioned—could relate. And the one-minute commercial evolved into a sixty-second situation comedy written by a computer.

Before our very eyes the girl of our fantasies lost six inches in height and an equal number in bust. Her nose grew longer. Her chin all but disappeared. She acquired pop eyes, a corrugated forehead (from raising her eyebrows so much in amazement), and a voice suggestive of scraped slate—all the features the computer said were comical enough to guarantee a million laughs. And they changed her name from Lola to Blanche.

Then the Lords of Televisionland said, "It is not good that this woman should be alone; we will make her a helpmate." And they created for her a husband. Naturally, their version of the typical average American married male was scrawny-necked and balding, with pop eyes like hers and a voice one full octave higher. They taught him how to say, "Gee whiz, Honey!" and "Gosh, that's terrific!" And, of course, they named him Harry—according to the unwritten law of broadcast advertising, the husband in humorous commercials must be named Harry.

So there they were. The perfect TV couple. Literally, made for each other. Yet with all that going for them, there are now subtle signs the marriage may be on the skids.

The trouble seems to have started when the admen took away her Clorox, then tried to trade some other deodorant for her Ultra-Ban 500. Soon after that, Harry started coming home obviously drunk, singing, "I smell clean!" The implication was unmistakable..

Then he resorted to biting criticism. First it was her salad—the oil and vinegar, he alleged, were separating. Then it was her coffee. He would drag her into Cora's General Store to tell everyone there how lousy it was. And Cora was no help because she stubbornly refused to stock more than one brand.

Lately, Harry has been leaving Blanche alone at night, sneaking over to the diner for a decent cup, frequently spilling some on the counter so Rosie can show him how strong and absorbent her paper towels are.

For a while she held clandestine meetings with the little man in the boat in her toilet tank. But he had other things on his mind. She tried confiding in her plumber. But Josephine, too, had a one-track mind. She merely sold Blanche another can of Comet. And you can guess what Mr. Whipple down at the supermarket had to say.

So now poor Blanche has withdrawn into a compulsive obsession with her kitchen floor. The kids skate unmercifully over it three times a day, but she has lost the will to discipline them. She just follows after with her applicator to restore the deep-down shine and stare at it.

Harry's shirts, too, are neglected. He is subjected to the taunts of total strangers who point scornfully at his embarrassing Ring Around the Collar.

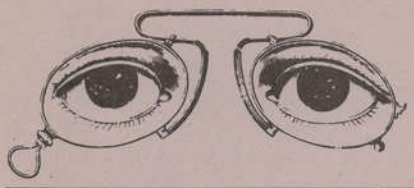
Even Morris, their cat, has become morose of late, and a finicky eater.

Obviously, the deeper cause of the trouble is sex. Harry and Blanche just haven't had any since the big change. And as any psychologist will tell you, sexual frustration is the root of most aggressive behavior.

It is rumored that, in their haste to desexualize the television commercial in favor of hilarity, the creative departments of the agencies neglected to provide this couple with the necessary genital equipment. They figured that there is nothing funny about fucking, and even if there were, the networks would never let them do it on prime time.

But, unlike this unfortunate couple, most of us were not created by Madison Avenue computers. Yet we're being led to make purchasing decisions based on their hang-ups. Is it any wonder, then, that our economy is in trouble? And our political system?

Don't forget, the people who gave us Harry and Blanche and all their friends are the same folks who sold us Nixon and Agnew and brought us Watergate.—*Fred Darwin*



HAPPENINGS

HOMESPUN HARDCORE

Nothing is sacred anymore. Even quilts, pottery, and stained glass have now been injected with a substantial dose of erotica—erotica that sometimes borders on pornography. Three artists of this newest erotica are Rhett Delford Brown with her "pornographic tapestries" (quilts), Jeffrey John Speeth with his "dirty windows" of stained glass, and Susan W. Beecher with her ceramic "pot erotica." They've made it possible to have sexy bed quilts, windows, and even punch bowls.

If you think quilts are made by little old ladies in New England sewing their arthritic fingers to the bone, you definitely haven't seen Rhett Delford Brown's erotic quilts. Some people have used her creations of stuffed and stitched sex scenes for bedspreads, but the artist prefers to hang them on her walls and calls them "pornographic tapestries."

"I regard my work as expressions of my sexual fantasies and my friends' fantasies," Delford Brown explained in her genteel Southern accent. "That's why I put a voyeur in each piece; voyeurism is my thing." Some of the sexual activities the fifty-year-old artist has illustrated in her tapestries include lesbianism, bestiality, homosexuality, and plain, old-fashioned oral-genital sex play.

The whimsically primitive people in her quilts are made of stuffed pink satin. Details are stitched in with crewel embroidery. Yarn serves for head and pubic hair, and weird buttons provide eyes popping out from sexual ecstasy and/or lust. "My yarns are my palette," Delford Brown noted and showed off the fine detail work in her lesbian-fantasy quilt, "I Wanna Go Back To My Redneck Ways." This pornographic tapestry depicts two nude female figures joyously grappling with one another's private parts. Their nipples, made of rosy pink satin, stand firmly erect. One of the girls' fingers grope up the other girl's vagina, which is rendered in loving detail. "See that diamond in her pussy?" Rhett asked. "Well, really it's a rhinestone, but I thought it made a rather nice clit. And see here," she continued in refined Southern-lady accents, while lifting the diamond girl's three-dimensional buttocks, "I even gave her an asshole." You peer discreetly under the satin buns and, sure enough, there's a neatly embroidered rectum. Rhett thinks of everything.

"I Wanna Go Back To My Redneck Ways" also features a male voyeur in the background, frantically clutching his cock, from which spurts delicately embroidered diamond semen. In another section of the quilt, two little furry bunnies are cheerfully having intercourse. Yes, Rhett thinks of everything.

There are several other "pornographic tapestries" hanging on the walls of the artist's home, an 1887 public library in New York's Greenwich Village, which has been converted to a modernistic, funky-Bauhaus interior. She and her husband, avant-garde artist Robert Delford Brown, call their multileveled den of erotic art "The Temple of Hilarity." The hilarity is provided by their extensive collection of antique erotic art, as well as Rhett's quilts.

One of her finest works is "Moon over Manhattan," which depicts a woman on all fours in a nighttime Central Park, being screwed by a large furry Dalmatian. The dog, of course, is mounting her dog-style, from the rear. Meanwhile, in the background, the skyscrapers of Manhattan shine in silver-leather splendor, and a Rhett-trademark voyeur lurks. All the participants have multicolored dots flowing over their heads. These dots are Rhett's special innovation: "pleasure dots." They signify—pleasure.

"At my gallery," Rhett says, "people stand around and laugh at the exhibitions. It's very smiley all the time." You can see Rhett's porno quilts at the Great Building Crack-Up Gallery in Manhattan. The quilts cost $1,000 each, but she has done "a pair of moles fucking for $100, because that was all that little girl could afford." Besides her pornographic tapestries, Delford Brown collects and sells Victorian pornographic photographs and 18th-century miniature erotic etchings, which she hand-tints ($75).

How does she get such rare and weird antique erotica? "That's easy," Robert Delford Brown grinned. "My wife just walks into shops and very sweetly says, 'Show me your hard-core porn.' "

John Kander

Oral sex in crewel by Rhett Delford Brown.
"Voyeurism is my thing."

Stained glass usually evokes images of majestic cathedral windows, of Gothic rosettes and illustrated lives of the saints. But to Jeffrey John Speeth, stained glass means erotic windows. He calls them "dirty windows," but they're really his search for freedom in a beautiful but largely unexplored medium of artistic expression. "All I care about is that people open their eyes and see stained-glass windows as something other than religion or cutesy-poo daisies or little owls," the bearded Speeth explained. "That's why I'm trying to do cocks and cunts in stained glass as graphically as possible—to zap people in the face."

Since pornography struck him as an obvious way to change people's ideas about stained glass, Speeth deliberately set out to render his porno window, "The Blow-Job." In glowing shades of green, brown, and flesh, it shows an erect male phallus just about to be inserted in a girl's wide-open mouth. Her eyes are humorously blacked out, so she can't be identified in this "shameless" act. "I've tried to do a real porn window," Speeth said, "but there's no way. Stained-glass windows have too much inherent majesty in them, so I have to settle for being just erotic. But I'd still love to make windows that people could get hard-ons from."

For seven years, Jeffrey Speeth created modernistic windows for the rock nobility of southern California. "I'd make windows that people'd either bust holes in walls for or build their houses around," he stated proudly. But about two years ago, Speeth decided to go back to nature and moved to a large farm on R.D. #1 in Friendship, New York, and plunged into the realm of erotica. The result was his

first series of "dirty windows," which sold for about $250 each.

Perhaps Speeth's most impressive erotic work is "The Double-Hung Window." It is actually a two-window set, showing a woman's thighs, buttocks, and vagina in the upper window; with a man's midsection and powerfully erect phallus in the lower window. When the two windows are slid together, the cock and vagina mesh. As light pours through the kaleidoscopic colors of the window, the glassy genitals of man and woman shimmer together sensuously, and the vibrant, pulsing colors of the glass elevate the sex act into an event of great spiritual and artistic beauty.

"When I showed my 'dirty windows' back on the West Coast, all people kept saying was, 'Is that all you think about back East in the woods?' " Speeth chuckled. "Now I'd love to do enormous classic rosettes of cunts in Gothic arches. That would really zap people in the face, wouldn't it?"

Portable orgy scenes are potter Susan W. Beecher's specialty. She calls her work "pot erotica"—and that's exactly what the ceramics are. Beecher's bowls, vases, pitchers, and boxes start out as ordinary, hand-thrown pottery, but she adds on little four-inch-high figures who do the most amazing things. They copulate, masturbate, and just plain fool around with one another's bodies, and it's all captured under a heavy ceramic glaze. "Pot erotica" is certainly an eye-opener, especially if your idea of sexuality in pottery stops at a bunch of horny ancient Greek shepherds chasing some nymphs around an earthenware bowl.

To advance the art of pottery, Beecher paradoxically had to compromise for less-delicate, advanced styles in her work: "I have to make everything thicker, so the pots won't collapse, so they'll hold up under the people." The little people themselves are a cross between primitive and modernistic art styles, and they're always naked—the better to see what's happening and the easier to glaze.

"Pot erotica" is more functional than most forms of erotic art. "Since the objects can be utilized, people have an excuse to keep them around," the potter said. Some of her minor pieces, which sell for $100 and up at New York's Show of Hands Gallery, include a large candleholder embellished with an entwined couple, or "boxes with a little couple screwing on top. They're sweet," Beecher said, "the perfect coffee-table item."

Masturbation is one of Beecher's favorite subjects. In her "Masturbation Pitcher," each handle is made of a masturbating male or female figure. Her "Deep Throat" boxes, memorializing the controlled-gag mechanism, were also popular sellers.

Being an erotic potter does cause some social problems, she admitted: "My two kids are nine and seven, and they're very nonchalant about the whole erotic thing, but some of their friends' parents have forbidden them to visit us." Problems occurred, too, when she needed models for her sex scenes. "You have to pay professional models. I tried to use my friends," Beecher sighed, "but they all got too nervous to perform."—*Meridee Merzer*

L.A. STAR BUSTED

The *LA Star* is an adventurous Los Angeles bi-monthly paper, whose existence is being severely challenged by the 1973 Supreme Court ruling on obscenity and pornography. Some people think it's a hardcore porn tabloid, and unfortunately, the southern California police happen to be among them. In the past year no less than eleven separate busts have been made on the *Star*.

This is a publication with an incredibly liberal and diverse editorial content, from "Was it the CIA that Shot Wallace?" to "How to Make an Obscene Phone Call and Score." The *Star* is proud of printing pictures and stories from their readers, a generally creative lot, and the paper is thoroughly imbued with the age-old journalistic spirit: "You Read It—or Saw It—Here First." In its search for truth and beauty, the *Star* leaves no labia or engorged member hidden.

There are some "liberals" who poo-poo the *Star*'s point of view, saying it has no social or political value. But the *Star*'s editor, Paul Eberle, says, "If everyone in America could get turned on to balling and good times, all the crooks would be out of power." Who can disagree that this is sexual politics at its strongest?

Mickey Leblovic, the paper's co-founder and associate editor, is naturally aghast at the bustings. Because his family was run out of Czechoslovakia by the Communists, he is familiar with repression. "When I came here as a child," remembers Leblovic, "we were taught that this stuff happens in Russia, but not here!"

The *Star* borders on financial crisis every day. Three of the eleven charges resulting from the busts were dismissed through deals in which the *Star* agreed not to distribute in certain cities. This has cut its circulation from 70,000 to 50,000. Moreover, thanks to the parodies the *Star* ran of every other publication in the area, it has gotten no press support on its home turf. "They said we didn't deserve it because we made fun of them," says Eberle.

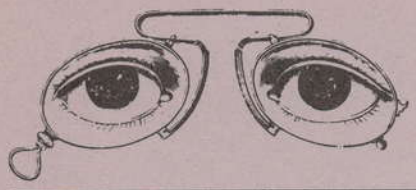
But then everybody at the *LA Star* seems to thrive on official abuse. The paper started on $157, and it's been going for over three years, even though Eberle and Leblovic have resisted the temptation for a large profit. "We didn't go into this as a money hustle, and we haven't made any money," says Eberle. "It's a love affair with journalism."—*John Gibson*

Sandy Brown Wyeth

A stained-glass penis by Jeffrey Speeth.
"Dirty windows."

Mark Lindenauer

Susan Beecher's pot erotica.
"The perfect coffee-table item."



FILMS

A MAN AND A WOMAN

When Ingmar Bergman's TV film *Scenes from a Marriage* was cut from the five-hour program originally shown on Swedish television to the version running just under three hours now appearing in American theaters, a good deal was lost in the process. Most of the cut material is in the way of evidence—an accidental pregnancy, an abortion, extramarital affairs (a lot of extramarital affairs), parental meddling, dismay over teenage children. That evidence goes a long way toward "explaining" what happens to the marriage of Johan and Marianne, their breakup, and their curious subsequent reconciliation. On television their situation was more diffuse, circumstantial, and contingent on outside pressures. In the movie theater, it is more intense, existential, inward, and mysterious. Probably most people will be happy with the shorter version, but for myself I'm not so sure. The original screenplay has been published in English (by Pantheon Books), and the edited parts don't suggest a lost masterpiece. On the other hand, the parts that have been retained don't seem so extraordinary either. On the printed page, *Scenes from a Marriage* seems a little banal. But as an achieved film it is superb —one of the few absolutely essential movies of the past year.

A model couple, Johan and Marianne have been married for ten years. He is forty-two when the movie opens, a psychologist with a university position, a bit pompous but no fool, even about his limitations. She is thirty-five, a modest, devoted wife and mother, and a successful divorce lawyer. This last comes as something of a shock. The film introduces her—by way of a magazine interview—as living mainly through her husband and children, the ultimate cliché of unliberated middle-class womanhood. But undermining its own potential for cliché is one of the recurring pleasures of *Scenes from a Marriage*, and, in fact, a partial basis of its dramatic method.

Through a series of more or less discontinuous vignettes we watch Johan and Marianne at their respective jobs, at home entertaining friends ,alone together in bed or over breakfast. Eventually we discover that Johan, despite his apparent contentment, is seeing somebody. And so it comes as no complete surprise when he announces that he means to run away with a quite unsuitable woman—a twenty-three-year-old, remarkable mainly for her jealousy and her lovely breasts. We never actually see her. We only hear about her when Johan returns to visit after six months, after a year, a few years—when he and Marianne finally get around to arranging their divorce. It is a slow breakup, complicated by many doubts and by the fact that whenever Johan and Marianne get together they tend to end up making love. At long last they do divorce, after a brutal but not entirely unwelcome exchange of pent-up insults and blows. Yet when we last see them, on what would have been their twentieth wedding anniversary, they are together again, in the country, enjoying a lovers' tryst. Each has remarried—and achieved about the level of happiness they had enjoyed together before—and each has discovered that, whether married or not, they are one another's best companion.

I've taken all this through to the ending because it is a happy ending and because the common element of plot suspense counts for very little in *Scenes from a Marriage*. Most of the reviews I've seen tend to play down the final happiness; and given that, and given Bergman's major reputation, it may be hard to accept that this is essentially a comedy—hopeful, if not about marriage, at least about the success of human relations. It is also pretty hopeful about the sustaining power of sex, and when you consider that it follows the protagonists from early into almost late middle age, that seems a special kind of optimism indeed. Marianne has a nightmare very near the end (she feels herself sinking into quicksand, and when she reaches up to be pulled to safety, finds that she has no hands), but when she wakes up Johan is there to comfort her. The movie mostly avoids the deep abysses, preferring small and intimate solutions.

Compared with the famous Bergman, at least from *The Seventh Seal* to *Cries and Whispers*, *Scenes from a Marriage* seems small-scale, plain, and uncluttered by symbolic intimations of mortality. Having always found the other Bergman, for all his rhetorical profundity, rather a literalist of the imagination, I now find this Bergman, for all his apparent simplicity, rich and supple and deeply responsive to observed experience and feeling. The TV format helps. Compositions are tight and clean and very economical. When the camera moves, it moves slightly. But all the restrictions, in Bergman's hands, become a kind of purity. For example, at the moment when Marianne, in a delayed reaction, first truly comprehends that her husband is leaving her, the camera closes in toward her face over a distance that must be no more than a couple of feet. But in what it reveals, that movement seems to encompass miles, literally transforming the terms by which the movie understands its people—as if personality had undergone some evolutionary change in just one flash of painful recognition.

To achieve such victories must require the most perfect understanding between writer, director (both Bergman), cinematographer (the great Sven Nykvist), and performers. Erland Josephson, as the ambitious and ultimately slightly defeated Johan, is excellent. But Liv Ullmann, as Marianne, is so supremely good as to make the film unimaginable without her. Beautiful always and by turns tragic, silly, retiring, vital, intelligent, very sexy (she makes love in one brief sequence for which I would gladly trade the entire erotic cinema of Gerard Damiano), she is as close to life as I have ever seen the movies come. And yet she is perfectly in the service of the film, a professional among professionals, with no wasted gestures or expressions or any of the marks of virtuosity, except the one real mark of knowing exactly what her art is all about.

Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* with Ullmann and Josephson.
A special kind of optimism.

Richard Lester's *Juggernaut* is a movie that asks the question: can demolition expert Richard Harris save Captain Omar Sharif's ocean liner, plunging through a North Atlantic gale, from the hundreds of pounds of TNT set to go off within hours by a desperate and devilishly clever mad bomber who seems less intent on ransom than revenge? You either know the answer to that question or you've never seen a movie—so let's try another: why is *Juggernaut* so much more fun than most of the other 30,000 impending-disaster movies that have been or will have been made over the past and future many years?

For one reason, it is well acted, even by Omar Sharif. More particularly, it is stunningly acted by Richard Harris and by David Hemmings, as his assistant; by Ian Holm, as the manager of the steamship company under attack, and Anthony Hopkins, as the police inspector trying to bail him out; by Shirley Knight as the clear-eyed young matron in love with Omar Sharif; and especially by Roy Kinnear (a Richard Lester regular since the days of the Beatles' films) as a funny cruise director trying to keep up everybody's spirits, even to get the passengers to dance in the ballroom while huge time bombs tick away a few decks below them. He tells them they can make it "A Night to Remember," thus sticking his foot in his mouth in a perfectly appropriate way.

Harris and Hemmings on an ocean liner in Lester's *Juggernaut*. *A thinking-man's Saturday-night movie.*

But a more important reason is that the very restrictions of the suspense thriller seem to help Lester, forcing him to a directness that his normally too diffuse film style often lacks. *Juggernaut* is by no means a comedy, though it has lots of laughs. But Lester's brand of throwaway humor keeps getting into the movie, defusing the conventional climaxes and complicating the formulas of plot and character.

Most of the action was photographed on a real ocean liner in an honest-to-God ocean, and though a few of the more spectacular sequences seem a bit forced (the storm at sea looks as if it might rate small-craft warnings), the use of the more-or-less real thing keeps matters claustrophobic and physically on edge. *Juggernaut* is a thinking-man's Saturday-night movie, and I trust that recommendation fits everyone who reads this column.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

DEAR JERRY

In *The Washington Pay-off*, lobbyist Robert N. Winter-Berger described how he peddled Gerald Ford's influence for three years in the Sixties. Winter-Berger may not be a lovable man, but it could be true that we do need him. Readers of *The Washington Pay-off* may have expected fireworks over Ford's confirmation, but the fireworks didn't go off.

Now Winter-Berger has made public his documentation in a new book, *The Gerald Ford Letters* (Lyle Stuart, $7.95). The three dozen letters reproduced in the book do not in themselves prove Ford to be a crook. But if they are authentic—each letter is published complete with letterhead, signature, and handwritten P.S. notes—they prove our new president to be a substantive liar. At the confirmation hearings Ford said, "I scarcely know Robert N. Winter-Berger. I may have met him eight or ten times, I may have written him five or six times." It is not merely the numbers that would make a liar of Honest Jerry, but the familiar, personal tone of the letters and their evidence of eagerness to serve Winter-Berger's clients.

We have only Winter-Berger's word that Gerald Ford pocketed $15,000—beyond campaign contributions—for the influence of the House Minority Leader's office, but if we believe the letters, we have to conclude that Winter-Berger peddled that influence with confidence.

THE SPIRITUAL CYCLIST

Every once in a long while somebody shakes loose from our rat race and awakens us to the fact that the unexamined life is not worth living. We may try to shut him out, but when he finds high drama in the honest examination of his own life, he becomes irresistible. Robert M. Pirsig, who was shaken loose in a mental hospital, has awakened the Seventies with his book *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* (Morrow, $7.95).

Despite a title that has attracted a cult and repelled others, Pirsig's book has quietly arrived as an event in the cultural history of America. Pirsig is not writing about Zen; his philosophy is wholly Western and his experience is intensely American. He has sought, in his own words, not "to cut any new channels of consciousness, but simply to dig deeper into old ones."

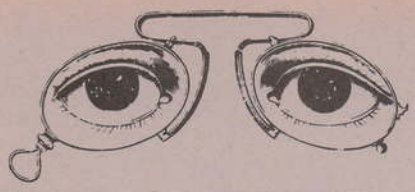
But it is not the refreshment of philosophy that makes this book so appealing, but rather the living of it. Pirsig's determination to give quality to life, significantly to "the art of motorcycle maintenance," suggests a new relationship for the human spirit and technology. First and last, it is the intensity of experience that gives life to the ideas, as Pirsig and his troubled young son cycle across America.

MANIPULATING THE MYTH

There is a photograph of James Dean leaping from one roof to another with the self-conscious grace of a dancer. It is inscribed in his self-conscious hand, "Try and catch me. You think I have to come down from up here, don't you? I hate all earthlings." And it is signed, with characteristic incongruity, "Love, Jim."

Hate? Love? What is all this shit about a boy actor, whose charisma fuels a maniacal cult some twenty years after he played his last game of chicken? As good an answer as you're going to find in print is David Dalton's biography, *James Dean, the Mutant King* (Straight Arrow, $9.95).

As a mutant, Dean belongs to some hideous future of the race. As an outsider, Dalton gives Dean a sociological significance that we might not see and a new respect for Dean as a professional: "Jimmy invented James Dean with the intuition and patient determination of the Wright brothers and Thomas Edison, embodying in his creature all the contradictions of the American dream."—*Norman Hoss*



SOUNDS

I JUST WANNA BE A RECORDING STAR
Because of the economic crunch, the recording industry has become more than cautious in its development of new talent. Today's new artists have to develop a listening audience *before* cutting their first LPs. Here are several reports on some newly/not yet/soon-to-be recorded artists of interest.

HYDRA—SECEDING FROM THE SOUTH

Of all the bands to emerge from the Southern musical renaissance, Atlanta's Hydra is both the newest and freshest, the first not to play it safe under the Allman Brothers' spiritual wing. "We don't think that we have to shuck corn, eat grits and black-eyed peas, or pull any of them riffs to be from the South and play music," says bassist Orville Davis. They are the most metallic and least agrarian of the new wave of Southland rockers, and even though they've not fully forsworn their blues roots, they remind a seasoned observer of such past "high energy" acts as Detroit's MC5. They've played every jukejoint in the South, and now, with *Hydra* (Capricorn) and a national tour, they're swelling towards their own slice of legend. Hydra may yet foment a new musical civil war within the Confederacy. *—Lester Bangs*

Fe and Re

R&B—CROSSING OVER

So many rhythm-and-blues hits are currently crossing to the pop charts that there hardly seems reason to have separate listings. Arrangers/producers Gamble, Huff & Bell (Philly Int'l) seem to be one of the prime forces behind the current trend, and are certainly most responsible for reinstating Philadelphia as a soul center. Presently Thom Bell is giving the big push to Derek and Cyndi ("You Bring Out the Best in Me") as the next R&B/pop hit. But in trying to capture that pop market—Derek and Cyndi have been called the "Black Carpenters" —need so much soul turn plastic in the crossing process? GH&B had best stick with their less-promoted groups, the Trammps ("Your Trusting Heart") and Soul Survivors ("City of Brotherly Love"). No LPs in sight, but if Philly Int'l can turn out great albums like *Bingo* from the Whispers, it shouldn't take much to make the Trammps and Soul Survivors their next supergroups.—*Kent Parker*

The big band sensations and crossover appeal of MFSB and Barry White signals a renaissance of the Swing Era—Seventies' disco-style. Now Blood Hollins joins the return. Although he's a trumpet player, Blood concentrates on projecting a more versatile, saxophone style by bending the notes and drawing on his R&B experience from the days of the Platters and Coasters. With a new hit single "How Have You Been" (RCA), there promises to be a return of the inimitable battle of the bands.—*John Manning*

The very popular emergence of the Three Degrees, LaBelle, Love Unlimited, and First Choice has marked the return of black female groups. The new year will see the breakthrough of Sister Sledge, four young sisters from Philadelphia. Teamed with producer Tony Silvester, the missing "ingredient" credited for many of the Main Ingredient's hits, Sister Sledge is assured of wide audience appeal on a late fall LP (Atlantic) and a current tour with the Spinners.—*John Manning*

More from Philly with Sister Sledge. *Return of the black female groups.*

TUBES, JOURNEY—FRISCO ROCK

When the Fillmore West closed four years ago, the San Francisco rock scene retreated to dozens of small clubs from which the Tubes has emerged as one of the most popular unrecorded groups. But with a six-figure A&M contract, the Tubes are now set for a late-winter tour and LP. Their screeching hard-rock backup quintet cranks out metallic sounds, ranging from total dissonance to a medley of TV crime-show themes, and they end their set with lead Fe Cranson stripping a young dancer named Re.—*Joel Selvin*

Another group to break the insular Frisco scene with a big six-figure contract (Columbia) is Journey. With lead Gregg Rolie (Santana) and drummer Aynsley Dunbar (Frank Zappa), the audience response on the Coast—following their initial N.Y.E. '74 engagement at Winterland—has been phenomenal. In that initial Winterland performance, they knocked Santana right off the stage. January LP.—*Ken Kelley*

ORCHESTRA LUNA—UP FROM BOSSTOWN

Imagine Tiny Tim, Frank Zappa, Dan Hicks's Lickettes, the late Ernie Kovacks's immortal Percy Dovetonsils, and a top-notch bar band all on the same stage at the same time, and you're still a couple of light years away from conjuring up an image of the Orchestra Luna. Originals all, Orchestra Luna's uniquely eclectic lineup features Rick Kenscherf, vaudeville-voiced lead singer and keyboard clown; Randy Roos, jazz-inspired purveyor of laser-precise guitar licks; ethereal Lisa Kinscherf and earthy Liz Gallagher; as well as puerile poet Peter Barrett. The group's musical approach is old show biz, sometimes coy but never camp. Most of the young Bostonians who happened across them at a folk club called Jeremiah's came away as true believers. With a major promotional tour and *Orchestra Luna* (Epic) in current release, the group is presently demonstrating to everyone else what a little Luna-see can really do to jaded audiences.—*Steve Ditlea*

C&W—BEYOND NASHVILLE

Asleep at the Wheel's first five years have been a rather Odyssean affair. From Paw Paw, West Virginia, to Berkeley, California, to Austin, Texas, the road has been rough and fame unwilling to lift her skirts. But now they're an integral part of Austin's country-renaissance scene and the Wheel have happily aligned themselves with Epic, a country label. *Asleep at the Wheel* casts more than a little light on the Wheel's various gifts: from epiphanic versions of Wynonie Harris, Bob Wills, Louis Jordan, and Fats Domino classics to their neo-shitkicker originals. The Wheel are perhaps the most viable, energetic figures on the new-country scene, complete with Chris O'Connell, the finest female country voice since Texas Ruby.—*Nick Tosches*

Bill Barnes

The Wheel arrives in Texas.
Austin's country-renaissance scene.

Emmylou Harris learned what she refers to as "pure country music" from Gram Parsons, a brilliant Southern artist with whom Emmylou recorded a pair of LPs before his death in 1973. And so this Alabama-born former folk club performer found herself in the rich austerity of traditional country. Parsons's efforts created pockets of devoted followers throughout the country. With a voice as clear and resonant as Linda Ronstadt's, Emmylou may be just the artist to expand the appeal of the pure-country sound. A winter LP on Warner Brothers.—*Bud Scoppa*

Guy Clark ends one of his typically rambling, almost jazzy renditions of an essentially country song, and the audience at the Exit/In wants to keep him, even though he's not the main act. Guy was first seen in Nashville over two years ago; he was from Texas and he had a writing deal before he came to town, which was unusual. Alan Rich may inherit Charlie's "crowd," but it took Guy's song "LA Freeway" to create his own, and having a "crowd" in this insular city means more to survival than having a national hit. Making it in Nashville today means playing lots of Holiday Inns. Guy's January LP (RCA) should take him beyond Nashville.—*Marshall Fallwell, Jr.*

THE ROCKETS—DETROIT REUNION

In the early Sixties, Billy Lee & the Rivieras was a teenage rock band that garnered a good reputation on the bar circuit of East Side Detroit. Producer Bob Crewe changed their name and Mitch Ryder & the Detroit Wheels became the prototypical white rhythm-and-blues band. After a string of million-sellers ("Sock It to Me, Baby"), Ryder embarked on a disastrous solo career and the other band members drifted to different gigs. Guitarist Jim McCarty joined the Buddy Miles Express, then Cactus. Drummer John Badanjek formed his own band, and bassist John Fraga played stints with Catfish and Little Feat.

Now, McCarty, Fraga, and Badanjek are reunited as the Rockets. With keyboard master Marc Marcano, this band is the apotheosis of Detroit's cauterizing fury fueled by assembly-line alienation and the lyrical release of great rock 'n' roll. Detroit's most dynamic white sound to date. The Rockets have been negotiating with RCA.—*Ken Kelley*

THE DICTATORS—BOYS FROM THE BRONX

The Dictators are the ultimate in wise-ass raunch moderne, and are brought to you by the production/management team of Krugman and Pearlman, whose credits also include the successful Blue Oyster Cult. Whereas much of the Cult's fame derives from the great "Are-they-or-aren't-they-neo-Nazis?" debate, the Dictators present a considerably more amusing dilemma: "Are-they-or-aren't-they-sadists?" or better yet, "Are-they-or-aren't-they-racists?" Between posing the question and finding the solution, there are many laughs and some excellent heavy-metal music. The Dictators are just four Jewish boys from the Bronx. They sing of drugs, vomit, smelly feet, undesirable Negroes, and other teenage concerns. The band has been picking up a loyal following in the affluent suburbs of New York City. They're currently on tour, with *The Dictators Go Girl Crazy* (Epic) set for January.—*Danny Fields*

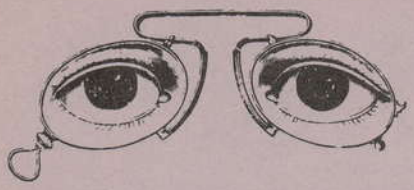
SPARKS, CARMEN—BACK TO L.A.

Both Sparks and Carmen are English-based groups which were originally formed in Los Angeles. Both bands migrated to Great Britain after failing to make a dent in America's musical psyche. Now—a year later—both groups are giving the United States the old college try once again after having their confidence bolstered by more receptive British audiences. The similarity ends there: Sparks, though their sound revolves around the singular, semi-operatic vocals of Russell Mael, ultimately falls into the category of mainstream rock 'n' roll, while Carmen has created a new musical category—flamenco rock.

Carmen has unearthed a stone that was probably better left unturned. The group represents novelty for novelty's sake, as they have so gaudily demonstrated on their current U.S. tour. Their new album, *Fandangos in Space* (Paramount), fails to come across with either a ring of flamenco authenticity or a glint of true rock originality.

Sparks, however, represents novelty for the sake of fun. Their songs, written by Ron Mael and sung by brother Russell, are all ingeniously arranged vignettes that are unburdened by the clichés that plague most of today's rock lyrics. The subject matter on their summer '74 album, *Kimono My House* (Island), ranges from Albert Einstein ("Talent Is an Asset") and narcissism ("Falling in Love with Myself Again") to tourism ("Hasta Mañana, Monsieur") and puberty ("Amateur Hour"). And the Mael brothers' all-English rhythm section can rock with the best of them. They're set for a winter U.S. tour to coincide with the release of *Propaganda*, containing "Don't Turn Your Back on Mother Nature," which is a current hit on the English charts. —*Gary Kenton*

Mael Brothers



NYC—IN CLUBS, ON STAGE

Patti Smith is a visionary poet/singer whose performances—at Max's and Club 82—are so consistently stunning they immediately become legendary. Seeing her now is like seeing the Rolling Stones in 1965 or being there when Stevie Wonder made "Fingertips." She stands onstage as if she's on a street corner, in tight black pants and a shapeless T-shirt, sputtering dream revelations and soaring with them—alternately matter-of-fact and ecstatic—and then singing, changing pace like hot Latin music, she sweeps you away. Her repertoire: "Land of 1000 Dances," Kurt Weill, Bessie Smith, Smokey Robinson's Marvelettes song, "Hunter Gets Captured by the Game." Patti's "Hey Joe" turns into a chilling Patty Hearst vision and was privately recorded as a 45; she anticipates an LP, live if possible, maybe even a bootleg. "I just go as far into space as I can, like a long saxophone solo," she's said. "People say I go too far. There's no too far you can go."—*Vince Aletti*

Allan Tannenbaum

Patti Smith

Novella Nelson

Stephanie Mills

Novella Nelson's art is not to seduce but rather to intimidate with aggressive, militant blackness. Others try to win your respect; Novella *demands* it. Without a doubt, she is one of the most interesting performers about to emerge from a ten-year-old jazz cult that follows her sporadic appearances around town. At the Vanguard and Reno Sweeney's, Novella appears onstage with a simple jazz backup. Her singing is like dramatic recitative; a master of expressive phrasing and delivery, she breathes new life into old standards "Johnny" and "Cold Water Flat." Look for a spring LP.—*Henry Post*

Ellen Greene emerges from the same gay heritage that spawned the Divine Miss M. She even starred in the ill-fated Broadway show, *Rachael Lily Rosenbloom*, which was originally written for Bette Midler. But trash was last year, and Ellen is not Bette. Complete with impassioned gestures and pronouncements of unimportance, Ellen Greene is an elegant diva—bigger than life, grander than truth. At such establishments as the Grand Finale and Reno Sweeney's, she touches down on all the greats of torch and B'way. A winter album on Atlantic.—*Henry Post*

Stephanie Mills is Dorothy in *The Wiz*, Broadway's all-black version of *The Wizard of Oz*. Backed by a hefty investment from 20th-Century Fox, with a movie of *The Wiz* at the end of the yellow brick road, the pint-sized (4'10") successor to Judy Garland seems assured of a giant success. At nine she had already landed a Broadway role in *Maggie Flynn*, and later went on to win the Apollo Theater's notoriously tough amateur competition for six consecutive weeks. Stephanie's winter LP on ABC begs comparison with Diana Ross; yet at fifteen Stephanie already possesses a wider range and greater control than the former Supreme. "I never get tired of listening to Diana Ross," says Stephanie, "but she was taught how to sing and how to move. I want everything I ever do to come from inside me."—*Steve Ditlea*

SHORT TAKES

Good Old Boys/Randy Newman (Reprise MS 2193). Randy Newman's albums have never been big sellers, but they've built a near fanatical concert and club audience for him. His past albums were collections of brilliant songs, each isolated and independent of one another. On this LP, three-quarters of the cuts are about the South—rednecks, Louisiana, Birmingham, Huey Long. On the surface they are biting indictments of the people and the place, but they also turn on those who think too harshly of the South and explore the whole quixotic relationship between Northerners and Southerners.

When the Eagle Flies/Traffic (Asylum 7E 1020). Traffic was one of the first groups to widen the listening habits of a rock audience into jazz-based rhythms and movements. Traffic's music continues to be deftly languorous, laced with Steve Windwood's screechy vocals, staunchly bottomed by drummer Jim Capaldi's beat.

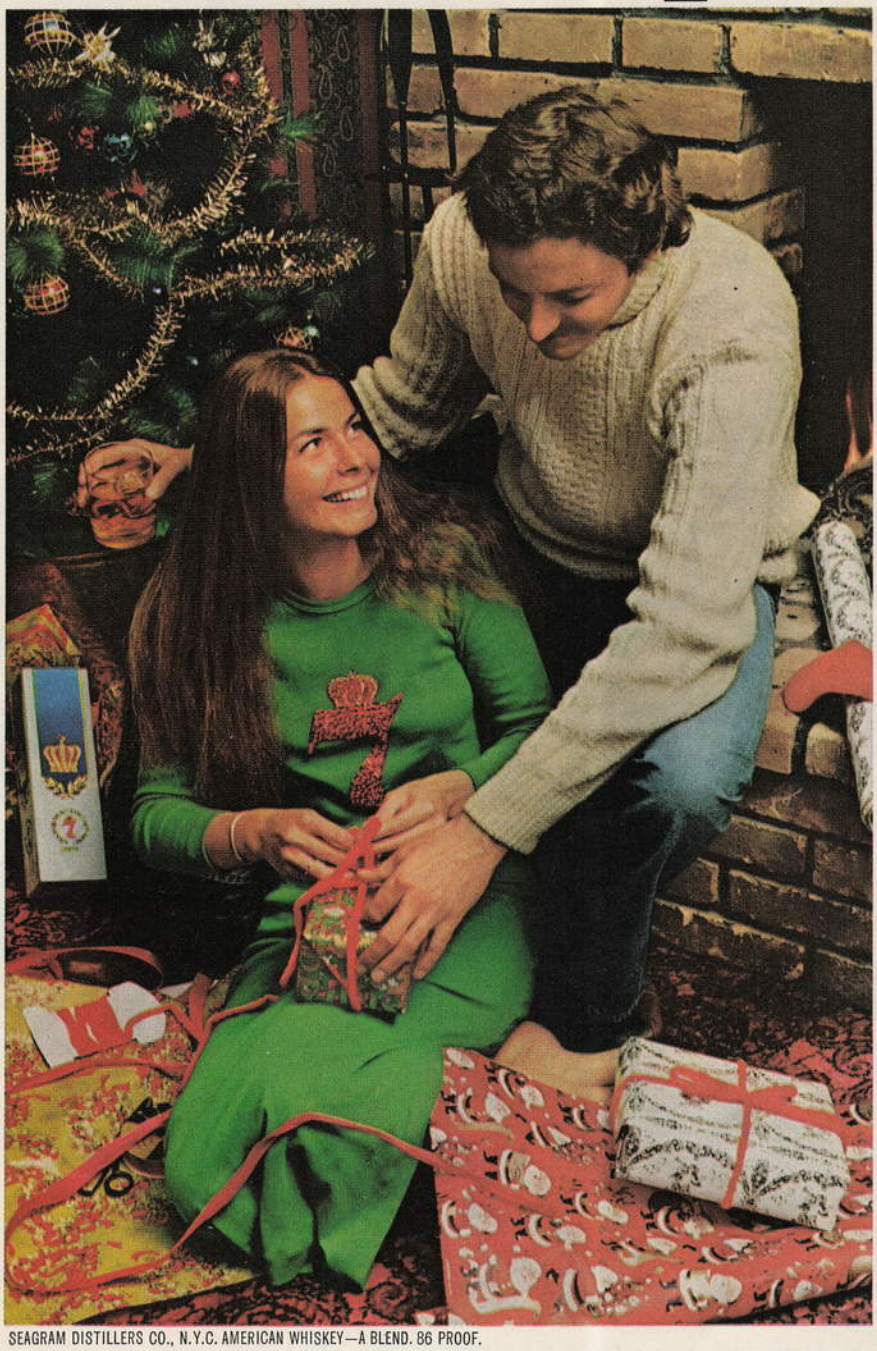
Welcome Back, My Friends, to the Show that Never Ends—Ladies and Gentlemen, Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Manticore MC3-200). This album was recorded live on ELP's last tour of the U.S. Thousands of young people showed up to watch Emerson and his less-culpable consorts, Lake and Palmer, indulge themselves in their hostile theatrics. No beating the gums about peace and love here. Yes, the group does have their moments with jazz and lovely ballads, but too much of their music is the sound of Roman legions, the march music of the Vandals and Huns. One would hope that such constructions as "Karn Evil 9" are just harmless sci-fi, but they throb with sincerity.

Thrust/Herbie Hancock (Columbia PC 32965). Hancock's last album, *Headhunters*, went gold. It appears he's been able to do something that makes him the envy of most jazz musicians: he's cast aside the jazz label and widened his audience without changing his music to fit the pop mentality. Hancock has not become the Jackson 5 overnight. It is very hard to fault what he is doing here—as always, the precise, graceful touch of his synthesizer is a joy.

I Wanna Be Selfish/Ashford and Simpson (Warner Brothers BS 2789). Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson are one of the best-known writing teams in the business ("Let's Go Get Stoned," "Ain't No Mountain High Enough"), but they have yet to make it as recording artists. If this album doesn't turn matters around, one can only be amazed at the injustice. The songs are great—"Mainline" was a summer '74 disco hit—and the production is dazzling.

Hergest Ridge/Mike Oldfield (Virgin VR 13-109). Oldfield made a bundle as the child-genius who created "Tubular Bells" for *The Exorcist*. This album is basically more of the same, but the whole thing has a natural tendency to become harmless background music.—*John Gibson*

Share America's Whiskey.



When you're buying a gift at Christmas time, you want it to be just right.

But sometimes, that's not so easy. Like when you're trying to find just the right taste in whiskey.

So here's a little rule to help you along.

When you're choosing a whiskey as a gift, remember which whiskey more people choose for themselves.

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More people give it, receive it, and just plain enjoy it than any other brand.

It has a friendly way of mixing that's always welcome this friendly time of year.

Which is why Seagram's 7 Crown is America's favorite holiday spirit.

Give Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's favorite.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 86 PROOF.

BEAUTIFULLY GIFT-BOXED AT NO EXTRA COST.

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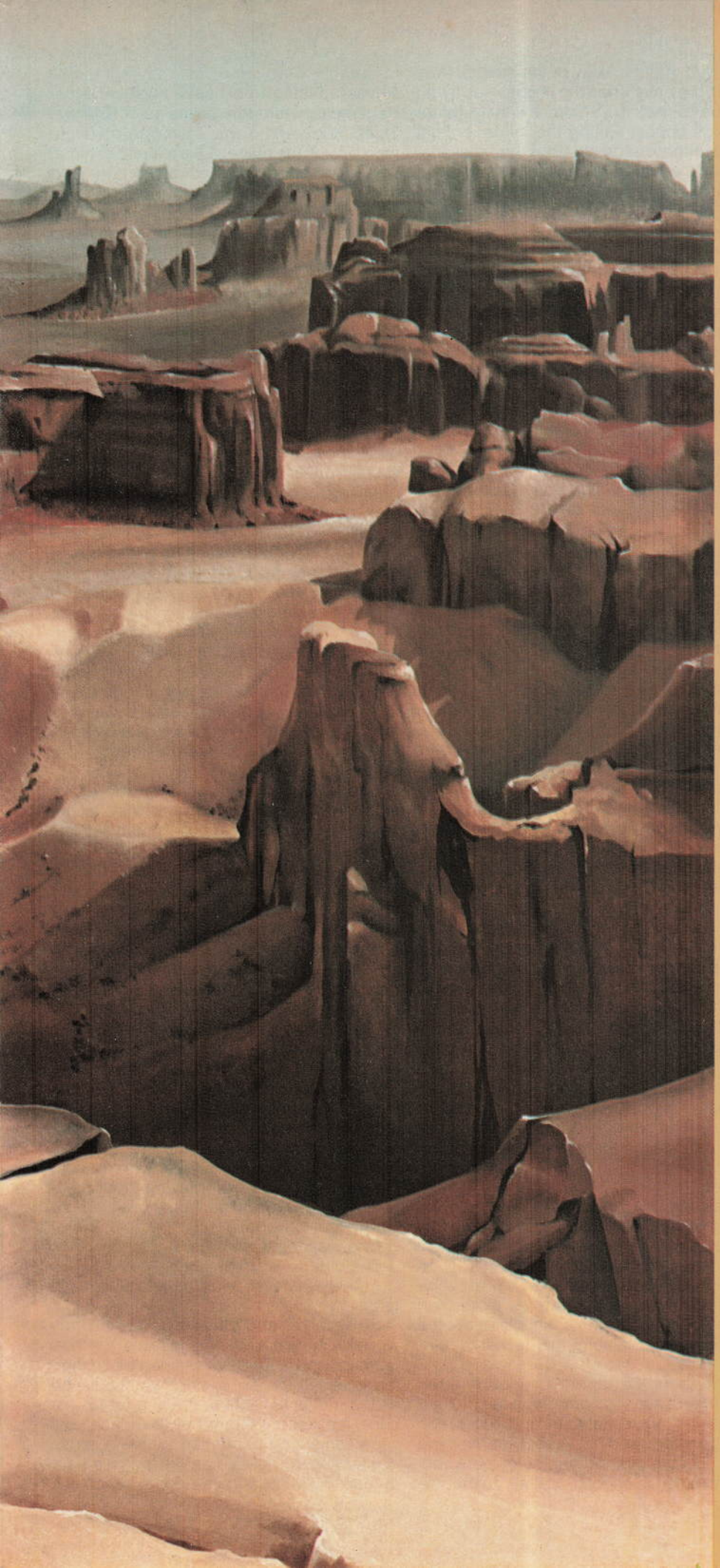

Abbie Hoffman has gone underground, escaping from an indictment for selling cocaine.

Timothy Leary is singing to the FBI, implicating friends and exposing a network for acid distribution.

Rennie Davis follows the Divine Light—Guru Maharaj Ji—wherever an expense account may take them.

Stewart Brand is rewriting a final revision of the *Last Whole Earth Catalog* in suburban Menlo Park, California.

And even Peter Tork of the Monkees—surely an Establishment group—has recently resurfaced dead broke, trying to form a new band in L.A.—an improvement, at least, upon the Mexican jail in which he was residing not too long ago.

The chances are if you came of age somewhere in the last ten years you have already taken the ride of your life—a trip through Wonderland. Visions of peace on earth. Maybe, in the brightest flare of your youth, you even saw God, exploding on a throne of psychedelic glory . . . all this and

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

more, to be dropped off rather ungraciously in the dissonant years of the Seventies: bewildered, cynical, wondering just where it was your path went wrong.

Recently, on behalf of *Penthouse*, I left New York on a tour around the country, looking for the remnants of the Flower Generation in various parts of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and northern and southern California. Part of the time I drove an old mail truck; in California I hitchhiked. Within a two-month period I stayed in communes, in tepees and geodesic domes deep in the woods, and in city crash pads—talking and listening to everyone I met. Learning their stories and trying to understand what was happening, if anything, with the counterculture in this strange and perilous time.

I found, not greatly to my surprise, that the Flowers have all died. Alas!—gone to some graveyard, everyone. But it was to be expected. Gentle idealism, the dreams of youth, could not withstand the winter rains. Yet something remains behind, visible in such superficial matters as an abundance of

By Robert Westbrook

long hair seen all across the nation, and also in a subtle change in our thinking—a feeling that our lives are too valuable to waste either in patriotic wars or in blind subservience to the machine.

Beyond that, some Flower Children who had visions in the Sixties and tried to make their lives more perfect have been reborn to a new understanding—to a maturity in which there is perhaps real hope. The early Seventies, it seems to me, were the test, those days when childhood illusions died hard. But today the worst is over, the bottom has been reached. For those who have learned their lessons, a beautiful time has come, not only for the Flowers but for the country as a whole. Collectively, our youth is over, even our national preoccupation with youth. In its place there is a new wisdom, a strength that has undergone the test of fire. And in the quietness that comes from being ignored, hippies (if you dare call them that anymore) are getting on with their lives and turning their dreams into reality.

Surprising?

I must say that when I left New York I didn't expect to find much hope at all. I am twenty-eight years old, and five or six years ago I rode the Sixties to what seemed sure to be the greatest climax of my life. But then, even before reaching thirty, my angels seemed to desert me—leaving me stranded, historically stranded in a dream that hadn't worked out. Leaving me exhausted in my innermost soul and feeling very old.

And until just recently everyone I met seemed to feel pretty much the same way—thus justifying my paranoid belief that the world had indeed fallen apart somewhere around 1970, and leaving me to wonder what the future could possibly add to our disintegration.

It was a bad time. By the beginning of the Seventies, I had dropped out from a brief, hysterical career as a Hollywood screenwriter and retired to a cabin in a redwood forest outside San Francisco, looking only for some peace of mind. My new home was as green and ripe as paradise. I rented forty acres of land overlooking the ocean, and I had two horses and a goat. But was I happy? Not a bit. Retire from the world at the age of twenty-three and you are apt to enter new realms of stagnation. None of my neighbors seemed very happy either. Everything seemed futile. The forest was being cut down to make way for tract houses, smog was creeping in from the cities. All that I hoped to escape was slowly and surely making its way into my little paradise.

Nixon was reelected. Psychics were predicting the End of the World. And a friend of mine died—a fine, talented musician, who shouldn't have died at all.

His name was Larry Walker. In the Sixties he almost became famous—there was a streak of failure that ran in his nature like a fire out of control. Often I've thought about him, so often that his death has come to represent for me the passing of an era.

Larry Walker: he came from Chicago originally, full of the energy of the streets. Way back in the days when the Haight was flying high, he hitched to California with his guitar and high hopes, joining the migration that pulled in thousands of Larrys—all dissatisfied with their lives, living at loose ends, and yearning for what they read about—a land full of magic and music, a *solution* in fact, waiting for them in the sun.

Larry rode this wave like so many others. And he was a good guitar player. Real good. In San Francisco he got together a band and soon was playing all the Bay Area clubs: Keystone Korner, The Lion's Share, Chateau Liberté. And even if they were never quite the Fillmore, they were good, and Larry was a man of power, standing up there onstage with colored spotlights in his eyes. Playing like a mad electric god, the very soul of the crowd passing through his fingertips.

Somewhere in the late Sixties, Jimi Hendrix heard him play. They jammed together, became friends, and finally Hendrix took Larry down to Los Angeles and introduced him to some people who might help him out. So Larry came very close to becoming someone you might have heard of. At the height of his career, he was living in Laurel Canyon and traveling around in a chauffeur-driven white Rolls-Royce. The Big Time! Well, almost. Actually the Rolls wasn't his—it belonged to his manager—and it was a ride through Hollywood, the land of illusions.

Larry used to tell me that he was so broke down there that he often had to borrow money from the chauffeur. He was freaking out in that world, drinking a good deal, shooting up smack. He always believed he could break through with just a little more inspiration—inspiration being any drug he could get his hands on—but the drugs that sent him up soon brought him down. He was neither strong enough nor greedy enough to survive the Big Time. The album he was recording was never finished. Within a one-month period, his wife left him, his manager fired him, and his band fell apart.

So Larry returned to San Francisco, hitching out of town. Playing sad, sad songs. This was 1970. His chance was blown, and he knew it would never come again. He lived the rest of his life with a terrible sense of failure—taking endless drugs to try to get off once again, have that great electric power flow through him—but knowing it was over, all over.

It was around this time—the early Seventies—that the Flowers began to suspect that the gates to Paradise were more difficult to open than a child might suppose. Drug casualties, like Larry, could be seen everywhere—frightening the hippies more than the law-abiding straights, knocking out the very center, permeating the air with a feeling of defeat.

In northern California the long-haired people were staying home, working on their gardens, fixing up their cars and trucks, collecting welfare, and having babies. Nothing much, just the old, old course of the world, but with a sense of doom to it all, so that the longhairs were also into saving themselves—getting into heavy mystical trips. Redemption through Jesus and Krishna, Scientology and Yoga. Trying to meditate their way off the planet. Like a friend of mine, who was fasting and meditating hard, said to me once with an unholy gleam in his eye, "This is going to be my last incarnation . . . you'd better believe it. I'm not going to go through *this* bullshit again!"

So much of that instant spirituality was gloomy life-negation, coming from a generation that didn't know what to do with itself and saw the world as a Shroud of Sin. Ah, yes . . . as religion appeared in the last decadent days of Rome, so did it visit us when the Sixties had run their course. My friend Larry couldn't stand the new decade. He put his whole energy against it—trying to rise once more into the splendor of the past, shooting ecstasy into his tired veins—and breaking, because it was impossible. But no man could reclaim the Sixties that were gone.

When Larry died, I gave up my hold on a lot of old dreams. Everything seemed over, myself like the rest. Just a generation of ghosts. Eventually, to get out of my stagnant funk, I took a drastic step: I cut my hair, shaved my beard, and moved back to New York City—where I worked at odd jobs, vaguely trying to survive. My ambition was to be a waiter, but that, it seemed, was aiming too high. In New York a job as a waiter is harder to get than a vice-presidency of a bank.

What do you do with yourself when you've renounced the world and you want to get back in? Like Siddhartha, I could think, I could wait, and I could write poetry—but none of these seemed likely to add up to a livelihood. But, ah yes, I could type, a fact I usually tried to put out of my mind. So after a few hopeless months of looking for a job, I finally became a temporary typist for an agency—something of a letdown after experiencing cosmic glory, but $3.25 an hour nonetheless.

I remember my first day on the job: I was sent to do a rush assignment down on Wall Street with two other Clean Young Men. There we were, all of us in our late twenties, looking very uncomfortable in sport jackets and ties. At first we eyed each other with a fair amount of suspicion, but gradually we opened up and discovered we were all Freaks in disguise—all playing this ridiculous new game of Office Worker. Reclaimed by the "real" world.

One was really an artist.

The other a jazz musician.

And I—whatever I was then—a refugee at large.

So we talked about the old days, acid trips we had once taken and lessons we had learned. And at first it all seemed a bummer, that after all the excitement we should be sitting in this law office—talking just to escape the deadly tedium of the place. But soon something happened to us—a sense of utter absurdity—and before long we were all howling with laughter, doing ridiculous

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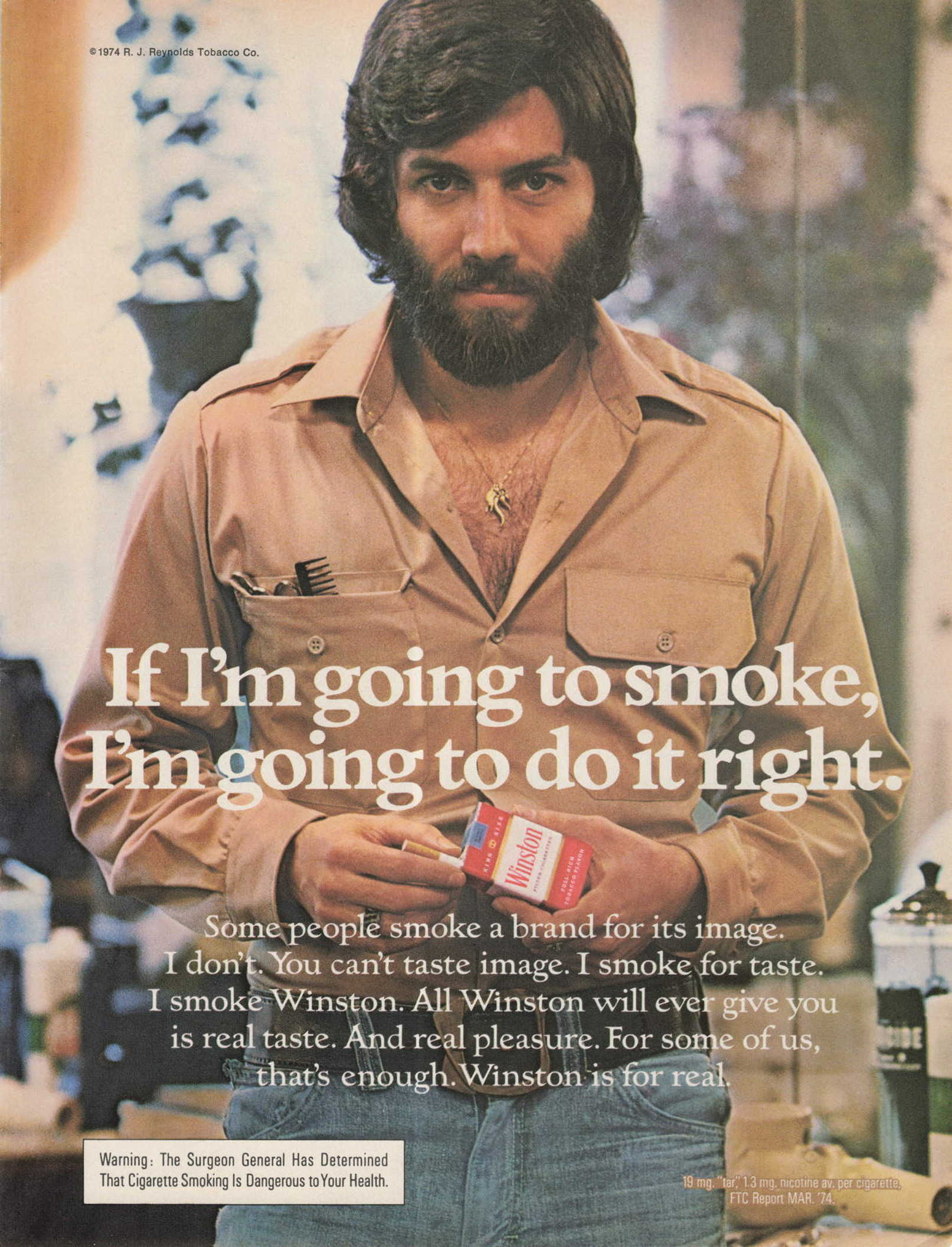

If I'm going to smoke, I'm going to do it right.

Some people smoke a brand for its image. I don't. You can't taste image. I smoke for taste. I smoke Winston. All Winston will ever give you is real taste. And real pleasure. For some of us, that's enough. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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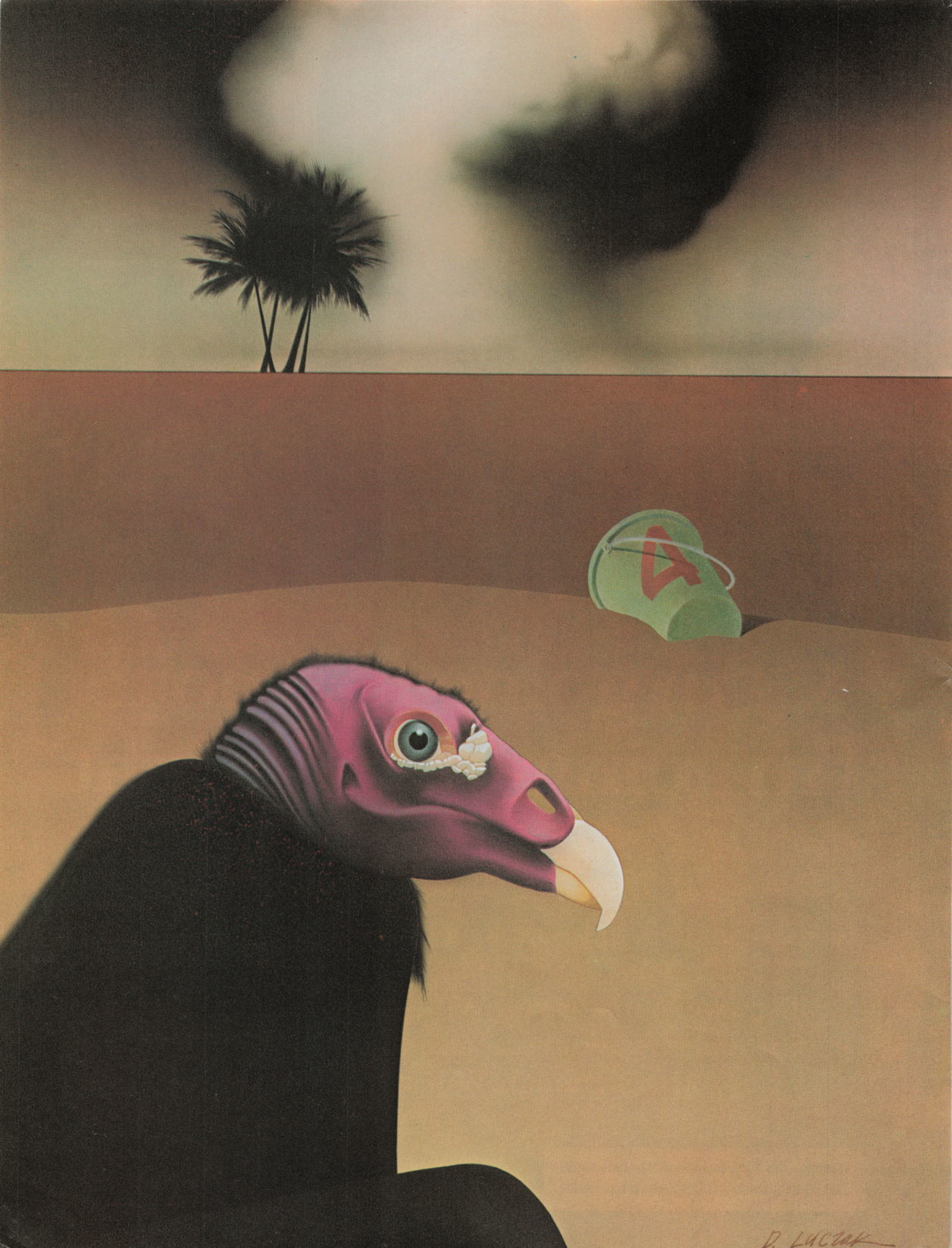

Surviving the End of the World

Exploring the unimaginable future of life without food or water

In the summer of 1973, I came across this advertisement in a magazine I happened to be reading:

> *Activist Futurists*
>
> Many "talk" futurism. Some seriously "think" about it. How would you like to "live" it?
>
> Now you can actually experience some of the possible future scenarios that may occur. In February 1974, a new "Survival Training Course for the Future" will offer you an opportunity to experience two possible futures:
>
> **1. Continuing and accelerating population explosion.** If the world population more than doubles, could you survive? Come and find out. Experience emotionally that which others only talk or think about.
>
> This experiential learning will take place mostly in the *carrefours* section of Port-au-Prince, Haiti, currently the most densely populated place on earth.
>
> **2. Massive, catastrophic economic collapse.** In this scenario, no amount of material wealth can ensure personal survival. Chaos reigns. Could you survive? Come and find out.
>
> This learning experience will be mainly carried out on the barren and hostile west coast of Andros Island. Find your own food and water where none apparently exists.
>
> **Note: These experiences are not for the faint or weakhearted.**
>
> For information, send your name and address **by airmail**
>
> to:
> **Frank Ogden**
> **Survival Institute of the Future**
> 39 Place L'Ouverture, Port-au-Prince, Haiti

Intrigued, I wrote to the Survival Institute at the address in Haiti, but when I received no reply I forgot all about the program. Then, nearly half a year later, I received a phone call from Frank Ogden, the founder-director of the Institute himself. He was teaching a course in futurism at the New England School of Art in Boston, and he explained that he was just about to leave with a group of students for the Bahamas on the second of the two "scenarios" mentioned in his advertisement. Would I be interested in joining them? To find out, I arranged to drive into Boston the following week to meet with Ogden and the group of students who were going on the survival trip.

"Don't we get any training?" one of the students asked at the end of the meeting. "This could be dangerous."

"Yes," said Ogden, "it could. That's what makes it interesting."

He convinced me, so on February 14—St. Valentine's Day—we left Boston for the west coast of Andros Island, to experience what the advertisement described as a "survival training course for the future."

The Last Day

I opened my eyes and saw the turkey vulture circling only twenty feet above me—an ugly black bird with a six-foot wing spread and a small crimson head that looked as if it had been dipped in blood. I was sick and stinking from eight days' exposure on the west coast of Andros Island, one of the most barren strips of land in the world, where I had gone with nine others to participate in a survival experiment. For a week we had

By David Black

camped in this desolate spot, trying to live off the land.

All we could take with us, according to the rules of the game, were the clothes we wore to the island, which included the caftans we had made out of bedsheets for protection from the sun, small rolls of plastic to make a solar still and a minimal shelter, and some plastic pails. You shared a pail with another and could fill your half—a cylinder about a hand's span in diameter and a hand's span deep—with whatever you wanted.

I had filled my half-bucket with a space blanket, a fishing knife, a Washita stone (to sharpen the knife), some half-ounce sinkers, hooks, a fishing line, Halazone tablets, a Cricket lighter, a four-inch spade (for digging the solar still), two Amoply ammonia inhalants, a roll of half-inch adhesive tape, gauze pads, a tube of antiseptic cream, a small nylon hammock, notebooks, camera, film, and—for emergencies—a four-ounce plastic bottle of water (not enough to keep you alive for twenty-four hours in 120 degree heat), two Hershey tropical chocolate bars, (shared among the ten of us on the second day), and two Wilson freeze-dried bacon bars (which we combined with wormy water on the fourth day to make a very thin soup).

The contents of the buckets did not vary greatly, although we betrayed our obsessions with the extras stuffed between the space blankets and the knives. Jim Gangi, one of the six group members who were students at the New England School of Art (the rest of us had joined after hearing about the trip through magazine advertisements or gossip), carried a pharmacy: Alfrin nasal spray for colds, Fedahist tablets and capsules for scorpion stings, Cantil mepenzolate bromide for dysentery, chloroseptic lozenges for sore throats, Valisone cream and ointment for scorpion stings. . . .

"You won't need 98 percent of what you take," we had been told by Frank Ogden, our leader and protector of the group, who had taught the course in futurism and whose Survival Institute of the Future, had cosponsored the expedition with the New England School of Art. "And the 2 percent you need you won't take. But I can't give you any hints. That's not part of the game."

Although he had brought groups from other colleges to the island twice before, he didn't have a great many hints to offer. "I really don't know what's good to eat except the insect larvae, land crabs, and tree snails we ate last time," he said. "We'll just pick whatever we can find. If it makes us sick, we'll look for something else." An adventurous method of foraging, since there are rumored to be dozens of natural hallucinogens on Andros.

Ogden's casual attitude about survival didn't inspire confidence. Obviously, any serious poisoning or random hemorrhaging would be awkward, for we had stranded ourselves about ten miles—a half-day's walk through mangrove swamp and across sharp coral—from the nearest settlement, Red Bay Village, which had no doctor and no quick way of contacting one. Medical aid meant a three-hour drive over dusty narrow roads to the east coast of the island.

But there was a certain flair in Ogden's careless miscalculations. The beach he had intended for a campsite had vanished—washed away and replaced by the oozing marl that covered most of the west coast. "Wear sneakers," he had told us, and by the last day my sneakers had been ripped to pieces and the soles of my feet were almost as shredded as the rubber that was supposed to protect them. We were learning about survival. Ogden, responsibly irresponsible, had obviously never intended it to be really easy.

"I really don't know what's good to eat except insect larvae, land crabs, and tree snails. . . . If it makes us sick, we'll look for something else."

I was sprawled on the beach waiting for the others when I attracted the vulture.

"If he lands, we can grab him and make stew," Jim Gangi said. He and I had taken a shortcut through a particularly soggy section of the swamp.

The others, a little behind, were still wading out into the shallow sea, sloshing up to their thighs, to avoid the deep channel of water that split the shore. Scott Gautier, with the relaxed solid features of a cigarette-ad cowboy, had been immobilized for most of the second day by the recurring malaria he contracted during his tour of duty in Vietnam four years before. David Gilley, thin, his half-closed eyes slightly menacing, had spent a silent week, smoking the cigarettes that filled his half-pail and fishing for porgies, grunts, and snappers. Bill Lambert (with a squarish face, a mustache, and a large rounded chin that gave him a slight resemblance to the young Hemingway) and Terri Batte (whose false teeth had amazed the kids from Red Bay Village) had spent the last day at our campsite together collecting thousands of tiny shells. Chris Parker, modestly voluptuous, grinning, and spontaneous—had oddly said that she signed up for the trip because she wanted "to learn how to be spontaneous." Francine LaTerza wandered through the week, growing vaguer and vaguer and constantly sewing up the rips in her caftan to keep herself together—sympathetic magic that failed, for by the end of the week her caftan, minus its hood and back, was the most ragged of all. Steve Figgins, blond hair to his shoulders and very uptight, was at seventeen the youngest member of our group (although all but three of us—Scott, twenty-six, Ogden, fifty-three, and me, twenty-eight—were under twenty-five). In addition to having planned this expedition, Frank Ogden was a former LSD therapist and the founder of Canada's first futurist think tank, the International Synectics Foundation.

The vulture had sailed off the coral and was gliding away over the translucent blue-gray water. Following Gangi, I cut back into the mangrove swamp and plodded on toward Red Bay Village. This outpost, which consisted of eighty-eight Bahamians, had been settled originally in 1840 by runaway slaves and Seminole Indians and had remained almost completely cut off from contact with the outside world until 1968, when a logging company put in a road from the east coast of the island. A truck had dropped us off at Red Bay on our first day, and we were to meet it there again at the end of the experiment.

The villagers, puzzled by people who would willingly camp on the coast among the coral, mangroves, and landcrabs, had visited us a few times during the week to help us catch food and had invited us to the village. On the sixth day, when Bruce Marshall, one of the Red Bay elders, took us out in his fifty-year-old, fifteen-foot boat—which the villagers all called "The Vessel"—Chris told him, "This is better than suffering."

"Were you suffering?" he asked.

"Yes," said Chris.

"Why didn't you come to the village?" Marshall asked. "We have good water. We have fruit trees."

"We wanted to suffer," said Chris.

The First Day

"Lots of people died on the west side," said Abraham, a fat Bahamian I had just met, who was squeezed into his seat across the aisle from me in the sixteen-passenger DeHavilland Twin Otter that was flying us from Nassau to the short dusty airstrip outside Andros Town. "Cubans—they came over in boats to the west side and couldn't find food or water. Nothing there. See."

Below us was the Great Bahama Bank (royal blue, almost purple out from the shore where the water was deeper, a light blue-green toward land) and the west coast of Andros, a gray strip of mud and coral.

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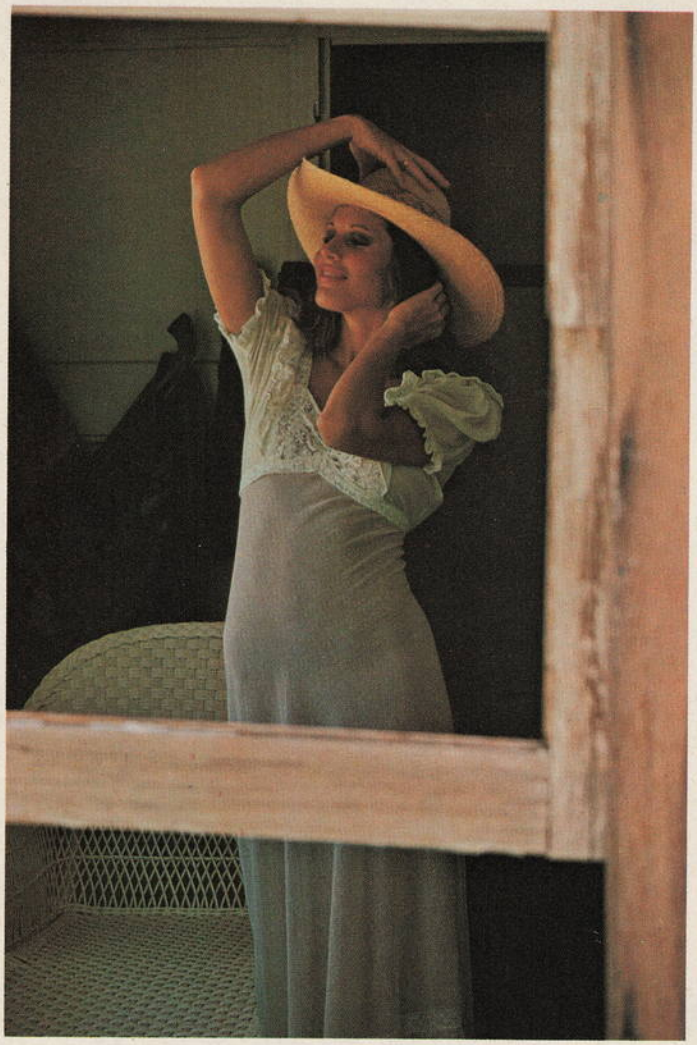
JENNIFER



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM PERIOR

Kansas — the name once conjured up images of cowboys and the U.S. Cavalry, giant herds of stampeding cattle and dusty late-afternoon shoot-outs in Dodge City. Little wonder then that Jennifer Welch — Kansas born and bred—was weaned on the folklore of the Old West, and even attended a high school by the name of Shawnee Mission North. And while Miss Welch (whose own caliber measures a well-rounded 35-24-35) hasn't ridden into town for any gun battles of late, some of the traits associated with those legendary days linger on.

There's her fascination with Western antiques and Indian cultural objects, for instance, and when she gets a man in her sights it's as plain as Calamity Jane that Jennifer is a straight shooter. "I don't play games with a guy," she says. "Sure, I may use a few feminine tricks here and there, but usually I like to be straight out. Men need to be seduced at times, and I don't mind doing it."

STRAIGHT SHOOTER

Jennifer has a healthy respect for the old equalizer, too. "I believe in total equality in bed. If a man feels he has to be the dominant figure in our sex play . . . well, that can end it for me, right there. I like to give as much as I take and vice versa." And though the field is crowded, she likes to draw a bead on one target at a time. "I definitely have to have a one-to-one relationship. I can't get down with a guy and let it all out unless I *feel* about him. I want to get all I can out of a relationship."

At twenty-three, Jennifer has ridden (or flown) off into any number of sunsets—working

as a model up East, and as an airline hostess for a year. And although she now makes her home in California and has swapped her leather for a motorcycle saddle—hitting the motocross trail with her guy—she sometimes gets the urge to hightail it back to the plains country. "California's great," says Jennifer, "it's wide-open, free, and full of promise. But sometimes I miss that deep-rooted feeling of quiet simplicity, and I just have to go back to breathe in a little home air." And we know quite a few young men who would willingly go west just to watch her take it all in.

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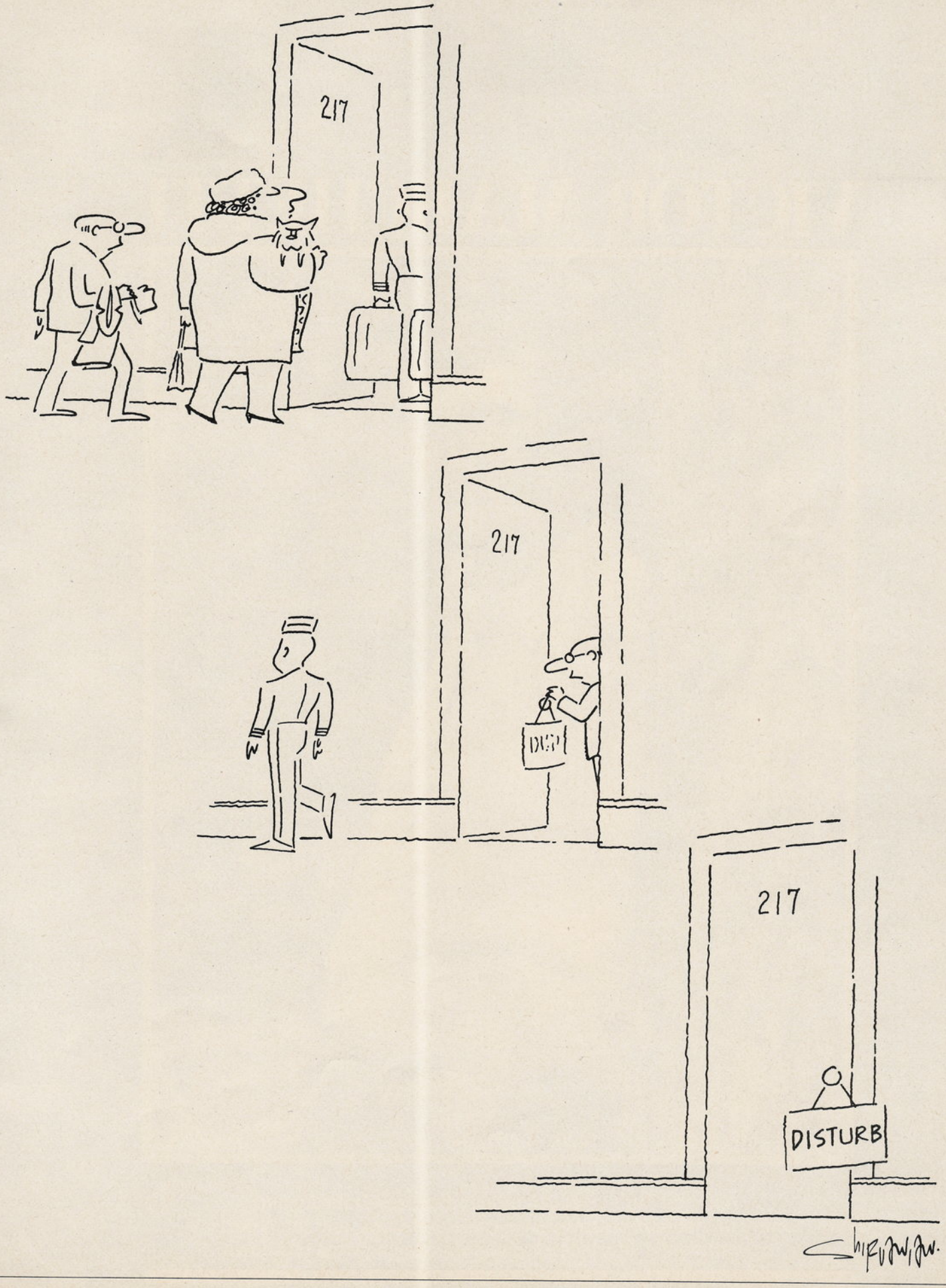
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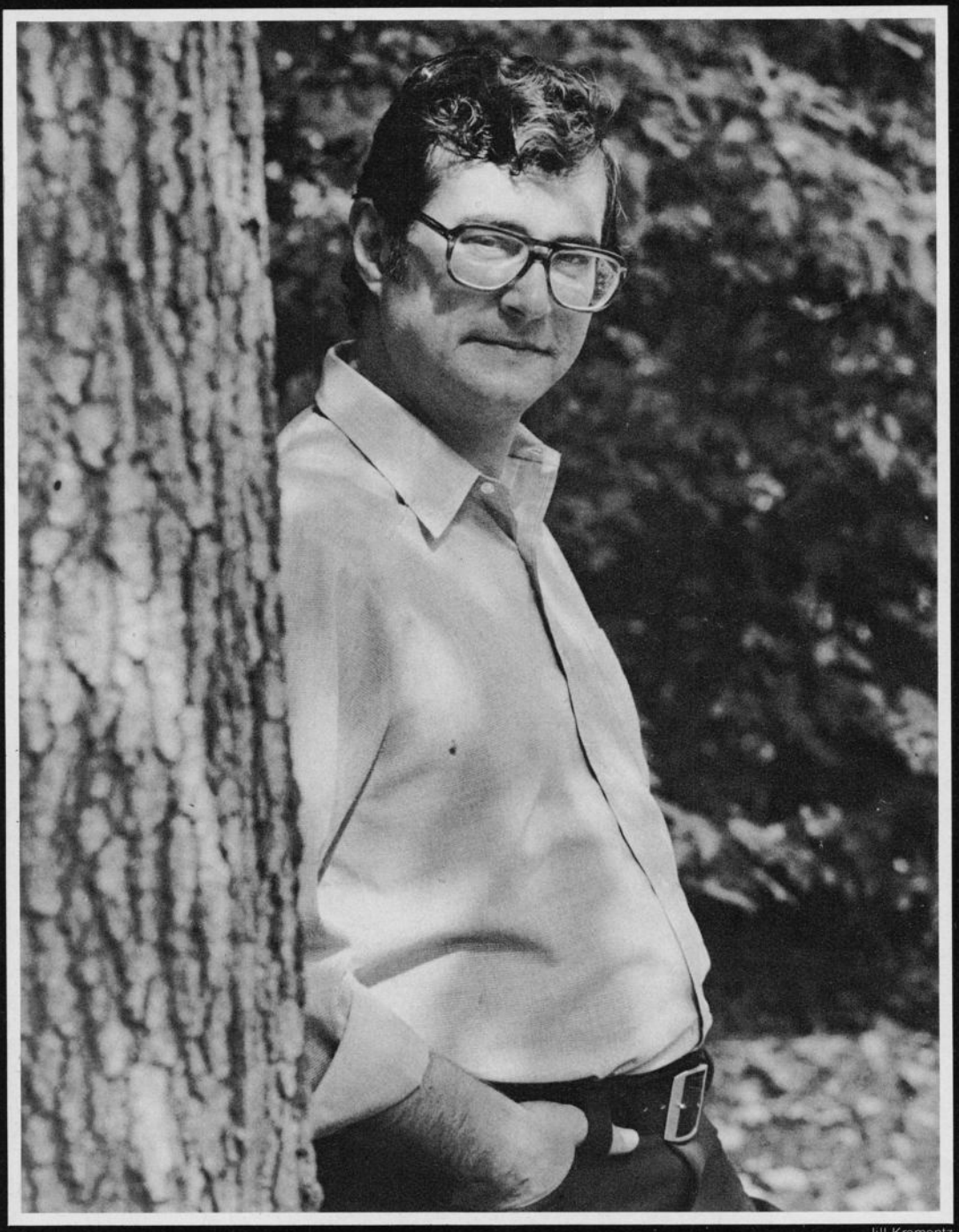
VICTOR MARCHETTI



Jill Krementz

A former high-level CIA officer discusses murder and torture in Vietnam, subversion in Chile and Cuba, and the American government's efforts to stop him from telling what he knows.

An open letter to the CIA

The Central Intelligence Agency was created twenty-seven years ago for the purpose of keeping the American government informed about other countries—especially those behind the Iron Curtain. Currently, the CIA spends some $500 million and employs about 3500 people not to gather intelligence, but to engage in clandestine operations for and against other nations. We believe that this constitutes a distortion of the original intention behind the CIA and that this distortion may be diplomatically, politically, and socially immoral. Operations such as the "destabilization" of Chile were supervised by a handful of men and kept secret from the American people. We believe that the people, through their duly appointed representatives in Washington, should be kept informed about the CIA, its methods of operation, and the individuals who control and supervise its activities. For this reason, we have decided to publish the following controversial interview with Victor Marchetti, a former high-ranking CIA official who feels that Americans have the right to know how their tax dollars are being spent by the CIA. We believe that Mr. Marchetti raises serious questions about the agency and that it is in the best interests of our nation to establish a dialogue about the role of the CIA.

For this reason, we will be happy to provide equal space, in the first available issue of *Penthouse*, to a reply by the CIA—or any competent authority nominated by the CIA—to Mr. Marchetti's charges. We hope the CIA will respond to this invitation.

Your morning headline reads, "CIA Spent $11 Million to 'Destabilize' Chile" or "U.S. Paid Greek Junta" or "Ford Defends CIA in Chile." If you are shocked or disturbed, well you might be. For nearly thirty years, the Central Intelligence Agency has been able to bribe the leaders of foreign governments, subvert their authority, undermine and overthrow them, and in some cases even have them assassinated. It has waged secret wars, trained and financed torturers, fixed "free" elections—and the American people have been kept in the dark about what it has been doing in their name. Now, Victor Marchetti, a former high-ranking official of the CIA, is attempting to alert Americans to the truth about the CIA.

As it appears today in your local bookstore, Marchetti's book, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence* (Alfred A. Knopf), is a sad comment on the contemporary status of American democracy. This is not because of what Marchetti and his co-author John D. Marks have written, but because of what the CIA has forced them to delete. As we near the 200th anniversary of the American Republic and its traditional and much-vaunted dedication to free speech, Marchetti's book is the first work ever to be censored before publication by our apparently suspicious government and its courts. The CIA sued without Marchetti's knowledge; and, on the basis of a secret affidavit submitted only to the judge, won a restraining order against him and his attempts to speak out. Later, in a trial that was closed to the press most of the time at the agency's insistence, Marchetti lost his First Amendment rights. From then on—for the rest of his working life—he would have to allow the CIA to censor his writings, both factual and fiction, and he could speak to audiences only at his own peril, always fearing contempt-of-court charges. Then, before his book was published, the CIA cut out what it didn't like—339 passages, roughly 10 percent.

Marchetti and Marks—a former State Department intelligence specialist who came to Marchetti's aid in his struggle with the CIA—filed a countersuit with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union and won an acknowledgement that most of the CIA's cuts contained nothing classified or detrimental to our national security. But the CIA appealed this ruling. The whole matter is still before the courts, and the published version of Marchetti's book contains 168 censored passages—some of them running on for several pages, with the blank areas marked "DELETED." One censored passage that has since come to light is a quote by Henry Kissinger attempting to justify CIA efforts to destroy the elected Allende government in Chile: "I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people." (See page 91 of this issue for a reproduction of the page from which this quote was cut.) The fact that the government employed difficult and unpopular laws to censor something embarrassing rather than classified is a disgrace to America.

When you visit Marchetti in his ordinary suburban Washington home, neither he nor his surroundings give the impression of spies, state secrets, or one man's heroic efforts to preserve the First Amendment. At forty-four, Marchetti is mild-mannered and a bit paunchy. He speaks quietly, in a voice that recalls, of all people, Red Skelton. He pads around in an old T-shirt, shorts, and sandals, and sips warm iced tea as he talks. His three boys, aged twenty, fifteen, and eleven, kiss him before they go out for the evening or off to bed. While the clandestine life of CIA employees often destroys their marriages—so often that the agency maintains a list of approved lawyers to keep unsavory details out of court—Marchetti and his wife, Bernice, have been in love since they were schoolchildren in Hazleton, a coal town in northeast Pennsylvania. They have been married for twenty-one years.

Son of a plumber, Marchetti was a high school football star and actor—and "quite the Romeo with the girls," according to his wife. He had a sense of adventure and a somewhat romantic notion that the strip mines and slag heaps of Hazleton were not really what life was about. He left for Greenwich Village, studied at NYU, and maintained a bohemian existence by working as a cook. Later he took off for Paris, lived on the Left Bank, and attended the Sorbonne. When his draft board caught up with him, he joined the army in Germany and spent two years in Intelligence, questioning East German border crossers to discover Communist agents and criminals. He returned to Pennsylvania and got a degree at Penn State in 1955, when he was recruited by the CIA.

He remained for fourteen years, gradually rising through the "analytical side" of the agency—as opposed to Clandestine Services, home of the dirty-tricksters and spies. Eventually he made it to the CIA's "executive suite," becoming assistant to the former deputy director of operations, Vice-Admiral Rufus L. Taylor. He regularly sat in on the CIA's most-secret and highest-level staff meetings. But the more he learned, the more unhappy Marchetti became, especially with the Vietnam War. He quit in 1969, receiving an autographed picture from then-director Richard Helms that said, "To Vic—with appreciation for his support."

For three years, while Marchetti and his family lived off their savings and a job that his wife got to make ends meet, Marchetti plugged away quietly on a spy novel, *The Rope Dancer*, published in 1971. Writing the novel crystalized his ideas about what was really wrong with the CIA and American foreign policy, and he began to speak out. The CIA became less friendly. Admiral Taylor, whom Marchetti still respects, sent a letter warning him not "to give help to our enemies within and without."

That was only the beginning. According to Marchetti, the government not only urged him not to write, it tapped his phone, had him followed, tried to entrap him into illegal conduct, and censored his work. Marchetti received treatment similar to others who have blown the whistle on the evil doings of some of the mighty agencies and enterprises in America. Other notable victims included Daniel Ellsberg, who was spied upon and prosecuted for disclosing the Pentagon Papers, and Philip Agee, a former CIA agent whose forthcoming book has been the target of extensive CIA espionage and entrapment efforts. The CIA actually tried to enlist Marchetti to help get a copy of Agee's manuscript. Marchetti refused.

As of the moment—under President Ford as well as under former presidents Nixon and Johnson—the nation needs more Victor Marchettis to tell us what is really going on. Although he is still operating under a court order that prevents him from telling everything he knows, Marchetti did reveal, in an exclusive interview with Morton Kondracke, the extent to which less-than-honorable tricksters, spies, and secret-keepers have come to dominate an agency whose biblical motto—inscribed in marble at the CIA's Washington headquarters—is "And Ye Shall Know the Truth, and the Truth Shall Make You Free."

Penthouse: In your book, you say that in 1955 you were recruited "in a clandestine manner" by the Central Intelligence Agency. How did it happen?

Marchetti: I was studying Soviet culture and history at Penn State, and I now know that one of my professors was an agency contact. He kept trying to talk me out of graduate school and into government work. Toward the end of my senior year, I got a phone call one night from a fellow who said he was a friend of my brother's, that he just happened to be talking to this professor about me and, gee, he'd like to see me. Great. He said, "At this hotel. Don't ask for me at the desk. Come to this room." Hmm. . . . All right. It sounded a little bit odd. So I went over to the Nittany Lion Inn and knocked at this door and another guy answered. The fellow who called was sitting in the room. It was quite obvious that I was about to be given a recruitment pitch. I didn't know it was the CIA, but I figured it was obviously high-level government intelligence.

Penthouse: Why?

Marchetti: Well, it's hard to describe. It just looked and smelled that way. You know, intelligence is not a science; it's an art. Sometimes you just feel things. Desmond FitzGerald, who is now dead, was the chief of Clandestine Services and ran afoul of Robert McNamara early in the Vietnamese War when he gave him one of these instinctive briefings which ran counter to McNamara's computerlike mind. FitzGerald said, "Vietnam just doesn't *smell* right. I don't *feel* right about it. It's not going to work, you know. We're heading for trouble." McNamara demanded facts, but FitzGerald couldn't provide them. McNamara was barely able to contain himself to keep from throwing the guy out of the office. FitzGerald never briefed McNamara again. The irony of it all, of course, is that FitzGerald was right. And McNamara was wrong.

Penthouse: These two characters who met you—did they have cover names?

Marchetti: No. I know the fellow who introduced himself as a friend of my brother's used his real name. The other fellow was much more mysterious. He had part of his right trigger finger missing, and I kept wondering how he lost it. I was quite impressed. After a long conversation, they said that they were going to recommend me to the agency. I went down to Washington a few weeks later and spent three or four days talking to people, taking tests. Everybody seemed very professional. They were nothing more than government bureaucrats, personnel officers, of course, but to me they were like all the wonderful, mysterious, miraculous—and fake—people that inhabit James Bond stories.

The long and short of it was that I got hired. Well, the last thing I did as I left was to turn in a chit for expenses. They said, "You'll be hearing from us." I kept expecting to receive a brown envelope with "United States Government" on it and a blue check inside. Instead one day I got a letter from a furniture company in Washington, D.C. I couldn't imagine what it was. I opened it up and inside was a letter saying, "This is to reimburse you for the equipment that you returned"—something like that. It was a check in the exact amount of expenses I had submitted to the CIA.

Penthouse: Who was the professor who was the CIA contact? What was his name?

Marchetti: I'm not going to tell you. It doesn't make any difference what his name was. He was a very nice guy. A very sincere guy. And he was doing what he thought was his duty at that time. In 1955 there was a Cold War and he probably felt, as I did, that the United States had a responsibility to contain communism, keep the world free for democracy, and all that sort of stuff. He did other work for the CIA. He was quite deeply involved. There are many such professors, I know now.

Penthouse: Still?

Marchetti: Yeah. They recruit potential officers, spot foreign students who might be useful as secret agents in their own countries someday, or do research—either social science or scientific.

Penthouse: Did you become a spy after your recruitment by the agency?

Marchetti: No, I was never a spy. I was recruited into the Clandestine Services, which is that part of the agency that engages in espionage and dirty tricks known as covert action—everything from paramilitary activity to penetration and manipulation of governments, student groups, political-action operations. I spent about a year in training, which included how to recruit an agent, how to handle him, how to surveil people, how to avoid surveillance, how to infiltrate and exfiltrate enemy territory, how to conduct certain paramilitary operations, and so on. But this part of the agency didn't appeal all that much to me.

Penthouse: Why not?

Marchetti: I don't know. There was a certain phoniness to it. But it was exciting, romantic, and it was fun to run these problems, to work with a team to try to penetrate a border. A lot of the training was given at Camp Peary in southern Virginia, called "the farm," which is a secret CIA installation that poses as a military research facility. They had built a phony border area with barbed wire, and had observation towers and mines, searchlights, guards with dogs, the whole bit. We'd be delivered to the border at a certain time and we had so many hours to infiltrate. You couldn't cut the barbed wire because pressure would cause a fake grenade to go off. If they saw you, they'd start firing blanks from machine guns. And there were umpires down there to score, "you're dead," "You're caught." So, it was fun.

Penthouse: Sort of like boys playing war?

Marchetti: That's right. And a lot of jumping out of airplanes, parachute training, amphibious training, night operations, learning how to work with demolitions. I could never get with it, though.

Penthouse: What kind of person could get with it?

Marchetti: I've never been able to generalize about it. There were gung-ho military types who got swept up with it all, but also guys who were rather mousey-looking and not terribly impressive in a macho sense. There were guys with Ph.D.'s who could be carried away by it.

Penthouse: Would you say that most military activity—not just spying—is boys-in-the-schoolyard stuff?

Marchetti: Not really. I firmly believe in the need for a military, a strong retaliatory force to discourage people from going after your territory. As long as governments behave like children, the military is a legitimate profession.

Penthouse: Do CIA agents tend to be Ivy League types—well-born, upper-class?

Marchetti: At the time I was there, yes. Most of them were Ivy Leaguers. It was a carryover from the wartime OSS and the agency was heavily seeded with Harvard, Yale, Princeton kind of guys, especially at the top. Although, as you got more into paramilitary aspects, you began to run into West Pointers, Annapolis men, ex-Marines, Notre Dame men.

Penthouse: Isn't William Colby, who runs the agency now, an Ivy type?

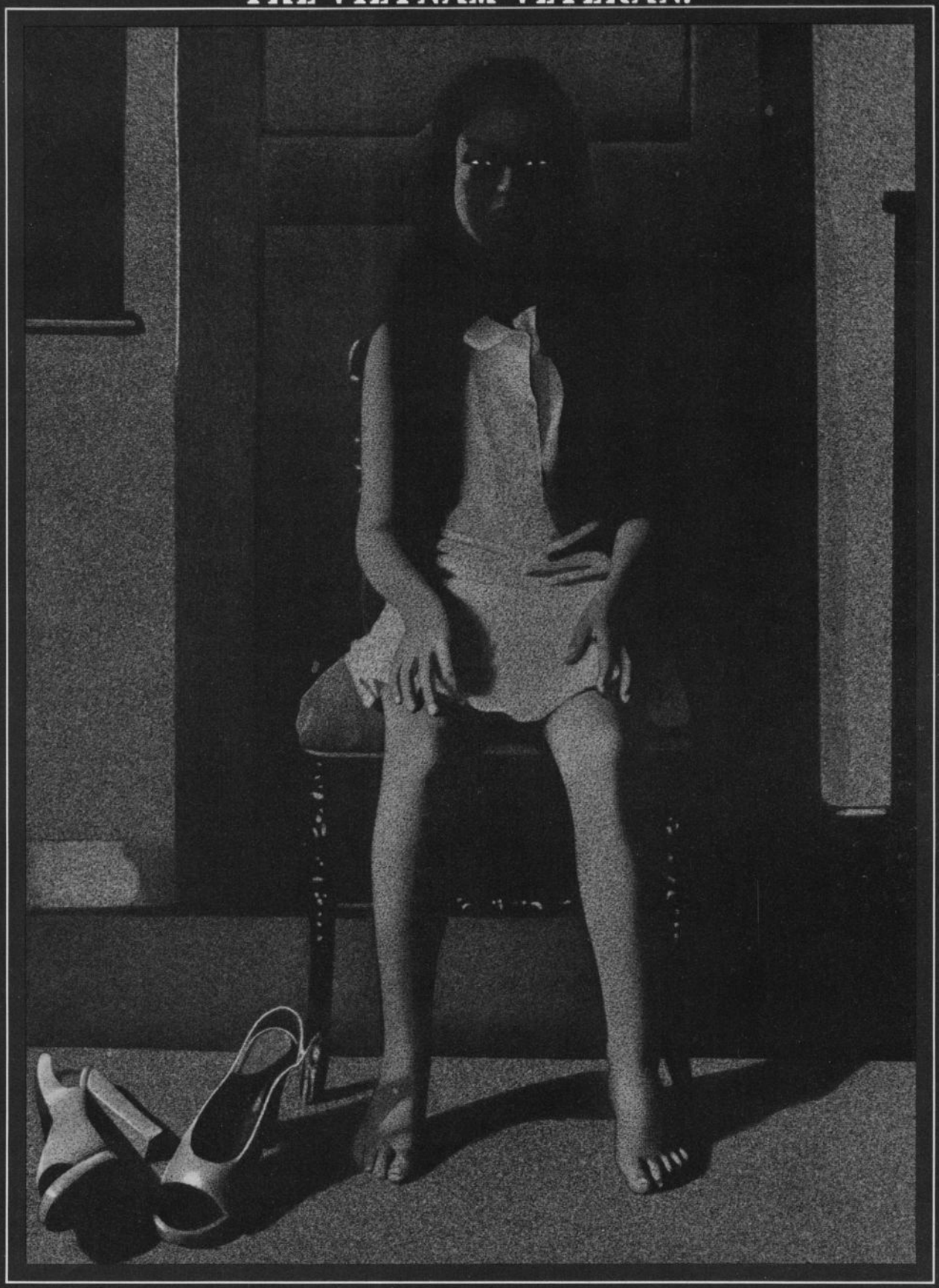
Marchetti: Well, Colby is not quite Ivy. He went to Princeton, but he's more a middle-class boy. He's not the same as a Richard Helms, the director when I was there. Colby's family does not have money and high social position like Helms's family, which is connected with James Pierpont Morgan. There's a difference. Colby is a reflection of what's beginning to happen at the agency. Where it once was a kind of aristocratic club of smoothies who were doing this because it was part of their patriotic duty—and fun—it has now become one cut below that. It's now becoming something more like the military. Colby's a good example. He lives in the suburbs of Virginia, not in Georgetown. He's not on the cocktail circuit. He's active in the Boy Scouts. He's an Irish Catholic, a bit fanatical.

Penthouse: Is Howard Hunt, the Watergate conspirator, a Brahmin like Helms?

Marchetti: No, he's more like Colby. He went to Brown. Hunt never really understood the upper-class view of intelligence. For the upper class a lot of this was just a game that they didn't take all that seriously. But a guy like Hunt accepted the war with communism at face value. I think he's very pathetic. He ended up being about as simpleminded as his friend William Buckley. Hunt is basically dumb, he's just not very smart. These guys who are so vehemently anticommunist have a religious need to *hate* something, not to *believe* in something. A Hunt, a Buckley—they don't believe in America. They have a negative belief that there's something evil out there, something attacking us. These are the kind of guys who were really great in Spain during the Inquisition, who roasted people at the stake. I think they're mostly fighting something evil inside themselves. Communism, for them, represents evil. Stalin, Castro, all these guys are now the devil, replacing Satan. This is one type of person in the CIA. Then you have other guys who are also anticommunist, but they're really more interested in operations for operations'

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

THE VIETNAM VETERAN:



Alex Gnidziejko

POLYORIFICE ENTERPRISES

FICTION BY JOHN GRANT

Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

"Even though our product is the finest of its kind, with proven reliability, we must get it to those who can use it. To do this, we must advertise. And since our product's merit is self-evident, your job simply amounts to showing it a minimum of three times a day. ... And a showing takes no more than twenty minutes!"

John Grant joined the army two weeks after his high school graduation. He spent a year in Vietnam (1966–1967), and received the Army Commendation Medal for service during an operation near the Cambodian border.

Little Bo Ling's Asset

It's a Saigon night in 1967. Heat clings like moist moss; the air is clotted with venereal disease and the stench of putrid fish; the street wriggles with green fatigues, shoeshine urchins, and thirteen-year-old whores.

A fermenting Graham Greene country.

There—behind that parked pedicab—an American radar specialist is receiving a curb-service blow-job. The radar specialist is humming "God Bless America." He jerks, stumbles on a few bars, and smartly salutes an air force major walking by. Little Bo Ling between his legs and clutching his pockets waits for the be-leaved eminence to pass and then returns to her task. She is working on her postdoctorate dissertation for Saigon U: "The Rewards and Indigenous Benefits of Passive Intercourse with the Powers of the World."

Her studies have taken her from embassy to embassy. Her study habits are impeccable. The Russians, she observed, were brutish, interested only in securing her for their own boisterous pleasure. The English served her tea and told her their youths had passed, but would she like to chat over old times and please to get those little brown feet off that Chippendale armchair you're squatting in. She found nothing to pursue. The French, on the other hand, stuck pins into her breasts, while they fondled the inside of her thighs and gave her lectures in latex harvesting. This could be of use and was properly recorded. The Japanese left her completely cold with their rubber devices and wanting her to scrub their backs all the time in the bath with the two-hundred-pound goldfish. The Koreans were sympathetic. The Australians okay. But she adored the Americans and consequently chose to devote all her studies to them. Such a confident, powerful lot. They treated her gently, subtly, as if she were human after all; there was no rancor; she could succumb with no resentment. They whispered into her ear that she was free, entitled to her own nobility, plied her with McDonald's hamburgers, read her the Constitution and bits from a biography of Benjamin Franklin, promised her silk stockings made from genuine Vietnamese silk, told her about St. Louis and the Golden Gate Bridge with the glint of dawn shining off its lead red omnipotence, called her "honey" and "doll," got her a job in the MACV secretarial pool, asked about her mother, slipped her black silk pantaloons from her delicate figure, and buggered her efficiently on the great rug bearing the State Department seal.

Later, when she walks home with her nylon stockings in a plastic egg, with a backache, she thinks of the MACV secretarial pool. Her thesis is bearing out.

She passes a street hawker, shriveled and gray, wearing a J. C. Penney double-knit jacket and Foster Grant Impersonators. His stringy gray beard grows from his bony chin like a patch of weeds. He is trying to sell his daughter to the passing GIs.

"She do it like you want her to," he says to a pimply young private. The private goes on, looking over his shoulder with a naive dirty grin. "She love American GI," the old man hollers. "See!" He lifts her mauve Shirley Temple skirt, revealing young olive thighs and firm loins, covered by a pair of red, white, and blue bikini panties. "She virgin as the day she was born." The young GI scoffs. "You no like virgin? Okay. She teach you a thing or two, my friend. She give you what you want. Guaranteed. She do just about anything you say, my friend . . . except lay down and die." The private is beyond earshot. The old man mumbles, "Cocksucker!" He turns to the girl and slaps her across the face.

Spreading the Word

Mama-san Bim Bo, the elderly lady squatting against the Holy Mother of Niceville Orphanage gumming beetle-nut buds, is reading a new translation of Mickey Spillane. She is waiting for the orphanage to open in the morning; she is on a recruitment drive for Polyorifice Enterprises, a service organization that also has corporate interests in Tokyo and Tijuana. Her assignment is to recruit fourteen girls and six boys between the ages of twelve and nineteen. She has brochures, charts, and a movie that itemizes Polyorifice's goals and explains the benefits each applicant could receive as an employee.

At 10:00 A.M. sharp the small lecture room is bubbling with adolescent giggles. The racket of metal folding chairs. Girls in white gossamer *au dois*, boys in white shirts and navy blue pants, exchanging valentines and paper airplanes.

Mama-san Bim Bo enters from the door to the left of the lectern. She is wearing a heavy black silk *au doi* with embossed chrysanthemums. Her hair is done in a bun, Western style, and her false teeth are in place; the red beetle-nut stains were brushed away earlier this morning with Pearl Drops. She stops behind the lectern, a blackboard behind her, and smiles out at her audience. They slowly quiet down and turn their attention to her.

"Good morning," she says. "I shan't take much of your time. So please pay close at-

"The girls were given red hotpants and smile buttons. The boys got khaki shorts and Vaseline."

tention." She pauses, looks into the pond of faces with an endearing smile, and then says one word: "Success."

The word bounces about the room like a handball. Mama-san Bim Bo watches it carefully. When she has given it the recommended time suggested in the "Polyorifice Recruiting Manual," she continues. "We all want success, don't we?" she asks, looking directly at a young girl in the first row. The girl nods. "Now, our company offers a product—the finest of its kind. But you can't sell a product that no one is familiar with, can you?" The same little girl nods again. "So, even though our product is the finest of its kind, with proven reliability, we must get it to those who can use it. To do this we must advertise. We believe the public will buy our product simply on its merit. It will be your job, any of you who can come up to Polyorifice standards, to make this merit evident. And since its merit is self-evident upon sight, your job simply amounts to showing the product a minimum of three times a day." She pauses. "Three times a day. And a showing takes no more than twenty minutes. That's twenty-one times a week, a total of seven hours' work. A week! And for that time Polyorifice will pay you seven hundred and sixty-three piastres." She writes the figures 763 on the blackboard and underlines it with an emphatic squeal of the chalk. "You don't have to sell anything, either; just show it three times a day. It'll sell itself. Now where else can you make such easy money these days?" A boy in the back row raises his hand. She nods to him.

"What is it we will be selling?"

A smile from Mama-san Bim Bo. "I can't tell you that right now. You have to have our three-week crash course first. We'll teach you the latest selling techniques, customer trends and preferences, and even give you a four-hour course in ESP." She pauses a moment, testing the water. "I must warn you, Polyorifice is looking only for ambitious people with drive. No sleepers. I started out just like you. Someone came to my school, just like I did here, and here I am. I'm going to be president of the firm someday. And so can anyone here, just as simply. It's just a matter of character. We certainly didn't get to be third by hiring deadbeats."

She clears her throat and steps back to the blackboard. "Now remember, seven hundred and sixty-three piastres for seven hours' work a week. I'll leave application blanks and the Polyorifice Aptitude Test for anyone interested. Fill out every space honestly and answer each question on the exam to the best of your ability. You can't fail this exam, so don't worry about it. I'll pick them up next week and have a further meeting with those interested. At that meeting we will be serving rice cakes and 7-Up, and I'll have brochures to give you and a movie about two of our successful Polyorifice employees." She smiles. "Hope to see you all then." Gathers up some papers into a manila folder. "Bye, bye." Walks quickly out the door to the left.

The Flick

The portable screen is set up on its collapsible legs, the lights are switched off, the carbon arc flutters. The film is called *Kim and Nguyen.*

It begins with a boy and girl running hand in hand through a lush and manicured rice paddy. Mountains hazy blue in the distance. Bamboo and palms lining the paddy. The two move, splashing, toward the camera with prelapsarian delight, both carrying little baskets and smiling with faces as bright as summer dew.

Slowly, from the mountainous horizon, two black dots grow into two air force F4 Phantoms howling toward them at treetop level; the jets split and climb, fanning and curling back like ram's horns, and with a blast, pass directly over Kim and Nguyen, who wave adoringly, their hair still blowing in the wake.

Next scene, the camera is following Kim and Nguyen as they walk along a pot-holed asphalt road. They are dressed identically in black silk pants and white linen shirts; Kim's hair reaches the small of her back, Nguyen's is cut in a flattop. A voice—soon recognized as that of the premier—is heard in the background: "Greeting," he says parentally. "This is your premier speaking, and these are our friends Kim and Nguyen. Kim, a delicate flower of our proud soil, is fourteen and from Nha Trang, where she worked in a thriving sandal factory. And Nguyen, fifteen, is from Saigon, where he was self-employed as a shoe-shine boy. Both are Polyorifice volunteers serving their country bravely in its darkest hour. What you will see of their lives is a lesson for us all."

Kim and Nguyen come upon a small boy in soiled short pants leading a lumbering, half-ton water buffalo by a ring in its nose. Kim and Nguyen wave. The boy stops, apparently puzzled. Kim squats before him talking and gesturing like a big sister, then picks him up, squeezes him, kisses his dirty forehead, snuggles against his cheek, smiles into the camera, drops the kid, pets the buffalo on the head, and smiles again. Nguyen pinches the boy's cheek, giggles, starts to pet the buffalo, changes his mind, and steps behind Kim. The boy looks at the camera, shakes his head, shows Nguyen his grimy finger, and continues down the road with his buffalo.

Soon the pair come to a small village. Chickens scramble about, dogs sleep under the bamboo porches, and a monkey sits picking its crotch on an upturned pail. Two emaciated old women squat in front of a tin hootch.

The voice of the premier: "Kim and Nguyen love their fellow man. As we see here, they are feeding their countrymen rice soup from a Thermos in their basket. The spirit of giving, such as that evident in this gracious act of Kim and Nguyen, does not go unrecognized. The greatness that is Kim and Nguyen, and all other Polyorifice volunteers, will be recorded and justly rewarded when we reach the great goals we have set for ourselves."

The young patriots wave farewell to the old women, who still squat in front of the tin hootch, rice soup drooling from their toothless gums.

Back on the road, Kim and Nguyen pass a charred and warped five-ton truck upside down in a ditch. A jeep scrambles by them in a cloud of floury clay dust and disappears in the distance. A Huey flies (fwop-fwop-fwop) across the road ahead of them. A bulldozer is leveling the remains of a church off to their left. From their right is heard, "Fire in the hole!" followed shortly by a blast. Three large trees lean and fall to the ground. Two C-123 cargo planes, flying wing-to-wing, spray a distant forest with white mist.

Kim and Nguyen come to a large sandbagged bunker. They wave to the American staff sergeant standing in front of the entrance. He is holding a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon. A pistol belt is slung low under his distended gut. He smiles and waves back.

The voice of the premier: "Kim and Nguyen love our allies. Our allies are our friends."

The sergeant gives Kim and Nguyen each a B-2 Unit, a token of his good intentions. Three more GIs emerge from the bunker: a captain in starched and tailored jungle fatigues, patent-leather jungle boots, crewcut, airborne patch, holding a football; a crumpled spec 4 with glasses that make his eyes look six times their size, eating an ice-cream cone; and a white-haired chaplain with a face expressing iron-willed benevolence, wearing a .45.

Kim and Nguyen shake hands all around, chat a bit, and exchange postcards of the Hue Citadel and the Grand Canyon.

The voice of the premier: "Hands across the sea in friendship. Kim and Nguyen are doing their part to promote understanding with our great allies."

The captain drops his football and puts a friendly arm around Kim's waist. He offers to buy her a Pepsi and a Slim Jim. She smiles appreciatively up into his eyes. The sergeant adjusts his pistol belt several times, winks at Nguyen, breaks out into a nervous grin, and puts a diplomatic hand on the

"Tex looked down at Thuy Kieu and grinned. Like a Pavlovian dog, she spread her legs a little more."

boy's shoulder. The captain makes a gesture of invitation toward the bunker. The chaplain blesses the two young volunteers, taps his cap to the captain, and strolls off. The other five disappear into the bunker.

The voice of the premier: "Kim and Nguyen are often consulted by the allies on sensitive tactical matters."

The spec 4 steps out of the bunker, looks about cautiously, and sits down next to the entrance.

FADE OUT

The scene is now a grassy hilltop overlooking a valley of rice paddies and bamboo. One can see little villages and shrines among the trees. Youth of all ages are running hand-in-hand up the hill toward Kim and Nguyen, who are standing at the top.

The voice of the premier: "The leaders of tomorrow are heeding the call. From our hamlets and our cities they come. And you can join them! Travel the glorious road. Be a Polyorifice volunteer. My friends, ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country!"

The running youths reach Kim and Nguyen and all clasp hands in sweet and determined unity. Two F4 Phantoms appear from behind the camera, scream over the group, roll gracefully, and dwindle into dots over the distant horizon.

The Long Awaited Hour

Following the film, the rice cakes, the 7-Up, and the passing out of brochures, Mama-san Bim Bo, doing her impression of Bert Parks, informs the lucky ones that they have qualified.

It's a fine lot of recruits, she thinks as she watches them huddling tearfully to congratulate each other. It might even mean a promotion—they are so youthful and inspired. Twelve pubescent young lovelies: graceful, complexions smooth, olive-brown, and fine-pored, with maybe a half-dozen pubic hairs among the whole lot. The oldest is fifteen, the youngest eleven (Lo Lita was granted a special waver on her age due to her phenomenal test scores). The six young boys (selected for their aptitude in the area of Knuckling Under) are delightfully sensual and of a wonderful gentle nature. Mama-san Bim Bo is proud.

Each girl is given a wardrobe of red hotpants ("Made in America"), silk blouses, sandals, and a smile button. Each boy is given khaki shorts, BVD tank tops, shower shoes, and a jar of Vaseline.

All are hurried through the Polyorifice three-week course under the tutilage of the 352nd ROK Marines, and all pass satisfactorily, except thirteen-year-old Mucy Sue, who passes unsatisfactorily when it is learned in the course of the second week's hygenic maintenance lecture that she has an odd growth on her thighs. She is given a tube of Clearasil and a demerit, but is allowed to remain in the program on the merits of her oral examination.

The volunteers are then routed to the particular areas their service is needed. Thuy Kieu, top in her class, is sent to the newly constructed village outside the Fourth Division Headquarters in Pleiku. The collection of tin shacks known as Dodge City is a joint enterprise of the American High Command and the Pleiku Better Business Bureau; the venture is also fully endorsed by the Surgeon General, the VFW, and the Southern Baptist League.

"Hi, Henrietta! Guess who's the oldest streaker in Manhattan!"

The Buck Gets Passed

Sweet Thuy Kieu lies on her mattress on the floor. The burlap curtain separating her cubicle from the others is drawn closed. She is naked—on her back, legs slightly apart: her body dark, smooth, taut; nice budding young breasts; fine silky pubic hair. Thuy Kien is altogether at least as sensual as the mattress she is lying on. For she is bored. Apathy has penetrated its noxious little needle into her bloodstream. And even the sense of fear is gone.

The American GI with the white Stetson taking off his cowboy-heeled GI jungle boots in the corner looks at her and grins. Like a Pavlovian dog, Kieu spreads her legs a little more. He stands to tug his pants off, looks down at her from under a noble brow, snaps his fingers, snickers, and begins to hold forth:

"Be not impatient, sweet cunt
Tex Buchanan is home from the hunt
He'll rope ya and brand ya—there's
nothin to fear
For old Tex Buchanan sure ain't no steer."

He laughs loudly and sails his white Stetson into the far corner. He stands over her naked. He grins:

"Feast your optics on this Texan buck
For he's got a thing'll make ya cluck
Old Tex's no poet but he's learned a trick
He's growed a brain in the head of his
dick
He's woolly, he's wild, he's never at rest
Why he's the goddamn rootin' tootin'est
sunuvagun in the West!"

She shrugs and spreads her legs further. He frowns:

"Oh, fertile, fair, and fortunate flower
Pray do employ a little willpower."

Tex stretches his great shoulders back and takes a deep breath.

"Hmm, the air is fine. . . .
Why, it must be mine."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

"I'd like to see a time when there is no crime and no violence and no inhumanity . . . just sex!"

JULIET

Take the delicate petals of a rare Southern flower; add a few drops of Gypsy blood, a pinch (to taste) of potent aphrodisiac, and a smidgen of ESP. Stir gently and pour into a warm 35-22-34 container. Allow to age for twenty-one years.

Voilà! Juliet Morris.

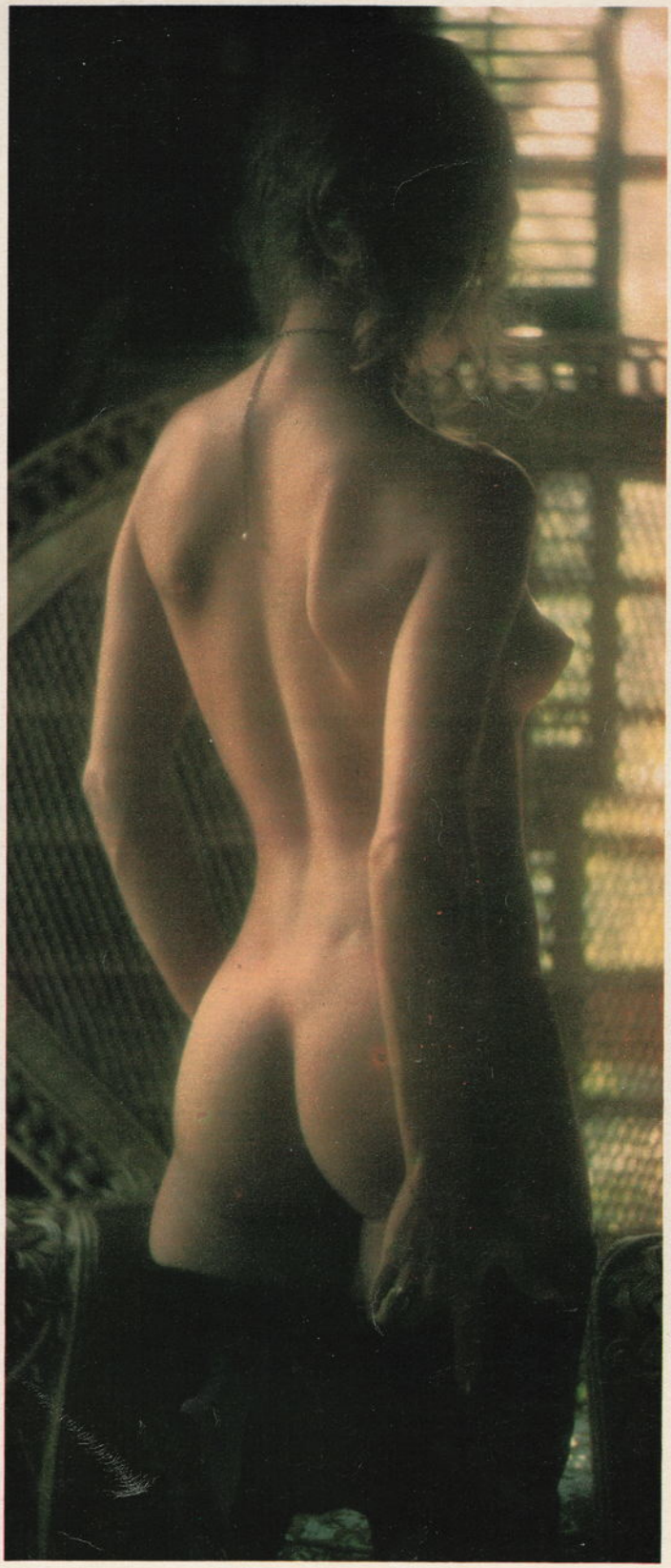
Born in Charleston, South Carolina, the dimunitive (5 feet, 87 pounds) but dynamic Miss Morris spent most of her childhood migrating from one army camp to another with her soldier father.

Her formative years were military proper, but for all that cloistered, spit 'n' polish, churchgoing upbringing, our January Pet maintains a mind of her own and a spirit that is as uninhibited as her penchant for the opposite sex.

"I like strong men . . . maybe because I'm so small and fragile. Strong but not too brusque. And with blue eyes. I prefer handsome men, but being nice inside is important, too. Sometimes, I'm attracted to guys who don't look anything like my ideal man. Just because I like them on the inside."

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS



Chaise lounge courtesy of Basket Bazaar Imports. Furnishings by Carol Brents Antiques and Hippocampus; clothes courtesy of Aadvarks Odd Ark, L.A. Calif.

Juliet often digs her men outside, too. "I really enjoy getting out of the bedroom—making it on the beach, in a car, underwater . . . and one time—but only once mind you—I made love on a picnic table in the backyard. It was great, but I remember going mad trying to get all the chicken salad out of my hair."

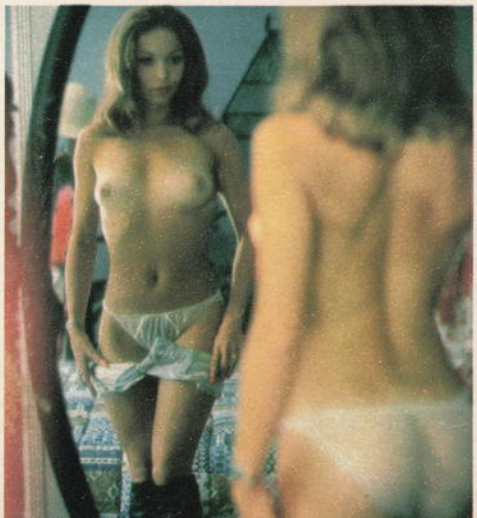
Elaborating on the many variables of her amorous predilections, Juliet explains, "I like to be on top but not always—and I love the rear as well. But then, I enjoy it every which way . . . especially getting and giving it orally. I guess it depends on my mood.

"I tried a threesome once . . . with another girl and a man. I did get some satisfac-

tion out of it, but I still think I'd rather stick with *person-to-person.* I prefer to be emotionally involved with someone when I make love. Actually, I was never into any group thing seriously. A friend asked if I wanted to try and I did, but I'll take a man alone. Or maybe, and this is my *real* fantasy, two men."

Despite some cursory experimentation, Juliet has yet to come up with the answer to a perennial distaff dilemma—male quantity versus quality. "It's tough to say. What a guy can do with it is so important, but I fantasize about a giant cock, too. Actually, they're all beautiful."

And beauty, in all things, is the standard Juliet sets for her myriad endeavors. "I majored in art in college and I play guitar fairly well, but I'm really quite hopeful as far as writing fiction is concerned. That's where I can really express myself."



Miss Morris, summing up the passions of her life, extolls "nature, warmth, humanity. But most of all, I love love. What really stirs me up is cruelty or indifference. Like some people can walk right by a person lying in the gutter and never look down, or eat in front of someone they know is starving. And war is insanity. We won't even talk about war.

"I'd like to see a time when there is no violence—and no crime and no inhumanity . . . just sex! And everyone gets along with everyone else."

If past experience is any indication, we can all look forward to that magic moment in time. Juliet, it seems, can perceive, psychically, what others cannot. "I know I have ESP. Once, at a college party, I saw a green material hanging from the chapel. No one else could make it out, so my boyfriend and I went over to see. We walked inside the the chapel to the back where a section was roped off. I started to go through, but my guy grabbed me and held me back. I looked and there was this little girl, sitting there, praying, and wearing a dress made of the same green material I'd seen from outside. Similar things have happened other times."

A witch? Perhaps. Wicked? Never. "I just want to be happy and make others happy. I want to do a lot of things—write, act, model—but personal, inner contentment comes first. Actually, if I had all the money I needed, I'd probably go off to some beautiful place with beautiful people and things and fuck myself to death."

Money may not buy happiness, but it can sure get you laid a lot.

MISS JULIET MORRIS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Good Eats

"What the world needs right now is a definitive cook-and-wine book for the rich"

by Henry Morgan

Every day of the year a new cookbook is published. This includes Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, Victoria and Albert Day, Pentecost, and the Fourth of July.

And then there are books on wine. These are probably printed at night in order to give the presses something to do between cookbooks.

Now, it is a fact that your average person, who, statistically, is a twenty-three-year-old hermaphrodite living on the outskirts of Omaha, Nebraska, doesn't know too much about food. Your average person doesn't know too much about anything at all, but it's food that's the subject today. The other stuff can be taken up at a later date.

To begin with, your average consumer has no money. Since he's had nothing but Big Macs and Dr. Peppers from childhood on, he doesn't need any money. On a casual stroll through any supermarket, he can stuff enough chuck in his jeans to keep him in burgers for a week. He can panhandle enough for soda pop at any busstop. He's well-fed, happy, and has no idea that couldn't pass the physical to get into a sewing bee.

At the other end of the calorie counter we have the real, honest to vitamins crowd who stuff themselves with pure grain products and ferns. These are the Granola-heads who honestly believe that a plant knows the difference between nitrogen out of a bag and nitrogen out of the ground. While most of us are munching our way through mercury and lead and DDT, the Nature crowd is wolfing down feasts of jimsonweed and beet tops.

So what the world really needs right now is a definitive cook-and-wine book for the rest of us—the rich. Let's have a look at the wine list as we hop among the recipes. It'll save time.

Ptarmigan Stew

First you have to catch your ptarmigan. Cut away the parts that look lousy and reserve the oil. Safflower is the best oil because a doctor in Mobile has just done a paper on cholesterol, and he says you don't have to use butter. He says that cholesterol clogs up the pipes and gives you a fat heart. From plain chicken fat he doesn't know. This is a doctor?

Cut up an onion in eighth-of-an-inch cubes. The reason for this is that, no matter what you make, the books always tell you to cut up an onion. Part of the reason for this is that when you put it in the pan, all your neighbors know you're home.

If peeling and dicing an onion makes you cry, get under a cold shower. It won't hurt you any and it will do the onion a world of good.

Cut up some celery. Celery is always nice. For one thing, after the roast or stew or whatever you're doing is cooked, you can never taste the celery. You can't taste the brandy in it either, so don't bother with it. The brandy just boils away and leaves a gummy residue.

Now for the wine. Highly recommended is Clos Villepot Cruise Pinchot (*clo-vil-lapo-crooze-pinch-o*) which you should serve more or less at room temperature. Some people seem to prefer beer. All right, give them beer. You don't have to be a creep about it—give 'em the beer.

For dessert you'll probably want to pass around a joint or two. It's a good idea.

Oh! And you can use a few cloves.

Roast Haddock

First you cut up an onion into one-sixteenth-of-an-inch cubes or, if you're having company, triangles. A lot of people are pretty sick of cubes these days. If you have the time, you can cut them into little circles. If you have even more time, you can leave out the onion and use shallots instead. Shallots can be braided.

Haddock tends to get pretty dry when you roast it, so it's best to baste. Use safflower oil. As a matter of fact, there's a way to make an entire meal out of safflower oil, but it makes people throw up.

When you buy the haddock, ask the man to throw in some bait. Bait is usually free and it gives a more meaty flavor than the plain fish. (Later on there's a recipe for bait, if you wait.)

Parsley is always welcome. A lot of people don't eat the parsley, and at the end of the meal you just rinse it off and put it back in the ice chest. One small bunch of parsley, taken good care of, should last you three or four months. You just prune it from time to time.

Now a lot of people claim they don't like garlic—but they really do. Garlic should be used sparingly though. You get a big hunk of it and your teeth can fall out. Absolutely everybody likes garlic except Canadians. They prefer clear blubber. It is said that they learned to eat blubber from the Eskimos, but it's the other way round. Before the Canadians brought over blubber, the Eskimos ate polar bear. (See recipe.)

Polar Bear

The main thing here is to be sure to remove all the harpoon from wherever it landed. Of course, the wooden handle can be made edible (see recipe for *Handle*) but the steel point, or wift—as the Canadians call it—should be completely free of rust. Even then you don't really need it. Take it out and reserve.

Some Eskimos, the Frobisher Bay people, love paw soup. You wouldn't care for it, probably, but they'll do anything for a steaming bowlful. Well, it's not quite true that they'll do *anything* because most of them are on welfare and don't *feel* like doing anything. This, of course, is also true of many Canadians.

The meat should be cut up into one-sixty-fourth-inch cubes. Don't cut up an onion. Build a fire of ship timbers and bury the bear-and-onion mix in a clay pot deep in the embers.

With this dish we would suggest a Veuve Papillon Veugeot '65 or '66 (*vuv pap-ee-yon vooshew* sixty-five or -six). This is best when served at room temperature—if the temperature of the room is about thirty-eight.

Don't bother with finger bowls because everybody will prefer a hot bath.

Caesar Soy Salad (or Soy Caesar Salad)

You cut up the lettuce into one-hundred-and-twenty-eight-inch cubes. But be absolutely sure not to get any of the fat on it. Nobody likes fat lettuce.

Then you take your soybeans and soak them overnight. If you want to, put in some lentils too, because they not only add body but have a lot of Vitamin C. Or perhaps D. Well, it can't hurt any.

Day-old, soaked soy can then be turned into a good sauce by letting it stand another day or two. You don't have to add salt but you can. The soy (soya) is used for dipping. Each guest has a soy-sauce saucer and he can sort of drag the other stuff through it. It's messy . . . but yum-yum!

Other things go in too. Many housewives use either some roughage or something else to pep it up. A lot of times it comes out with cigarette ashes in it—but it's still good.

If your main dish is something fried, like rice or something else, you'll probably want a beverage with whatever course that is. Water is very welcome, especially with a cube of ice in it. The cube should be about an inch and a quarter square, or nearly square. If it comes out of the tray a little lower on one side, don't worry. Just serve it quickly and don't let on.

A good beer, if you want one, is Miller's High Life (*mil-uz hy-life*). If you can't get Miller's, then you're probably living in some foreign country. It may pay to sample some of the local brews until you find one that doesn't taste like soap. All California beers taste like soap. If you're in Mexico at the time, try Carta Blanca (*white-horse*).

For dessert you might want a little green Jell-O. This isn't too hard to make if you have any patience at all. You get like a cup, or a deep something . . . well, not *real* deep, but say three or four inches. Then you put the Jell-O in it.

One time a fella went to another fella's house when he (the second fella) wasn't there and filled his (the second fella's) bathtub with Jell-O. This is as funny as a horse because, see, there's no way to slush it out or melt it or anything. You have to shovel it out. And then where do you put it? Try it. It's as funny as a horse.

With this goes a wet Chablis (*shoo-bloo*). Chablis is best when it comes from the bottom, or near the bottom, of a hill that faces southwest. The sun hits it all day (after about 11 A.M., that is) and this gives the grapes a sort of tang you can't get in Canada. Oh, there *is* Canadian wine, of course, but it's fed to ducks.

"I'm shooting the centerfold picture for National Geographic Magazine."

Hors d'oeuvres

Just a note about hors d'oeuvres (*hors d'oeuvres*). Some people think the first part is pronounced like horse, but actually they are ignorant slobs and they're making a rotten joke to cover their ignorance. The correct way to pronounce it is the way the French do.

An hors d'oeuvre shouldn't be too much of anything, lest your guests get stuffed and can't eat dinner. One way around this is to serve nothing but Martinis. Enough of these and some of your friends won't want any dinner anyway, or, if they do, will probably go elsewhere. This may be a good thing.

Pasta

This is the old money-saver, but it can be fixed up in all kinds of ways. Pasta comes from sunny Italy—and that's a good thing to remember when you're making it. For one thing, Italians never cook it more than the required time. This keeps it "al dente" (*al den-ny*). You take and cook this stuff too long, it tastes like library paste (*pasta*).

All kinds of things go with pasta so nobody has to tell you anything about it.

Just do it right and you won't have any trouble.

(All recipes come from *Cooking for the Rich*, New York: Vanity Books Inc.; paper, 12 pp., $14.95.)

Star Qualities

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS LARSSON

In Britain, as in America, professional actors and actresses by the thousands support themselves in a fashion mandated more by necessity than desire—by unemployment insurance.

Annette Kirkwood of Bristol, a fledgling actress of exceptional quality, is no exception to this great but unfortunate theatrical tradition. "I'm trying to

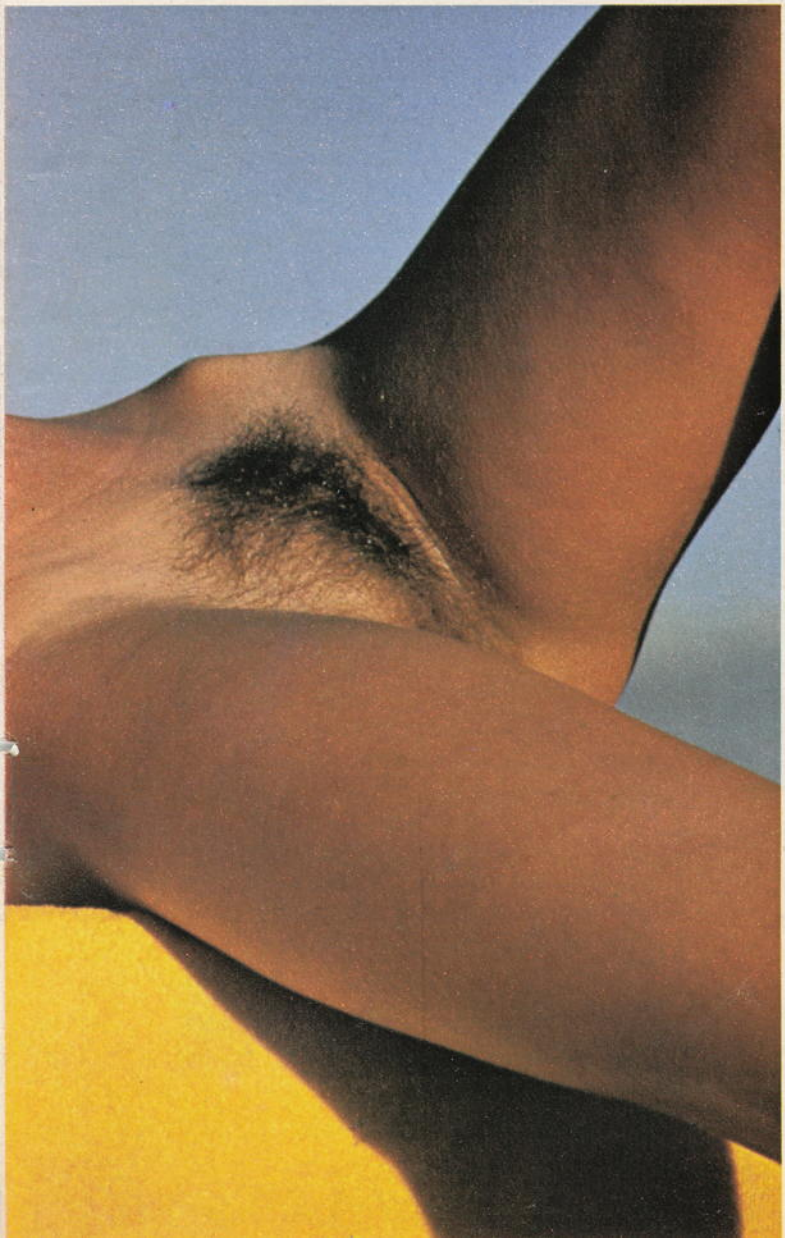
"I'm quite turned on by the bulge in a man's trousers . . ."

make my way as an artist, and the first thing you find out when you look for work on the stage or in films is that there really isn't any. And in the end, although it's a blow to your ego and your pride, you just have to face the harsh reality and check in at the Labour Exchange (unemployment office)."

But optimism will out, particularly at age twenty and particularly when one has an attractive 36-23-36 compliment of qualities to support one's confidence. Besides, she subscribes to the old Hollywood dream of inevitable discovery, fame, and film glory. "I have always wanted a life of glamour and excitement," she confides, "and by far the most exciting thing that's come my way recently has been the *Penthouse* photography session in the Canary Islands."

Meanwhile, between auditions, there is a life to be lived—and Annette lives it with gusto. "I can't see sitting back and being depressed or wasting time just because my career hasn't started to happen. I've got to enjoy myself or I'd go out of my skull."

Happily, Miss Kirkwood prefers not to enjoy herself alone and, in fact, conjures up some of her finest moments in the company of male friends. "I'm quite tough and independent in many ways, but there are times when I can be meek and re-



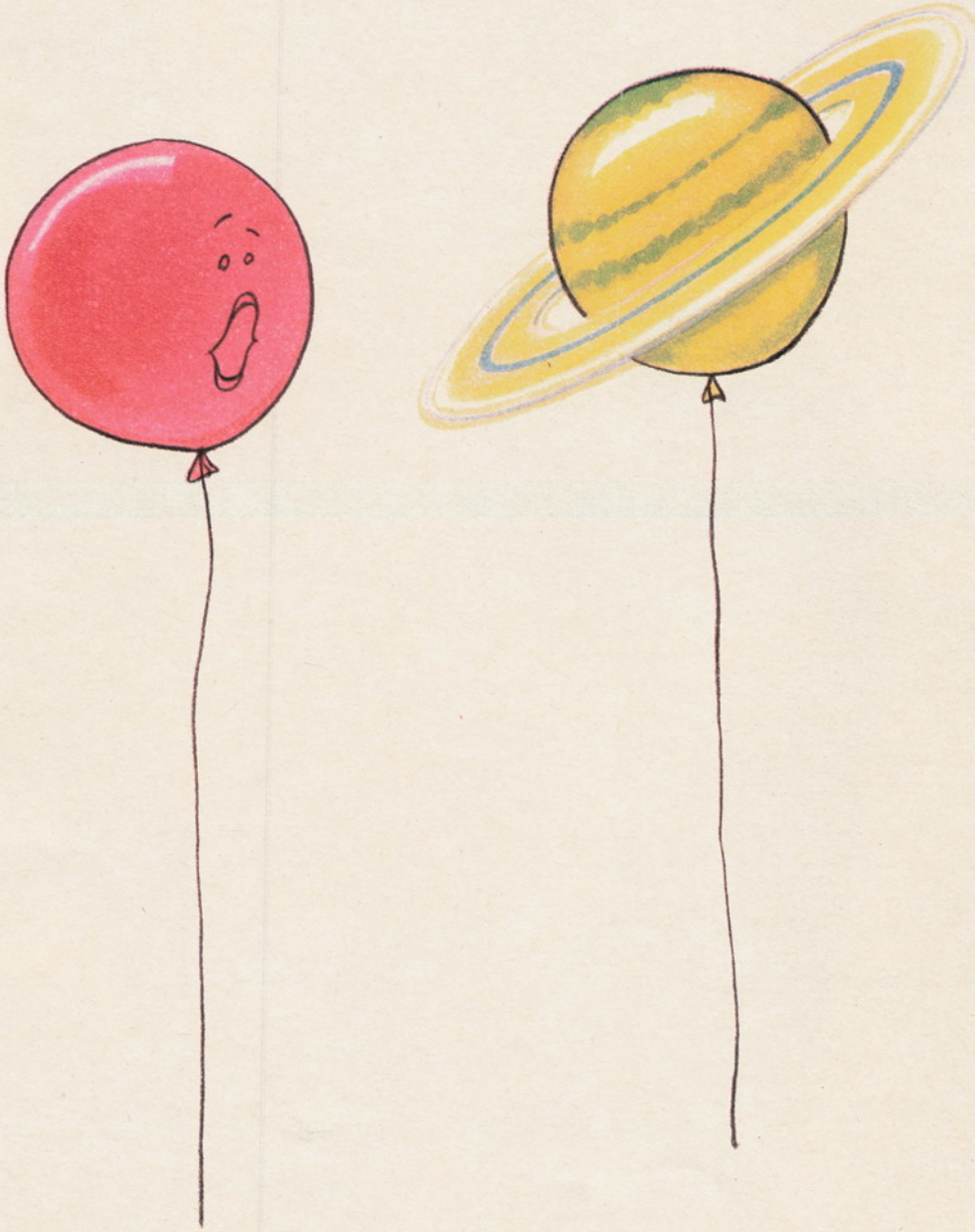
ceptive and very, very affectionate. There are certain types of men who have that effect on me. They're not always the obviously dominant types. There are some men who are very quiet and retiring, but who know their minds so strongly that people automatically have a lot of respect for them. That's the kind that appeals to me."

Annette's grasp of the ole stage sapience, however, is sufficient to remind her that the love scenes are often what make the difference both in real life and on the silver screen. "Of course, I'm turned on by really good-looking sexy men. And I'm quite turned on by the bulge in a man's trousers, particularly if he's sitting down and it looks as though his cock is really straining to get out. But that doesn't mean that I'd want to go out with him, or want to make love with him. It's just an on-turning glimpse."

After a few on-turning glimpses of our own, we'd guess that Annette's countrymen are not likely to be upset about their hard-earned tax money going to her unemployment support. It's clear on this side of the Atlantic, at least, that maintaining Miss Kirkwood in the form to which we've already become accustomed can only be in the public interest.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"It just won't work Harry—we seem to live in different worlds. . . ."

MARCHETTI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

sake. They're caught up in the life, in the activity. You know, it's exciting, playing games with government money. They feel important—they have the power to overthrow governments. These guys can come from any background.

Penthouse: What kind of person is Colby?

Marchetti: Colby is a very dangerous man. I think he's got the mentality of a Heinrich Himmler. He would have made—and might still from the way he's going—a very good Communist. Of course, he's *not* a Communist. I mean that he's the kind of guy who is best qualified to run a concentration camp, not an agency like the CIA. He could run Solzhenitsyn's Gulag Archipelago. He's a mousey kind of guy who wouldn't harm a fly, but could sit down and plan counterterror programs, secret wars in Laos and Cambodia, and then have the goddamn nerve to write a law that is worse than the British Official Secrets Act. The new Colby recommendations for enforcing secrecy in government are worthy of the best Communist commissar in the Soviet Union.

Penthouse: What would this law provide?

Marchetti: That any employee of the United States government or any worker for a government contractor can be indicted for releasing classified information and be tried *in camera*—the evidence can be presented in secret to the judge. Colby will decide what's classified or not classified. He'll decide what should be shown to the judge and not shown to the judge. If everything goes his way, the guy ends up in the pen with a ten-year jail sentence, all in secret.

Penthouse: What's Colby's background?

Marchetti: It's all clandestine. He's a spook. In World War II, he jumped into Norway and France as an OSS man. He got out for a while and went to law school, then he came back into the agency around '47 or '48 and spent his whole career in clandestine work, mostly on Far East problems. He was very covert-action oriented. That's not just prying for information, spying and playing counterespionage games with other governments. It's getting into their pants and manipulating them. Among other things, Colby was Chief of Station in Vietnam when Diem was the dictator.

Penthouse: Didn't he invent the "counterterror" program in Vietnam?

Marchetti: Yeah, the counterterror program was an attempt to cope with terror fomented by the Vietcong, who would come into villages, identify the villagers who supported the Saigon government, and assassinate them. The counterterror program was simply the reverse. They'd go into another village and identify the Vietcong—or suspected Vietcong—and assassinate them, kidnap them, torture them, interrogate them, and put fear into the hearts of their sympathizers. Many of the victims were innocent. This led to things like the Phoenix program.

Penthouse: Colby's Phoenix program was a murder program, wasn't it?

Marchetti: Yes, that was part of it. After I got out of the agency, I learned from guys coming back from Vietnam that we used to do things like put a dowel in a guy's ear and tap it until he talked or we split his head apart. We'd put electrical wires on his genitals and we'd grind the crank until the guy went out of his mind or talked. By our own estimate, 20,000 Vietnamese were killed in the Phoenix program. The Vietnamese estimate is double.

Colby gets off by saying that "There were excesses," and that "in a program this big, you can't help but have those things and certainly we don't condone them." This is part of the deception and the hypocrisy that you get into with the agency, particularly in Clandestine Services.

Penthouse: Did Colby have to know that his people were committing murder?

Marchetti: Sure, he had to know. There's no way he could possibly not have known. He was head of the division. He was responsible for the whole program: Vietnam station chiefs had to report to him, had to tell him what was going on.

Penthouse: Does that make the present head of the CIA a murderer?

Marchetti: No, not in the legal sense. Of course not. I mean, this is what the agency is so very good at. You can never really prove that it as an institution, or the president as an individual, actively committed a crime. They're smart enough always to work through other parties. Generally, the dirtier the work is, the more likely it is to be farmed out. In paramilitary operations, you don't usually find agency guys jumping out of the airplanes, submachineguns in hand. Usually, it's some ex-Marine, or some soldier of fortune, some mercenary that's left over from another operation like the Bay of Pigs. So, with things like murder—these very dirty things—it's almost impossible to prove that the agency did it.

Penthouse: William Colby would not feel morally responsible for the Phoenix murders, would he?

Marchetti: No, of course not. His attitude toward the Phoenix program would be essentially the same as, say, the general who sends out the B-52s every day, wiping out village after village and killing hundreds of people. That man would go to church and all that. He'd teach little boys not to lie and cheat. If you ask, "How can you do that?" he'd say, "I'm not a murderer. I'm not murdering anybody. It's war. I'm just carrying out orders." People with a clandestine mentality are able to play these games with themselves.

Penthouse: Why was Richard Helms relieved as head of the CIA? Did it have something to do with the Watergate scandal?

Marchetti: The White House clearly wanted to use Helms and the CIA to cover up, but Helms proved usable only to a certain degree. The Nixon gang didn't really trust Helms, so they turned to his deputy, General Vernon Walters, who they thought they had a stronger tie to on the basis of his friendship

(DELETED) Henry Kissinger made that statement not in public, but at a secret White House meeting on June 27, 1970. The country he was referring to was **Chile.**

In his capacity as Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, Kissinger was chairman of a meeting of the so-called 40 Committee, an interdepartmental panel responsible for overseeing the CIA's high-risk covert-action operations. The 40 Committee's members are the Director of Central Intelligence, the Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, the Deputy Secretary of Defense, and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. (At the time of the Chilean meeting, Attorney General John Mitchell was also a member.) It is this small group of bureaucrats and politicians—in close consultation with the President and the governmental departments the men represent—that directs America's secret foreign policy.

On that Saturday in June 1970, the main topic before the 40 Committee was: (**DELETED**) **The Chilean election was scheduled for the following September, and Allende, a declared Marxist, was one of the principal candidates. Although Allende had pledged to maintain the democratic system if he was elected, the U.S. ambassador to Chile** (**DELETED**)

Most of the American companies with large investments in Chile were also fearful of a possible Allende triumph, and at least two of those companies, the International Telephone and Telegraph

A typical page from Mr. Marchetti's book, with censored sections. The CIA originally deleted the words in ***bold****, but yielded them up in response to legal demands.*

From THE CIA AND THE CULT OF INTELLIGENCE by Victor L. Marchetti and John D. Marks. Copyright © 1974 by Victor L. Marchetti and John D. Marks. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

with Nixon. Helms, the old-school guy, seems to have got wind of this and stopped it, and he probably got canned over it. But before Watergate, Helms was very cooperative with the White House Plumbers, with the Houston domestic-espionage plan, and with breaking into embassies and other things that he thought were legitimate functions of the CIA and that he thought J. Edgar Hoover was going too slow on.

Penthouse: What do you make of Charles Colson's allegations that President Nixon was a prisoner in the White House, a prisoner of the CIA?

Marchetti: My gut feeling is that this is just a manifestation of the White House paranoia, Nixon paranoia—a reflection of Colson's own dismal ignorance of how things really work. Anything's possible, but from what I saw in the agency, it is a loyal and responsive component of the government, particularly loyal to the White House, to the presidency. Most of the CIA's major activities, its most important activities, its riskiest activities, are carried out either at the direction of or with the approval of the White House.

Penthouse: Colson and Senator Howard Baker believe that Howard Hunt was a CIA spy in the White House, an active agent, and that James McCord purposely flubbed the Watergate job to get Nixon into trouble.

Marchetti: Hunt is not clever enough to be that kind of an agent. He is a reactionary, a guy who couldn't get his wig on right, a burned-out old stumblebum case officer. McCord was a security officer, a support officer. They're the kind of people that the Nixon administration would hire. I mean, they're the kind of incompetents that a nitwit like Haldeman or a bullethead like Ehrlichman would hire. These guys aren't clever enough to fool anybody.

Penthouse: Was Hunt a fairly trusted agent of the CIA? It makes you wonder about the competence of the agency.

Marchetti: Yep, and I think you should wonder about the competence of the agency as a whole, and particularly in clandestine operations. In countries like Uruguay, or wherever the hell it was that Hunt operated, the host government was basically friendly. Even if the government wasn't friendly, in these Third World areas, the spooks were operating against relatively primitive and inefficient security services. They developed a lot of sloppy techniques and methods. If these guys had been operating in hostile territory, in Europe or behind the Iron Curtain, they'd have been out of business long ago. It would be good advice to any future Nixon-like administration, if they want to hire somebody to do dirty tricks, to hire professionally competent people rather than these kind of guys.

Penthouse: Is the CIA a threat to the Constitution, to domestic liberty?

Marchetti: No, but I think it's possible it might be someday. As I said before, things are changing at the agency. The agency is becoming a lot more like the military. It's getting a different class of people, more conservative politically. The basic problem is that the agency has clandestine talent and secret assets. Now, if you get the wrong kind of people running the agency, and then you get the wrong kind of people in the White House—people who would throw the Constitution out the window—you have all the ingredients of a secret police.

The CIA does have a domestic-operations division and it seemed to take on more responsibility during the racial and antiwar riots of the Sixties, mainly to see if these activities were manipulated by foreign powers. My concern about the CIA's domestic activities centers on what largely could happen if the CIA isn't better controlled by Congress, the news media, and the public.

> "William Colby, the CIA's director, is a very dangerous man. . . . He's the kind of guy who's best qualified to run a concentration camp."

Penthouse: Is Gerald Ford exercising better control of the CIA than did Nixon or other presidents?

Marchetti: I don't think that anything has changed with the coming of Ford. All trends that were in motion are continuing while he's in power. He's caught up in the old Cold War thing the way most conservatives are. He's all for national security and national defense. It's an unthinking reaction. I do not expect anything good to come out of the Ford presidency. The hope for change is with public opinion, and with senators like Proxmire, Cranston, Percy, Church, and congressmen like Michael Harrington.

Penthouse: In your book, you indicate that there is some reason to hope that Congress is prepared to exercise more control.

Marchetti: I think we'll be a lot better off in 1975 than we were in 1972 and before. I think Watergate scared the hell out of a lot of people and has encouraged some of the younger, more liberal, activist senators to push a little harder. But we're far from getting there. This past April there was a debate over the CIA in the Senate and you had Hubert Humphrey and others saying the same old things, and nothing came out of it.

Penthouse: Doesn't the flap over Chile—over the CIA's role in destroying the elected Allende government—offer the chance to finally bring the CIA under control?

Marchetti: It won't do it. It will increase the pressure, but it's quite obvious that the CIA and the other parts of the intelligence cult are digging in. They'll fight like hell. Ford will protect them, as he's already done, and fight off any real attempt to reform the system. The agency will say, "It just goes to show you, you can't tell Congress everything that's going on." They'll just fog it up and muddy the water, delay, and deceive, and lie outright, if necessary.

But I do think that the pressure is increasing. Many senators and congressmen who respect the Constitution are getting to be more demanding, but Chile is not the final flap. It's not big enough. There has to be a really dramatic flap. Even the disclosure that the CIA messed around with domestic institutions like the National Student Association and labor unions did not result in a big investigation.

Penthouse: Well, how do you think the CIA will finally be brought under control?

Marchetti: The ideal would be for a president to come to power who believed that CIA activities ought to be subject to review, and he would have to bring public opinion, the press, and Congress with him.

Congress can increase the pressure, but if Congress couldn't stop the Vietnam War, it is not going to be able to bring the intelligence cult under control. It's too entrenched. To increase the pressure, more and more information has to come out—from former intelligence officials speaking out, and there has to be more flaps and investigations by Congress. The best hope is with the younger generation and with younger members of Congress. It will be, let me tell you, a very gradual process.

Penthouse: You've said in your book that the CIA may have the biggest air force in the world. Do you mean bigger than any national air force?

Marchetti: Oh, no. It couldn't compete with our own air force or the Soviet air force. I'm talking in terms of private companies. The CIA owns a whole series of ostensibly private airlines, like Air America, Civil Air Transport, Air Asia, Southern Air Transport, Inter-Mountain Aviation, and they have owned other ones. The total is in the hundreds of aircraft, pretty damned huge. Not even the CIA knows how many. Secrecy can screw up anything.

Penthouse: Why do they need all those airplanes?

Marchetti: Basically to support paramilitary activities in Southeast Asia, in the Congo, in Latin America. You have to have your assets in place in case you need them.

Penthouse: Is it true that heroin has been smuggled aboard Air America planes?

Marchetti: I think it was, but I don't think it was done with the approval of the CIA. The CIA was paying the Meo tribesmen in Laos to fight Communists, and the Meos' primary source of income came from the opium poppy. We would be fools not to think that some soldiers of fortune who fly for Air America wouldn't be willing, against company rules, to fly out opium from time to time. The CIA used to support the Kuomintang gang down in Burma, and they were a bunch of dope runners, too. In fighting communism, the spooks make some very strange bedfellows. They don't care what a guy does on his own, as long as he cooperates. Who in the hell are you going to get to teach you breaking and entering, for example? You get an expert, right? Down at the agency's farm, the head instructor was supposedly an ex-convict who had been given a pardon in order to

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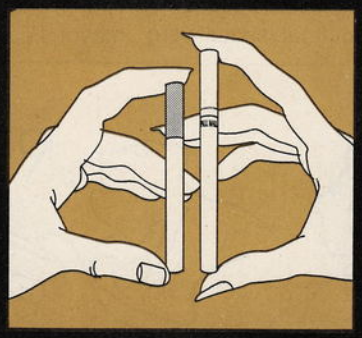

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teach the course. By the very nature of its business, the agency has got to come in contact with crooked people. I'm sure they have had a lot of connections with the Mafia down in Cuba because their goals were the same—to overthrow Castro.

The agency also has to use a lot of untraceable money. All over the world, the CIA deals on the black market and gets laundered funds in all kinds of currencies. For a long time, much of the CIA's operation in Vietnam was run with black-market money. We were actually undercutting the damned economic system that we were trying to preserve! It was much cheaper for the agency to operate because the American dollar was worth more on the black market. Finally the Bureau of the Budget caught on. At one time the Bureau of the Budget entertained the thought of the CIA running a massive black market to support all government operations in Vietnam. But that would have been such a huge operation, it was just ridiculous. The idea was thrown out.

Penthouse: But it has been charged that the CIA knowingly, intentionally, and as a matter of policy promoted heroin dealing. These charges have been made by some very responsible people. Don't you think they could be true?

Marchetti: No senior official in his right mind would permit it. I still firmly believe that this was done by the Air America crowd on its own. The more-senior officers perhaps suspected it or knew about it, and looked the other way because the political issues were overriding, but I still don't believe the top guys would do it intentionally—certainly not for profit. They knew the Meos were growing poppies, that the warlords and top Laotian officials were trading in heroin, and maybe that some Air America pilots might be transporting it. So they ignored it, but they didn't sponsor it.

Penthouse: Let's talk about some specific CIA activities. You come very close to saying in your book that Willy Brandt was a CIA agent or operative. Can you talk about that?

> "Henry Kissinger is power-mad, a manipulator of world events. I don't think he understands what this country is all about."

Marchetti: I would never have called him a CIA agent or operative. If I had described Willy Brandt in the book I would have referred to him as an "ally of the CIA."

Penthouse: Was he paid off by the CIA? Was he on the CIA payroll?

Marchetti: No, not in that sense. If he received money, it would have been to support his political party. It was mainly a device to keep Berlin free, because he was its mayor. I can't go beyond this . . . with him or other foreign government leaders who had close and secret ties with the CIA.

Penthouse: Why not? Why don't you reveal these connections, right now?

Marchetti: I can't. I'm under a court order which says that this information should be put back in my book, but there's a stay on it while the CIA's appeal is being heard. I am absolutely abiding by the law. I don't want to go to jail. I like it at home. Also, I made up my mind that I was going to fight the CIA openly and legally. I was going to do it within the system.

Penthouse: In another area, then: how many assassinations a year does the CIA order?

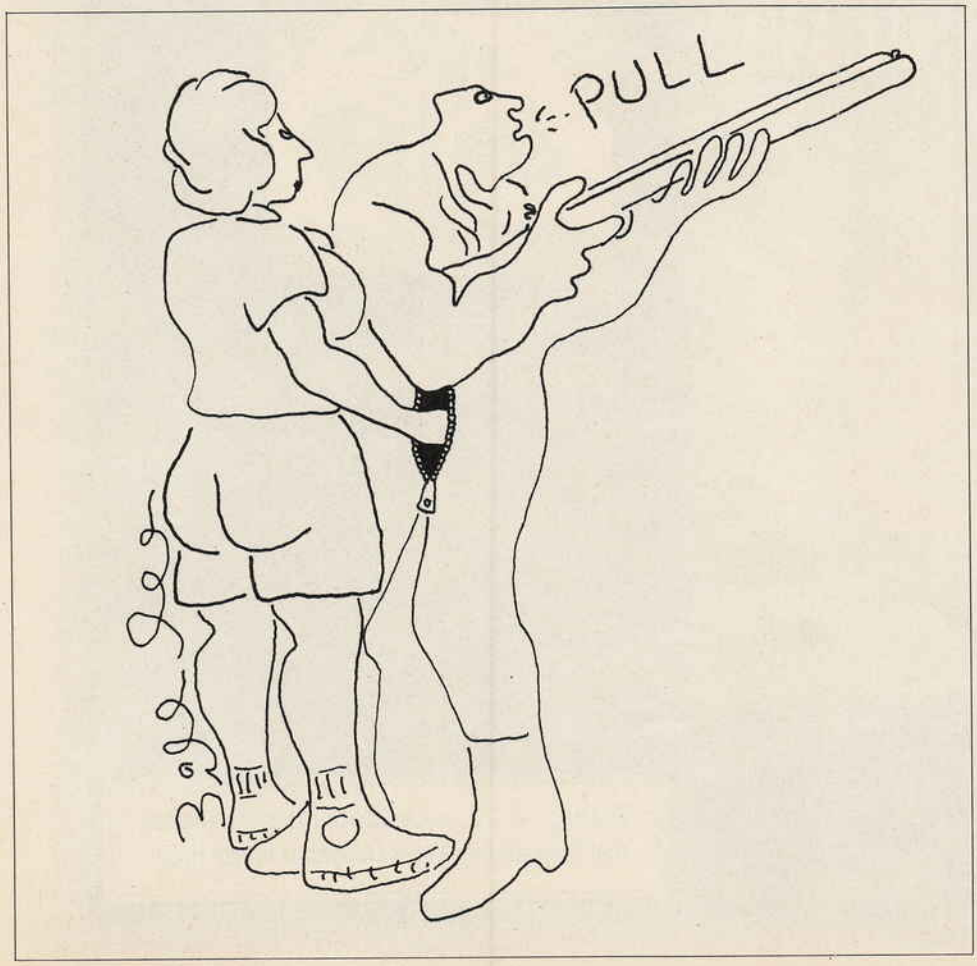
Marchetti: I have no idea. Excluding what went on in Southeast Asia, it always was my belief that assassinations were very rare things. Now, it just goes without saying in this kind of a business there must be times when somebody has to be rubbed out, I would assume. But I have no firsthand knowledge. There are two kinds of assassinations: first, there is the political assassination, like Trujillo and Diem. The CIA isn't going to go in there and shoot him. They might hire the guys who do it. They might foster a situation in which he is going to be overthrown, and in the course of being overthrown he may have to be eliminated. If you read the Pentagon Papers, this is essentially what happened to Diem in Vietnam. CIA was in very, very close contact with the coup. If they didn't know that these generals and colonels, who were very tough cookies, were going to kill Diem, they were pretty bad case officers. I think this was kind of the thing that also happened with Trujillo. Also, there may have been times—and this is the second kind of assassination—when it was necessary to terminate an agent by killing him. In training, we were told that this would require the approval of the highest authority in the agency and that it would be very difficult to get, but I just assume there have been cases where some agent was about to blow sky high and defect to the other side and that there was no other way out but to assassinate him. Now, how it would be done, I wouldn't know—I know of no specific case.

Penthouse: You refer in the book to the Special Operations Division, which sounds like a James Bond operation, a U.S. assassination squad. What is it?

Marchetti: These guys are the CIA's own gorillas. G-O-R-I-L-L-A-S. They're sometimes referred to as "the animals." They provide the know-how for running paramilitary operations, infiltrating behind enemy lines, sabotage, and blowing up a bridge or something. They're specialists. The area division would actually have control of the operation, but these guys would be the ones to do it. Now, over the years, this group has become largely just a body of experts—they themselves don't do very much anymore. They hire people.

Penthouse: It's been reported that members of the old Greek military junta were receiving personal payoffs from the CIA. Is this true?

Marchetti: I don't know directly. This wasn't



discussed openly even in the highest-level meetings of the agency. One had the feeling that we were well in with the junta, but it came only from half-completed sentences and knowing glances. Helms would always say, "We'll discuss this later in my office." I'm convinced there were subsidies for the generals and colonels, but I don't have any hard information. It's interesting that when the CIA withdrew its support for the junta, though, it just collapsed, without a single shot being fired. I think the junta became a liability in the Cyprus mess. The agency probably knew it was going to collapse eventually, anyway, and it had been moving out important functions to Teheran, Iran, where Helms, of course, is ambassador.

Penthouse: The world now knows that the CIA spent millions to "destabilize" the Allende government in Chile, but it's constantly denied that the United States was directly involved in the coup that killed him. Do you believe that?

Marchetti: No, not at all. Our goal was to prepare the ground for the collapse of the government, to weaken Allende so much that he'd be voted out of power in 1976—or, if everything went well, to have him collapse before that. We spent our money with an eye toward building up opposition groups. We built up the military that finally did him in. Before we became involved, the Chilean military had the reputation of not getting involved in politics. We got in there to move these guys far enough right to get them to violate their own constitution. I don't know that we tapped some general on the shoulder and said, "It's time to move," but I wouldn't be surprised to learn, when things we'd set in motion began to snowball, that we did.

Penthouse: Is it true that the CIA originally did not want to get involved in Chile, but that Kissinger ordered the policy?

Marchetti: It's true, absolutely; it was Kissinger. Remember, six years earlier when Allende almost won the presidency, the CIA poured $20,000,000 into Chile to prevent him from winning. In 1970, apparently, the CIA just didn't have the muscle to pull it off. At the time, the analytical side of the CIA was saying, "Don't get involved in these kinds of things anymore in Latin America. It won't work. Just let nature take its course." The objections weren't moral or legal, but practical. I think that the State Department felt the same way. Kissinger felt the other way. The CIA did not dump Allende alone, remember. There was a very large, complex, and well-coordinated program that included other elements of the government and the business world. For example, the World Bank, the great helper of poor nations, wouldn't give Allende any money, but the Pentagon kept supplying military hardware to the generals.

Penthouse: In the end, do you think that the United States government and Kissinger are morally responsible for the death of President Allende?

Marchetti: Yes, for that and for a lot of other crimes committed in the name of the people

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of the United States. They're just good and goddamned lucky there's not a Nuremberg court, like after World War II, to try people who claim they just followed orders. At Nuremberg they hanged those bastards.

You have to remember that Kissinger is brilliant, but devious; charming, but ruthless—and I'd put the emphasis on the latter words. He's power-mad, a manipulator of world events. I don't think he does it for any solid ideological reason, just out of instinct. I don't think he understands what this country is all about. To him, everything is a deal. Détente with the Russians and the Chinese—it's a good thing, mind you—is not for the purpose of peace and prosperity in the world, as far as Kissinger is concerned. It's a trade: "You take this part of the world, and we'll take that."

Penthouse: Does the CIA engage in industrial espionage—directed against corporations as opposed to governments? For example, would the CIA move against the oil companies, ITT, or other multinational companies that don't recognize the sovereignty of any particular country?

Marchetti: I don't know about actual espionage operations against them, but I think that CIA would be derelict if it wasn't keeping tabs on multinational corporations and their involvements throughout the world—their assets, their interests, and the like. I would think it would be largely an information-gathering and analytical effort at this point. This is an interesting area. You say to yourself, it's what a good intelligence organization should be doing, but I keep thinking back about all the blunders they've made and all the dumb things that they've done over the years, and I sometimes wonder if they're smart enough to do this.

Penthouse: Apparently Israeli intelligence was caught off-guard before the 1973 Yom Kippur war. Did we have any advance information about it?

Marchetti: I was told by a senior CIA officer the other day that we knew about it. But I would be willing to bet that out of twenty thousand reports on the Mideast, probably two predicted the war. They find these reports in the after-crisis postmortem. But what were they worth beforehand? See, you can't just take a report from Clandestine Services that says Abdul Somebody-or-Other said that they are planning to attack Israel, and take it seriously. Abdul's been saying it for the past ten years. Somebody is always going to attack Israel.

For instance, I worked on the Cuban missile problem and I saw the crap that came in from Cuba. I read it all and every day burned a bagful of garbage that the Clandestine Services was putting out. I remember two reports that said there were big missiles coming into Cuba. But even the spooks didn't put any extra emphasis on those reports, and we had been constantly getting such reports, which were wrong. The analysts proved them wrong over and over again—about bombers being there, and offensive missiles being there, submarines and other things. Now, with 20-20 hindsight, we should have discovered the missiles a couple of days earlier than we did. I mean we might have gotten solid photography a few days earlier than we did. But if you think that's an error, at least we knew there was a military buildup.

Penthouse: Has the CIA tried to assassinate Castro?

Marchetti: I think there was no doubt the CIA was supporting rebel groups that were out to assassinate Castro. You find reference to this in interviews with the Watergate burglars who were working for the CIA.

Penthouse: Can you cite some triumphs of analysis, as opposed to espionage and operations? You're obviously biased toward the analysis side.

Marchetti: Well, we know all about the Soviet military and Chinese strategic forces and their capabilities—this all comes from analysis based on materials that are collected either through technical sources, communications intelligence, or satellite photography. There is no clandestine espionage involved. CIA can't spy against them. Other good examples of information based on analytical work rather than clandestine espionage are the Sino-Soviet split and the collapse of the Communist Chinese Great Leap Forward.

Penthouse: Would things be better if an analyst ran the CIA?

Marchetti: Well, if the CIA continues to exist as it is now—if it still has Clandestine Services—I would like to see an analyst run the CIA, because analysis is the real name of the game. I would rather see the agency's clandestine activities abolished completely, though.

Penthouse: No spies?

Marchetti: No spies.

Penthouse: Not a single spy?

Marchetti: Not a single spy. I would be willing to give up whatever little good can be acquired through classical espionage in order to be assured that we are getting rid of all the dirty tricks. And I would like to see the agency concentrate on collection of information through technical and other clean, nonprovocative means, and on the processing and distribution of that information, not just to the White House but to the entire government, even to the general public.

Penthouse: Don't you think there is something inherent in international relations that demands espionage?

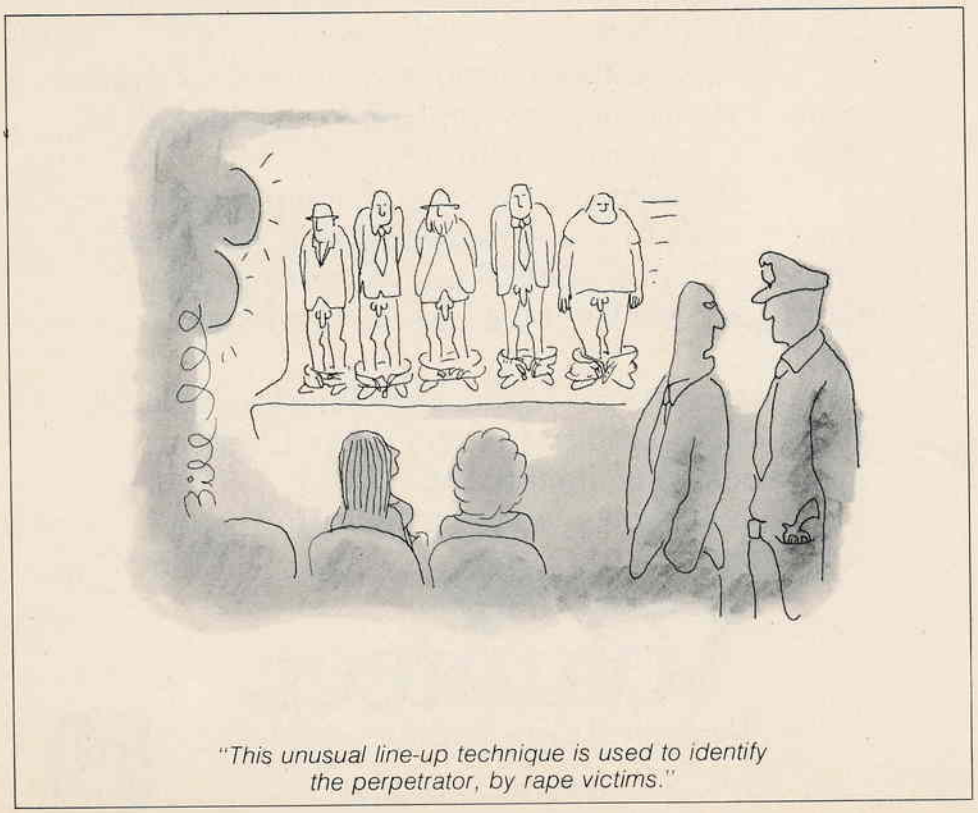
Marchetti: No I don't, I don't think so at all. I think that's a myth.

Penthouse: But doesn't espionage have a very long history?

Marchetti: That's right. But I don't think we need to do it in this world. We don't have to plot against the Bolivians or against the Moroccans. If they are plotting against us, let them plot. What are they going to do? Who cares? We should be sitting over here and watching our primary rivals as carefully as possible. If we can't trust them to keep an agreement on arms limitation, we've got the kill-power anyhow. If the Soviets attacked tomorrow, they would be blown off the face of the earth.

Penthouse: But if somebody is going to stage a coup that might affect our commercial interests, don't we have to know it?

Marchetti: Ah-h-h-h, bullshit! We don't have to know that, and to hell with the commercial interest. Just let nature take its course. You can't prevent every little coup. Anyway, we have diplomats in all these countries. They acquire a great deal of information. So do military attachés and the news media. We get enough information from them about what's going on in the world for our own protection.



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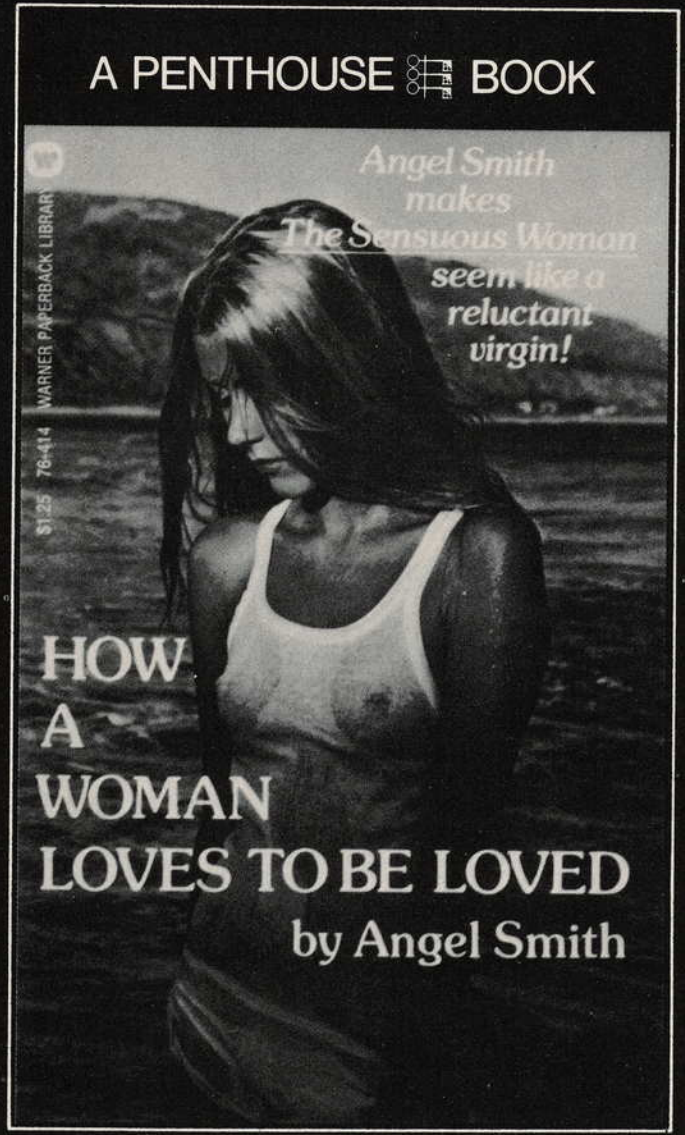
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Penthouse: Suppose there was a good democratic regime that was about to be overthrown?

Marchetti: Well, okay so there goes a good democratic regime. . . . Tough titty. We sympathize with them, sure. We think it's a bad thing and we lament it. We work through the United Nations. We cut off aid. But we do it all openly and aboveboard.

Penthouse: You wouldn't intervene to help?

Marchetti: No, I would not. One of the reasons I'm so anti-intervention is that I think it's about time we get off of this international kick that we have been on since 1939 and clear up our own problems here. I feel like we are living in a house that's coming apart at the seams. You know, we've got drug problems, law problems, ghetto problems, pollution, graft, and here we are running off to save some rinky-dink dictatorship.

Penthouse: According to your book, we spend more than $6 billion a year on intelligence. . . .

Marchetti: And that's just for intelligence. We spend $80 billion for defense. When you add it all up, some 60 percent of our budget goes into these kinds of things. And when you think of it, $6 billion is more than we spend on most of our domestic problems.

Penthouse: What happened to you? In 1955, you were a firm believer. What changed you?

Marchetti: Well, the world changed and I changed with it, I like to think. Around 1964 or '65, I began getting turned off on the Vietnamese War, for one thing. I began to get fed up with what I thought was overemphasis on the military in this country, and when I moved into staff work, I saw that the agency was overemphasizing clandestine activities, particularly covert action. I decided to quit about six months before I did.

Penthouse: You had no thought then of exposing the agency?

Marchetti: Not at that point, no. I told the director why I was leaving, of course. I didn't make any bones about what I thought was wrong. But he had heard me talk that way before. So I left. In the course of doing a spy novel, I began to really get worked up and I wanted to start writing some articles.

Penthouse: But you had signed a document saying that you wouldn't reveal what you had learned.

Marchetti: Yes, when I first went into the agency; and when I left, I signed it again. But the last one was thrown out of court. It's not considered valid. Nor do I feel morally obligated by the first document. My first loyalty is to the USA, not the CIA.

Penthouse: Besides legal action, what did the CIA do to prevent you from writing your book?

Marchetti: They did all kinds of things to discredit me and entrap me. They sent letters that ostensibly came from an East Berlin publisher saying, "We understand you're having difficulty in publishing what you want to write. Why don't you come to Berlin and visit with us?" Then, also, I would get phone calls from people offering assistance, wanting to make contact, asking me to put an ad in the newspaper with code numbers they'd spot and then contact me. This was during 1971 and into '72, when I first began to speak out, and evidently there was White House interest in my case. It's quite possible that I may even have been a target of the Plumbers. Maybe it wasn't CIA. Maybe it was the Plumbers mucking about, trying to see if I was leaking information.

Penthouse: Was there any other harassment? Was your income tax audited?

Marchetti: No, my income tax was never audited, thank God! But I had such a low income. What was there to audit? I know my phone was tapped, though, and I know I was surveilled, but not for the reasons most people think they're being watched—because they hear strange clicks on the phone, or they see strange people sitting behind them on buses. All this is classified, now, so I have to phrase this very carefully and I can't get into any specifics. During pretrial negotiations with the CIA and the Justice Department [in 1974] the reactions of the CIA and the Justice Department left no doubt in my mind, in my co-author's mind, and my lawyer's mind that we were probably being tapped and followed. We began to get these shitty answers that bureaucrats give when they're covering their own asses—"To the best of my knowledge" kind of answers. You would have had to have seen their demeanor, the time it took them to answer, the huddling, the stumbling around, the whole bit. That's the first time I became absolutely convinced that I was being bugged or followed. Before, I kept saying to myself, "No, no. Don't get paranoid. Forget it. . . . But just in case you are, play it straight. Don't try to be cute."

> "Hunt and McCord were just the type of imcompetents that a nitwit like Haldeman or a bullethead like Ehrlichman would hire."

That's a piece of advice I'll throw out to anyone: if you ever get involved in a situation like this, play it as straight as you possibly can. Don't say anything on the telephone you wouldn't say to the director of the FBI or the CIA. Same with your letters. Don't go anywhere you wouldn't want the press to know about. And don't pal around with anyone you wouldn't want to have your picture taken with. Be as pure as the driven snow. If you go away to visit the relatives, you have to go on the assumption that a break-and-entry team can come in. You had better not have anything that you don't want anyone to find. I wouldn't even get a passport. I certainly wouldn't go out of the country because that's one of their favorite tricks. You go out of the country, somebody slips something in one of your drinks, you get a snootful; and before you know it, there're pictures taken of you secretly, with your arm around some guy at the bar who happens to be a KGB agent or something.

Penthouse: Have you had any other contacts with the CIA lately?

Marchetti: They asked me, as a matter of fact, to see if I could get them a manuscript of Philip Agee's book on the CIA's activities in Latin America. [Agee was an undercover CIA agent for twelve years.]

Penthouse: After all you've been through with them, they asked your help?

Marchetti: Yep. A friend from the agency paid me a visit and asked me to get a copy of Agee's manuscript. I couldn't believe they didn't have a copy. I knew there were copies circulating in New York and Washington. I said, "Why should I do this for you people, in view of the bullshit I've been getting for the last couple of years?" He gave me this business about how I was basically a patriotic American who had stayed within the law and within the system, but that Agee was different—ruthless, without principle, probably a KGB agent.

I challenged that on the basis of the correspondence I'd had with Agee. But he said regardless of whether Agee was an agent or not, he was going to blow a lot of our agents in the field—foreigners and our own people under deep cover.

I said, "This is the risk you take when you become an undercover agent." He said, "You don't want innocents to be hurt, do you?" I said to him, "These guys are not exactly innocent. I don't think it's necessary for Agee to name them, but if that's the way he wants to do it, these agents went into their business with their eyes open."

I made no commitments to this friend, and a week later I told him I wasn't going to do what he wanted because Agee is legitimate—I don't think he's a foreign agent—and I just don't trust the bastards at the CIA. For all I could figure, they were trying to appeal to my patriotism and my reluctance to see people hurt, and hook me into being an undercover man for them—possibly to discredit me. The whole thing was pretty damned scary. Incredible, in fact.

Penthouse: Who was your CIA friend who made the pitch?

Marchetti: I'm not going to tell you his name. I was pissed off at him, and I still am, but no names. I told him I'd continue to be his social friend, but that I resented what he'd done.

Penthouse: Why does the CIA do all this? Are they afraid they'll lose respect among the intelligence services of the world—the Soviet KGB and the others—if they can't keep their people quiet?

Marchetti: Oh, yeah. There's a certain amount of that. But there's one thing to remember: if I had worked for any other espionage agency in the world, I would probably be dead by now.

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Surviving the End of the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

"It looks like the moon," said Scott.

For a hundred of the hundred and forty miles separating the west coast of Andros from Cuba, the water is no deeper than twenty feet. A mile off the east coast, between Andros and New Providence Island, the water drops to a depth of six thousand feet.

"The island is pitted with caves and blue holes that go down incredible distances and connect up with the sea," said Dick Birch, the owner of one of Andros' few inns, Small Hope Bay Lodge, where we spent our last night in civilization drinking rum and eating steak. "An oil company lost over a mile of cable down one hole. You have to be careful where you step."

Andros, the largest island in the Bahamas with 1,600 square miles, has a population of only nine thousand confined to a narrow stretch along the east coast. The interior is one of the most extensive unexplored regions in the Western Hemisphere. The low forests—cottonwood, palmettos, and Androsian pine, a wood so resinous that in places the boards made from it are almost translucent—become sparser on the west coast, giving way to mangrove swamps, blue-green algae, and a calcium carbonate clay that is as slippery as buttered rubber. Andros has the kind of landscape that science-fiction writers populate with leftover dinosaurs and vagrant cavemen; and, before we left for the west coast on the morning of February 17, an eleven-year-old Bahamian, Cedric Spence, stopped me outside the Lodge dining room to warn me about the Yahoos, small hairy men-beasts, either borrowed from or borrowed by Jonathan Swift, who planted them in the country of the Houyhnhnms in *Gulliver's Travels*.

"They leave circles of stones," Cedric cautioned me.

"Why?" I asked.

"So you know they're there," he said. "And Chickcharnies. *They* have red eyes and three fingers and three toes. If you laugh at them, they'll turn your head around. Why are you going?"

Chris, Bill, Jim, Scott, Fran, Terri, Steve—almost everyone in the group—explained that we were going to find something. They weren't sure what: confidence, simplicity, themselves. . . . They all wanted to be changed by the experience.

We stood around the Lodge, feeling foolish in our white bed-sheet caftans, clutching our last cans of RC Cola, and waiting for the red Fargo 400 pickup that was going to carry us to the end of the Red Bay logging road.

"After a week out there," said Terri, "we'll be riding each other bareback."

"Bill got so drunk last night," Chris said, "we can open his veins and use the alcohol in his blood to sterilize our cuts."

As I picked up my plastic bucket, Cedric asked, "What happens if one of you dies?"

"I don't know," I said. "What do you think will happen?"

Cedric sat down against the side of the lodge.

"Bury him," he said.

Into the Wilderness

Where the beach became impassable because of the sharp coral, we struck off into the high grass that fringed the shore, slipping along the slick clay that seemed to get soggier as we plunged deeper into the swamp. The ground, looking deceptively solid because of the tangle of mangroves and palmettos, sank beneath our feet. We sank up to our knees in places; and the mangrove roots, coiling like snakes in and out of the muck, tripped us. Crab holes, with their neat fecal-looking mounds pushed up at the entrances, pocked the land. The sky was layered like a parfait: purple above, then blue, then green, with a scar-colored strip lying across the horizon. The warm, moist wind from the southwest dropped; and

"The villagers called them 'the red-assed white ladies.'"

a northerly breeze was rising. We were later told it was the worst cold snap in years.

We stopped at a patch of beach bordered on one side by coral and clay and on the other by stubby pines growing along a deep bight. Here we hoped to catch some porgies or grunts for dinner, but the chill discouraged the fish. At the back of the beach there was a grass hut, probably built by the Red Bay villagers as a fishing shelter. Ogden shook it to scatter scorpions.

"It's going to be windy tonight," he said. "We all ought to sleep huddled together in here."

Chris, who had left a husband behind in Massachusetts, said, "No room."

"In the morning when it gets cold," said Ogden, "you're going to want to press up against any warm body you can find."

By the time we had gathered a pile of mangrove, pine, and driftwood, it was dark.

"What's for dinner?" asked Terri.

"Fried rubber," said Jim, who was hanging everybody's soggy sneakers on sticks he had poked into the sand around the edge of the fire.

"What's that?" asked Fran, listening to the roar of wind over water.

"The great beast of the Caribbean," said Ogden.

"Good," said Fran, "by all means let's try to catch it and then cook it."

Bill, curling up in his space blanket, asked, "Who's number nine?" We had, while planning a fire watch, reduced ourselves to numbers.

"I'm nine," said Steve.

"Okay, nine," said Bill, "don't forget to wake me. I'm ten."

"Look at how dark it is out there," Terri whispered, awed by the blackness of the sky.

"I don't want to sleep," said Fran very softly—the whispering was contagious—"I don't want to miss anything."

"All that water I drank this morning to stock up," Jim whispered, "now every time I piss, I think, 'Shit! there goes another half-pint.'"

Bill sat up. "I'm cold and I'm hungry," he said.

Fran, Jim, and Steve crawled under the space blanket with him, spreading another blanket over their knees. Ogden, Terri, Chris, and I huddled on the other side of the fire under two blankets. Gilley was snoring in the grass hut. Scott, the first-watch fire tender, had wandered off to gather more wood.

"This is the ultimate dream," Bill said. "Ever since I was a kid I've wanted to do this." He shivered, rattling the metallic space blanket. "I'm full of shit—this is the last thing I want to do!"

Fasting and Fainting

We spent more than half of the next day hiking farther on down the coast, mostly through the marl along the water's edge, stripped to our shorts to wade out around the deep bights that cut into the shore. The sun was so hot we first took off our caftans and shirts and then—as the midmorning blaze grew hotter still—put them back on. My dry lips had begun to crack. We'd had no food or water for over twenty-four hours. In the afternoon, we came to another sand beach and set up camp: a windbreak made of plastic sheets and space blankets, a fire pit, a smaller cooking pit, and a solar still (a hole with a bucket at the bottom to catch the water that evaporates from the sand and condenses on the plastic stretched over the top). Gilley found a red sea crab which he smashed up for bait; and he and Steve went fishing. Scott, suffering from the first symptoms of his malaria—chills, weakness, aching joints, dizziness—had taken the Atabrine he had brought and lay in the shelter, staring up through the milky plastic at the cloudless, beer-colored, late-afternoon sky.

"Did you catch anything?" he asked when Gilley and Steve wandered back into camp a few hours later.

"Only the bait," said Steve.

I went to look for wood in an arid stretch, where the ground was cracked like a mosaic and the mangroves were so dry you could drag growing plants up by the roots and use them for kindling. When the dusty gray bark had been scraped off, the wood was blood-colored. Carrying six of these light plants was clumsy, like holding a fistful of four-foot spiders. When I returned to the beach, Jim,

Ogden, Bill, and Chris were crowded around a tall young Red Bay villager, who wore extremely frayed houndstooth slacks and a white T-shirt and who seemed preoccupied by the sun.

"Do you remember me, Mr. Frank," he asked Ogden, "from the last time you come?"

"When I brought some students from the Ontario College of Art down here on a survival trip," Ogden said, "all the girls got sunburned bottoms—they didn't know enough to keep covered up, did they, Clarence—and, when the villagers saw them, they called them 'the red-assed white ladies.' Are you going to show us how to catch land crabs, Clarence?"

"Oh, yes," Clarence laughed. "You all hungry?"

"Clarence can make water appear from nowhere," said Ogden. "Watch."

Clarence led us to the edge of the mangrove swamp behind the camp and stopped in front of a crab hole with a fresh pile of mud heaped before it.

"Taste it," he said.

I dipped my hand into the cream-colored clayey water pooled in the crab hole, down through the bugs that were ricocheting across the surface like minuscule ball bearings, and lizardlike licked up enough from my cupped palm to wet my mouth, which was so dry that my cheeks had begun sticking to my gums and teeth. The water was almost as salty as the sea; it smelled and tasted foul.

"Brackish?" asked Ogden. "But better than nothing, huh? Don't drink any more until we boil it."

Using Ogden's machete, Clarence cut off a mangrove root and trimmed it into a long hook; then he slashed at the clay with the machete, enlarging the hole until it was about a foot in diameter. He knelt and, shoving his arm into the hole up to his shoulder, he felt around—his eyes closed in concentration, his lips pursed—for the crab.

"He's home," he said.

I chopped at a hole and jammed my arm down, feeling the warm mud slide between my fingers, blindly grabbing around in what seemed to be an endless passage. It reminded me of a story I'd heard long ago about how Michelangelo would stick his hand up through the anus of a cadaver to learn about the nature of the intestines.

"You have to be careful," Clarence said. "He can take your finger off."

I jerked my arm out.

"Use the hook," he said; and then, suddenly twisting his shoulders, he pulled out a bluish hard-shelled crab about the size of a child's palm.

Chris and Bill were checking crab holes, trying to find the sweetest water; and by the time they had filled one of the plastic buckets, Clarence had caught eleven more small crabs, a mouthful of dinner for each of us.

"See how easy!" Clarence cried as he ripped off the claws. And it did *look* easy—but during the next week, despite many attempts, no one in our group succeeded in catching a land crab and only Bill even managed to touch one.

We boiled the water a cupful at a time in the small egg-poaching pot Ogden had brought; and after three and a half hours we had enough for three swallows each per day for the next two days, with a little left over for boiling half of the crabs. To save water, we tossed the other six into the fire to bake. When they hit the hot coals, the eyes moved on their stalks in wild circles and the shells heaved back from the bubbling flesh.

Four more Red Bay villagers, teenagers this time, had arrived in the camp; and one of them, Franklin Gould, said as he watched us press greedily around the first boiled crab, "Jesus had five loaves and two fishes and he fed five thousand people."

"Give me that piece of white meat," said Chris.

"It's all good meat," said Ogden, breaking off a brown and green part.

"Yeah," said Chris, picking up a marble-sized bit from the middle, "but this is the familiar stuff."

I scooped out some bluish mush with my fingers.

"It's more important to get fed. . . . Sex is a luxury."

"What a complex body it has," said Terri, poking at what looked like a purple fingernail clipping lying on the last chunk of meat. "It's a worm!"

Everyone stopped grabbing until Jim said, "It's just protein!" Flicking the worm off with his knife, he speared the last piece.

"Here," said Franklin, handing me something that was tough, purple, and cone-shaped with vulvalike flaps curled over a pink inner grove at the base. "It's conch."

"Is it cooked?" I asked.

"No," said Wilton, another Red Bay teenager.

Because I was so hungry, my stomach ached. I figured that like any other shellfish it would be safe to eat raw, so I chewed off a piece. It felt like a bite of a truck tire.

After the five from Red Bay had left and dinner had ended, we sat around the fire, listening to the wind, the water, and the flames. Only the earth was silent. When you're squatting in the dark on a spot that perhaps no one else has ever visited in the entire history of the world, it's hard to avoid mythical thoughts and magical impulses; and, at three in the morning when, unable to sleep, I had crawled from the shelter to stoke the dying fire, Ogden called, "Who's up? David? Look, reach into my bag hanging from the tree over there and take out the white powder. I'm going to make up some magic potion."

Fran and Jim, also awake, crawled out of the shelter with Ogden. The other six groaned, tossed, and muttered as they stretched their cramped arms and legs into any space left empty.

"Anyone else want magic?" Ogden called into the shelter.

More groans and smacking of lips and murmurs, but no one else surfaced from sleep.

"Well," said Ogden. "Magic doesn't wait for anyone. You have to be ready when it happens."

After boiling a cupful of water, he added some of the white powder, an ounce of some amber liquid, and a drop of something that turned the concoction green. He mixed it with a stick, and then he sipped. . . .

"Ah, yes," he said, handing me the pot.

I sipped. Warm powdered milk and something else. I handed the pot to Jim, who sipped.

"Incredible," he said and handed the pot to Fran.

"What is it?" she asked.

"If you don't have faith," said Ogden, "you can't partake."

"I believe," said Fran, and she sipped. "It's great. What is it?"

The secret ingredients were food coloring and seventy-five-year-old Napoleon brandy that one of Ogden's millionaire friends back at the lodge had slipped to him as we left.

"I think the gods are telling me we ought to have another," Ogden said as he stared at the second and last ounce of brandy remaining in the little vial.

"You've got to respect the gods, Frank," said Jim.

At dawn, Ogden, Jim, Scott, and I crossed the three miles of mangrove swamp behind our camp to get to what the Red Bay villagers called the "tree yard," a tract of tall pines, palmettos, and cottonwoods with an undergrowth of love-vines, clumps of stiff grasses, thumbnail-sized orchids, and thorny bushes which, according to Ogden, were poisonous to touch.

A palmetto looks like a large pineapple buried in the ground, with stalks as stiff as pencils growing out of the top and bursting at the ends into green starlike fronds. If you reach into the center of the plant, pushing aside the stalks, you will find a cream-colored stem that is shaped rather like a letter opener. This is a new stalk, and if you slip it slowly from its tight sheath and chop off a sweet tender half-inch from the bottom, you'll have a palmetto heart to eat.

In the past forty-eight hours, we'd each had no more than three tablespoonsful of solid food and a cup of liquid; and after nibbling one of these palmetto hearts—which tasted a little like an artichoke heart—I felt, swelling up from my gut into my throat, a giddy, nearly hysterical hunger. Going without food for two days is bearable; but knowing that you may have to continue without it for five more days makes your appetite explode, as though your body—in-

ternally devouring itself by using food from its own cells—is borrowing against the future. But we were too weak even to panic.

We chopped down a dozen plants—hoping to use both the edible stem and the fronds for hats and baskets—and carried them back across the swamp to camp. We crossed an area where the blue-green algae had died and dried into black cinders that covered the coffee-colored mud, a landscape from some movie about the aftermath of a nuclear war. As though fantasy were inspiring reality, from the direction of Red Bay village, we saw a cloud of smoke mushroom above the trees. We later found out that this came from the fire made to cook a wild boar Clarence had killed.

Within a half-day's hard hike, the Red Bay villagers were feasting, while we dined on boiled palmetto hearts (the equivalent of a half-dozen stringbeans per person), a few gulps of warm chocolate milk (Chris and Terri sacrificed two of the dozen tiny Hershey bars they had brought), and raisins (which Jim, like Chaplin in *The Gold Rush*, counted out). We received three and a half raisins each.

"Frank said we'd find out what would happen to us if we were stranded on a desert island," Scott said. "Now we know—we'd simply die."

"All I can think about is pizza and beer," said Jim the next morning.

He was lying in the sun, a palmetto hat covering his face.

"Roast beef," Bill proposed, "with baked potatoes and butter."

"A Bailey's sundae," Scott said. "All that dripping hot fudge and marshmallow."

"A salad," said Terri, "cucumbers, fresh tomatoes, cottage cheese, carrots, lime sherbert."

"Cold water," said Gilley.

"All you talk about is food," Ogden said. "How come no one talks about sex?"

Ever since the first meeting of the group in Boston, the possibility of sex during the trip had been flirted with—perhaps our experiment would provide a lush tropical week of orgasms as sloppy as overripe mangoes, a fleshy parody of that standard cartoon in which the shipwrecked couple doesn't want to be rescued from their island orgy. But nothing had happened. No one knew how risky this adventure would be—a broken leg might mean only a painful trip back up the coast but a ruptured appendix would be as ambiguous a hazard as a bullet in the brain. Since sex (which creates life) and death (which ends it) are traditionally joined, everyone seemed to back away from the former in order to avoid the latter.

Curled up close with Chris on that first chilly night, the warmth of her flesh startled me by its chasteness—her body comfortably curved itself to mine without any hint of erotic response. And I had surprised myself by feeling no more than a very faint sexual itch—an erotic tickle so remote that to explore it would have been like slipping from a warm bed on a cold night to track down some half-heard sound at the other end of a large house. By the fourth day, I was so weak that I couldn't have kept my attention focused long enough to get turned on. Even if, through some confusion among the appetites, I had become aroused, I would not have had the strength to copulate. I would have needed a block and tackle—and someone at the other end of the rope to lift and drop me in the proper rhythm.

We all lay scattered on the beach like corpses washed up by the sea. Occasionally, one of us would struggle to his feet and stumble down to the water's edge to splash his face.

"It was the same when I took the kids from the Ontario School of Art down here," said Ogden. "It's more important to get fed and keep warm. Sex is a luxury."

Red Bay Village and the Scorpion Hunt

Thursday morning, we woke before dawn and, hysterical with hunger, trudged on up the coast in the semidark toward Red Bay Village. Jim, wracked by dysentery, had spent the night scrambling out into the swamp to squat in the mud. Scott, weak from weight loss (by the end of the trip he had lost sixteen pounds, about twice what the rest of us lost), had spent a bad night breathing as though he had a wet towel over his mouth and nose. Steve punctuated his dreams with short monologues, bursts of random words that would trail off into moans. As for me, I'd found myself abruptly awake—my throat, my chest, and my belly burning with a swelling engorged heat. I'd kept trying to swallow phlegm which didn't exist.

> "After a week out there," said Terri, "we'll be riding each other bareback."

Red Bay looks like the slave quarters of a Georgia or Alabama plantation in about 1840—which, after all, was the historical root of the community. There are shanties with pigsties in the back. Fat old women with heads wrapped in red bandannas sit in their doorways shelling peas, and chickens scratch around the pump in the center of the village. Scampering barefoot kids wear hand-me-down clothes sent to them by church groups in Ohio, Florida, and Kansas.

For over a hundred years, because of the limited contact with the outside world, this culture has been static. Even the important sponge trade that had been active before 1938 (when an infectious sponge disease spread from the Bahamas throughout the Caribbean) did not affect the village. The selling was mostly done on other islands.

But in the past six years, since the logging road was put in, the village has been changing. Teenagers, who still clean fish by biting out the stomach and raking their fingernails down the scales, watch "Columbo" and "Star Trek" on Red Bay's one TV, which is run by an electric generator, and listen on their portable radio to Nassau stations Zed and Ess 1, 2, and 3.

"Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, Ray Charles, and . . . hey! . . . Jimmy Cliff," said Franklin. "Nassau rock, Nassau roll, Nassau got a whole lot of soul. . . ."

Bill and Steve were kneeling at the pump in front of Red Bay's schoolhouse, sucking water up from their cupped hands. Fran, Chris, and Jim had vanished into the outhouse, which had three cubicles, each with a modern Bemis toilet seat covering the hole in the plywood and an illogical plunger standing by the door. Gilley was wandering among the fruit trees (pears, sweet and sour oranges, limes, mangoes, tamarinds, coconuts, Jamaican apples which taste like pumpkin pie, and bananas), eating whatever was ripe. Ogden was in the home of Red Bay's hereditary leader, the Reverend Bertram Newton, arranging to get us a lunch of peas and rice. Scott and Terri were opening coconuts and sipping the sweet milk. Wilton, one of the older Red Bay teenagers, and I were wedged in the branches of a sapodilla tree, gathering the sweet-and-sour plumlike fruit.

"Do you have brothers and sisters?" Wilton asked.

"Three," I said.

"I got ten brothers and eight sisters," he told me. "I don't know some of my brothers. It's too crowded. . . . Hey, you married?"

"Yes," I said.

"You have children?"

"No."

"You live in a house?"

"Yes."

"Just with your wife?"

"Yes."

"That's a good life," he said.

The Red Bay teenagers—singing the McDonald's hamburger song they'd heard on television for us and dressing up in their best urban duds—were trying hard to be modern and American. They wanted the complexity we'd temporarily left; we wanted the simplicity they were trying to escape.

Later that evening, back at our camp, when Ogden packed mud around the four fish we'd caught and tossed them into the fire, Wilton—who with half a dozen other Red Bay kids had walked us down the coast—called, "Hey Mr. Frank, what you doing?"

"We put the fish in the mud and bake them," Ogden said. "When they're done, the mud cracks off and it peels the skin and bones away with it."

"Oh, my God!" said Franklin.

"Hey, Mr. Frank," said Wilton, "you want to know how *we* cook fish? We take the fish, clean them, take a frying pan, put some lard in the pan, wait for it to melt, then put the fish in the pan, and let it cook. . . ."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I was quite interested in the letter you published from Betty K. concerning her reluctance about having a wild fling with a younger male admirer. Your advice to her —let yourself go, get whatever sexual satisfaction you can get, and don't be the prude too many women try to be—was nothing short of God-sent.

My situation is similar. I am fifty-three, a widow for almost ten years, have a married daughter, and am all alone in northern Illinois. About six years ago, I decided to date a man about half my age. As a result I found a whole new life. At a pleasant bar I was confronted by many young men who really were interested in "an over-the-hill bag." Our common interests and desires led to dates and ultimately to weekend sexual affairs. Imagine, a woman of fifty screwing in bed with a man half her age! A man who actually came to me and wanted me! Me, a woman twice his age—old enough to be his own mother!

This has now become a frequent situation in my life, as I now have five "steadies" who visit me regularly. They have all told me what turned them on—mainly that I'm the older, lovable type. Age, however, had nothing to do with it. It was my attitude and personality that really got to them—that is, the way I talked and acted both in public and private. One young admirer tells me that he truly loves me because I "don't act like one of the modern, sexless, loud-mouth bitches" that he must continually confront in everyday society.

These men all admire my choice of fashions, as it seems young men today still want their women to look like women. They don't go for "army officers" or "switch-hitters (lesbians) with pants-suits outfits."

Not only is the skirt in demand as feminine attire, it seems that standard hosiery is much preferred to the "modern and practical" pantyhose/body-stocking apparel. Even though a man knows he'll be having an intimate relationship with a woman later in the evening, he still wants to be turned on by visual stimulation, and this requires a fashionable skirt, a colorful sweater or blouse, and an intriguing pair of dark nylons hitched to an out-dated—but always stimulating—garter-belt or girdle. And even though many girls still think that the braless look is very in, my young men demand that I wear a bra. It seems that feeling the bra's material beneath my flimsy top really turns them on. Of course, the actual unhooking and removal of the bra is the ultimate *turn-on!*

Older women, use your noodles. Go after those men who really want a woman. The younger chicks today don't seem to want men; if they did, they would certainly show it. Younger guys know what they want—it is up to us older women to give them what they need.—Pam

What more can anyone say? *This* is sexual liberation!

CLITORAL STIMULATION

I am a great admirer of yours, Xaviera. I've read The Happy Hooker, *and I learned many of your techniques, which I have since applied. I am a nineteen-year-old girl and I enjoy sex often with several male friends. Over the past year, however, I have not been able to achieve an orgasm through intercourse, although I can have one from masturbating or by having a guy finger me or eat me out. They all know this, so I am not really frustrated by my problem. But I really would like to have a "regular" orgasm. Can you suggest something? It would seem to me that I need a female lover because a cock does not stimulate me—it's really useless. But I do enjoy both performing and receiving oral sex with a boy. Also, I really do get off on guys' bodies, particularly their stomachs and arms.—Frustrated*

You are under a great misconception when you suggest that there is such a thing as a "regular" orgasm. In sexual behavior, as

with other forms of social behavior, there is no such thing as "normal." There is only that which works for you.

If both you and your partner have the right build, then perhaps his penis will stimulate your clitoris during intercourse. If so, then you may achieve a "regular orgasm." If he is not hung correctly, or you are not tilted just right, then you will certainly have to find another way to achieve orgasm. But don't worry, as there are many other ways.

One method that I personally like is to have the man lying on his back and the woman flat on top of him with her legs squeezed closely, so that she can rub her clitoris against the base of his penis while he performs the thrusting movements.

Use your imagination or try buying a book on sexual positions. If you can achieve orgasm through masturbation, clitoral stimulation through intercourse should not be all that difficult to perform.

As for having a female lover, why not? You don't have to use your lack of "regular orgasms" as an excuse. Remember, it is *your* orgasm. Have it in a way that satisfies you most and stop trying to have one that will satisfy somebody else's vanity.

NOT JUST ANOTHER COCK

Six months ago I had an unfortunate experience while riding my bike. I was thrown head first over the handlebars, my bike following behind me and subsequently breaking my leg and causing a severe rupture. Upon hospitalization I was informed by my doctor that a segment of my penis would have to be removed due to severe blood clotting. Of course, you can imagine how I felt, facing a life with just half a penis.

I am only twenty-one and I still have a lot ahead of me. Before the wreck, I had a very prolific sex life and, I must say, a considerably large penis. Now I am afraid that with this stub of a penis, I will be embarrassed and considered unexciting by my partner. Luckily there is still something there; and when excited, this shortened penis reaches a length of about five inches—still good working material. Please, Xaviera, reestablish the confidence that I have lost. I have not had sexual relations since the accident for fear of showing my deformity. Will any girl be willing to screw such a partner?—F.S.

I wish that I could reestablish your confidence by simply answering your letter, but I'm afraid only experience can do that. However, I have answered many letters in this column from amputees who also felt ugly or useless. I'll tell you what I told them: experience will prove to you that you can and will find many partners with whom you can enjoy sex again.

Before your accident, were you known as "just another pretty cock"? Was the size of your penis the only reason a girl would go to bed with you? At twenty-one you still have a lot to learn about sex and women. Perhaps you can begin again by first learning that some of us are interested in fucking the man and not just what he has in his pants. I might add that you seem a little ashamed of having only five inches. Well, let me tell you that a couple of my friends who will read your letter have reason to be envious.

You also shouldn't overlook the curiosity value of having a unique penis. When word gets around, you may be too tired to write any more letters.

NO FOREPLAY, PLEASE

My girl and I have been seeing each other for about five years. Although we are almost opposites with regard to personality, we get along very well—except when it comes to sex!

When we have intercourse, she prefers to remain passive and never becomes the aggressor. She refuses to engage in oral sex, sodomy, or any sexual activities considered to be "out of the ordinary." In fact I am convinced that she feels anything other than "normal" intercourse to be "dirty" and "disgusting."

I would love to become completely free sexually without any guilt feelings between us. I have tried talking to her about why she is so inhibited and afraid to loosen up. After a few signs of progress, however, the discussions invariably conclude with "Let's not talk about it anymore." Even when we ball I sometimes feel as if the only reason she's doing it is just to please me. What can we do?—Eager to Please

It sounds as if your girl friend is, at least, "morally frigid." Under the circumstances, I am amazed that you both make it at all. I am even more amazed that you bother trying to make it better. Since we all know that sex in whatever form should give mutual pleasure, we have to begin by asking why your girl friend believes sex to be dirty.

Is she the product of a rigid religious home? Is her father a tyrant or a lecherous slob? Is her mother frigid? If any of these are true about your friend, then it is possible that the only couch she should be lying on is her shrink's. Before having her committed, however, there are a couple of things you might try.

Have you taken her to see some good porno flicks? Or loosened her up a little with some good wine? Perhaps you should go beyond the "Let's not talk about it" stage and force her to confront her own sexuality—or lack of it.

Even though you say she only does it because she wants to please you, it seems to me that if she really wanted to please you, you could at least get her to admit that one of you has a problem. Once you decided whether the problem is her expecting too little or your expecting too much, you could then decide to compromise—or perhaps just to forget the whole thing.

A NOT-SO-HOT TWAT

From the day that I was married, five years ago, until now, my husband has complained that my vagina is not "hot." Besides this small problem, our sex life is great. It really doesn't seem to be a big problem. We are both very satisfied, but if other women's vaginas are "hot"—according to my husband's premarital experiences—why is mine just lukewarm? What can I do? I just want to make my vagina more comfortable for him. Please help me.—Mrs. Cool

Either your husband's memory is failing him or perhaps his fantasies are overcoming his common sense. "Hot pussy" is just an expression that means "eager and ready." Yes, the body temperature does rise a little as the blood rushes to a sensitized area. Friction will also produce a small and localized rise in temperature—but *hot*? He must be kidding. Even the early so-called porno novels would only go so far as to describe the vagina as being "warm and moist."

If your sex life together is as great as you say it is, then maybe the problem is not your "fever" but rather his thermometer.

A WILLING EUNUCH

I have pondered about writing you for quite some time now. My wife says that she cannot reach orgasm through sexual intercourse. The only way she comes is by oral stimulation or by using an eight-inch vibrator. She did say, however, that she would be turned on by making it with another guy while I watched them screw. The only reason she says that she has not done this is because she thinks I will use it as some sort of excuse in the future, if matters don't work out between us. (We have been married for five years.) But I have accepted her desires and am quite content for her to enjoy herself in whatever manner she chooses.

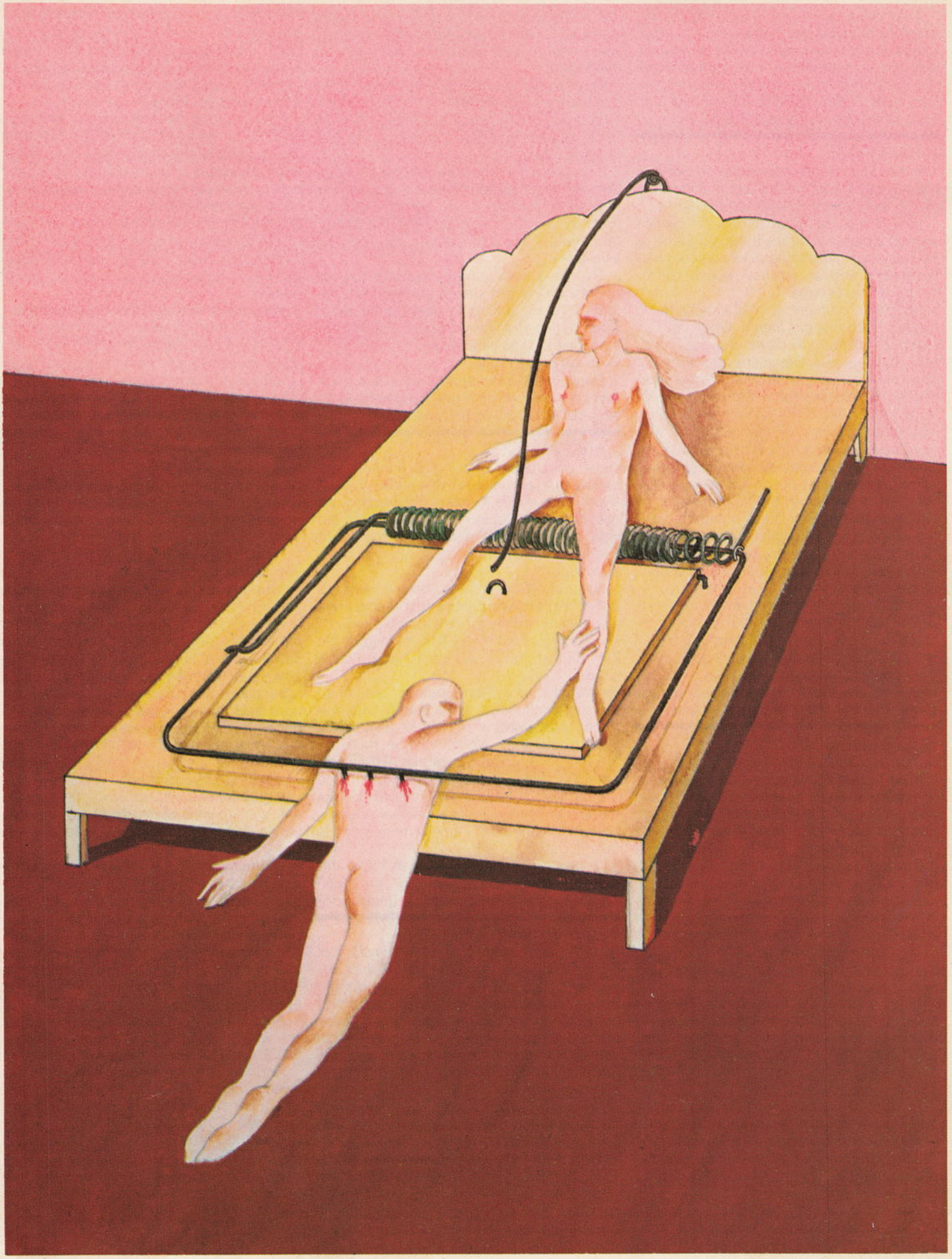
After she has reached her orgasm, she prefers to roll over and go to sleep without doing anything about me. So I am left to either masturbate or just go to sleep without achieving orgasm. I now find myself preferring this sort of arrangement. In fact, after fucking her orally, I usually cover her up, go and get a pair of her panties to wear, jerk myself off, and then sleep in a separate bedroom. This has been going on for approximately one year now.

How can I convince my wife that I would also dig her making it with another guy while I watch? I have already told her this, promising that I wouldn't ever use it against her in the future. And although I accept and even enjoy eating her out, there are times when I would like to give her the fucking of our married lifetime. What can I do?—Sam

It is quite rare that I get a letter from someone who is so willing to be emasculated. Not too long ago, women were writing to me to complain about their husbands' lack of consideration. Most husbands just didn't give a fuck about their wives' sexual needs. Now it seems the old worm has turned—at least in your case.

If you have decided to put up with her selfishness in bed and if you've decided to masturbate rather than fuck, obviously the next step is for her to try to make it with another guy.

Maybe you should consider the possibility that you and your wife are not fanatically heterosexual. Rather than a threesome, you might try another couple so you could both see exactly what your preferences are.



Paul Psorakis

From the tone of your letter, I get the impression that your wanting to really fuck her occasionally is just one way of getting even with her. Instead of that, why not try to work out an arrangement with her whereby you can both obtain satisfaction—either with each other or with someone else.

A HAIR PIECE

I am twenty-two and engaged to be married. I am a very good hairdresser and own my own beauty parlor. I have two problems.

First, I have a great attraction towards women's hair. I don't want my girl friend to find out about this the hard way. Should I tell her? I am a fetishist and I have a great collection of women's wigs.

My other problem is that I can't get a hard-on with my girl friend. When my girl friend is naked, I still cannot have an erection; my penis just lies there and does not grow an inch. She would like to have intercourse with me, so what would you suggest I do in a case like this?—Dolly's Boyfriend

Your fetish sounds very harmless to me. Why don't you ask your girl friend for some help? She must have noticed by now that stripping off her clothes does not do anything for you. Why don't you work out a "scenario" in which she keeps her dress on and models the various wigs you collect. If her modeling turns you on, all she has to do is raise her skirt. As I remember, most hairdressers' chairs are adjustable!

By the way, it is not uncommon for men to prefer women with nice, long, soft hair instead of those who have their manes all chopped up in butchy hairstyles. But with the coming of women's lib, I have noticed more and more short, easy-to-keep hairdos for women and long, wavy styles for men.

HUSBAND AS MATCHMAKER

During the first years of our marriage, my wife and I tried just about every sexual variation there is. To name a few: we went down on each other, played around with whips, watched each other masturbate, screwed almost continuously, and frequently held a mirror between our legs so we could watch ourselves do it.

But the ultimate sexual thrill for me came during the first year of our marriage when I invited my former college roommate to spend the night with us. I truly enjoyed watching him fuck my wife repeatedly and enthusiastically.

Since then there have been fifteen or twenty different men between her legs, some at my invitation and some at hers. These episodes I have not watched. Rather, I have made her describe them to me in graphic detail—over and over again.

By her own admission she loves to screw and has thoroughly enjoyed every piece she's ever had. But she thinks I'm some kind of a freak for permitting and encouraging her promiscuity. My God, how I love that woman! But I'm sure she thinks I don't.

Am I some kind of freak? What's your opinion? Is this condition masochism, highly developed voyeurism, latent homosexuality? Is it all of these or is it some sexual aberration with a name all its own? Am I unique or have you encountered other men with similar hang-ups?

Please give me the benefit of your vast experience.—Confused

First, I don't think you are a freak, nor do I think you are necessarily a masochist or a homosexual.

To some extent most people are voyeurs. Some of us get turned on by watching porno movies or reading erotic books. But how much better it would be to have the author talk directly and intimately to you, as your wife does!

On my record album, *Xaviera!*, a girl phones me long-distance and we both get turned on by talking to each other about what we like and how we like it. Listening to someone tell you what gives them pleasure is usually very erotic.

Don't treat your attitude as if it were a disease. Consider it a gift that you have an extraordinary way of being aroused.

A FROTHY FUCK

Have you heard about the Alka-Seltzer screw that is all the rage in the Dallas, Texas, area? After a little foreplay the girl puts an Alka-Seltzer tablet in her vagina. When the man and girl really get after it, the tablet begins to foam and the sensation is something else!

Some of my friends and I have done some poll-taking on the subject and it seems to be as much fun for the girls as it is for the guys. And if the man will try a little cunnilingus, the Alka-Seltzer-screw will cure his stomach ache too.—E.F.

Personally, I'm a Bromo person, but I'm always willing to learn. If the people who produce those award-winning Alka-Seltzer ads hear about this, we may soon have an X-rated commercial. Of course, if that happened, all kinds of people would get on the bandwagon. It would be a great way to take medicine. Or how about a new parlor game called "Indigestion"—the winner gets to take a Tums.

In any case, I obviously can't take this seriously. But if you *are* serious—cut it out! This could be a very dangerous thing to do!

FOOT-FETISH FOREPLAY

I am a college student and have had a foot fetish for about seven years now. In the early years I felt guilty about it and prayed that I would grow out of it for fear of becoming homosexual. But as time passed I developed heterosexual desires, and the fetish stayed with me. I have learned to live with this fetish and incorporate it into my regular scenario of lovemaking. Now it is just a form of foreplay. I also dream about wrapping myself around the legs of beautiful girls and sucking their toes feverishly. Then I jerk off.

Whenever I date a girl, I take her to the drive-in. I usually spend the evening by first kissing her and then moving down to her feet. I have never been out with the same girl twice after these episodes at the drive-in. I guess girls just don't get off on guys kissing their feet and sucking their toes. My first subject was my sister and she rejected it too. I don't understand this, since I find it very pleasurable for a girl to suck my toes. It seems that a girl would feel like a queen if a guy sucked her toes.

I am a strong believer in body language and I would like you to tell me how I can spot a girl who really enjoys guys with a foot fetish. What conscious or unconscious clues can I pick up from her? How can I covertly let her know that I do what she likes—suck toes? I am getting damned tired of the old pick-and-miss method of dating, and I want to find the right girl. Believe me, we will make beautiful music together—if we can just get together!

You have discussed foot fetishes before, and I wish that you would devote more time to it in the future. There are a lot of guys and girls who enjoy feet. I wish the subject could be discussed more openly and often in such magazines as Penthouse. *I wish someone would write a book about foot fetishes.*

How do you feel about men with foot fetishes, Xaviera? Do you enjoy having your toes sucked?—R.B.

I must say that I sympathize with the girls who never date you again after attending the drive-in. After all, look at it from their point of view:

Here is a lovely young lady sitting beside you as she watches the flick. If she is at all knowledgeable about passion pits, she is getting very cozy and waiting for you to make a move. You take her hand, squeeze her leg, kiss her, and then slowly move your hands up her thighs. You move your lips down over her neck, her shoulders, breasts, to her navel. She's beginning to breathe very hard and push her pelvis in and out. Her hands run through your hair, and she can feel your hot breath on her panties. Her pubic hair is already wet, and she is waiting . . . waiting for your tongue . . . waiting while you nibble her knee, her ankle, her toes . . . still waiting and wondering what the fuck you're doing down there. Let's face it, you don't fuck the foot!

I certainly think you are wise to want some assurance that the girls you date are definitely into feet. Fortunately, there *are* a few clues that you can decipher, if you are very perceptive!

If a woman is wearing wedgies with a bra over her exposed big toes, you would probably be accurate in assuming that her feet are ready to be sucked.

Another sure bet are women tennis players who glue Dr. Scholl's labels on their F.D.S. cans—you can't lose with this one!

And finally, if you should happen to surprise a naked woman in a locker room and she immediately throws a towel over her feet, well . . . you get the idea.

Good luck!

Editor's note: What was your greatest sexual experience? What are some of your most-exciting sexual fantasies? Xaviera is interested in finding out—and will publish some of the more compelling answers. Please, no put-ons!

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/ PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROY VOLKMANN

THE FINN-ISHING TOUCH

The sweater as outerwear is really coming into its own this season. And in all styles—bulky knitted cardigans, wraps, shawl collars, and classic silhouettes with pictorial motifs and art-deco shapes. They are informal wear's counterpart to the outer-jacket—fitting better into this year's looser, more flowing scheme of things. Worn layered with other sweaters and ascots or mufflers, the sweater takes on a new sophisticated look.

Penthouse's trend-setting styles include these sweatery-warm ones photographed in Finland where keeping warm is a fine art. Only several hours from the Arctic Circle is Helsinki, the capital and center of Finland's cultural life. Helsinki—its romantic eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architecture, open-air marketplaces, parks, and cathedrals all set off by the maritime atmosphere—is often called the "Pearl of the Baltic." For travelers accustomed to an international standard, the city's modern hotels (the Inter-Continental, complete with saunas, rooftop restaurant, and dazzling entertainment, is highly recom-

Helsinki's marketplace by the harbor. The wool-blend sweater with the brown back and patchwork-motif front ($40) by Ice., Ltd. Available at Barney's, New York, and Turning Point in Chicago. Orange cotton shirt and brown cotton-velour pants ($80) by Ted Lapidus. Her clothes by Susie Sweet Pea for Betsy, Bunky, and Nini. All shoes and boots by Famolare.

mended) and intriguing variety of restaurants and cafés are equal to the best of Europe's other capitals.

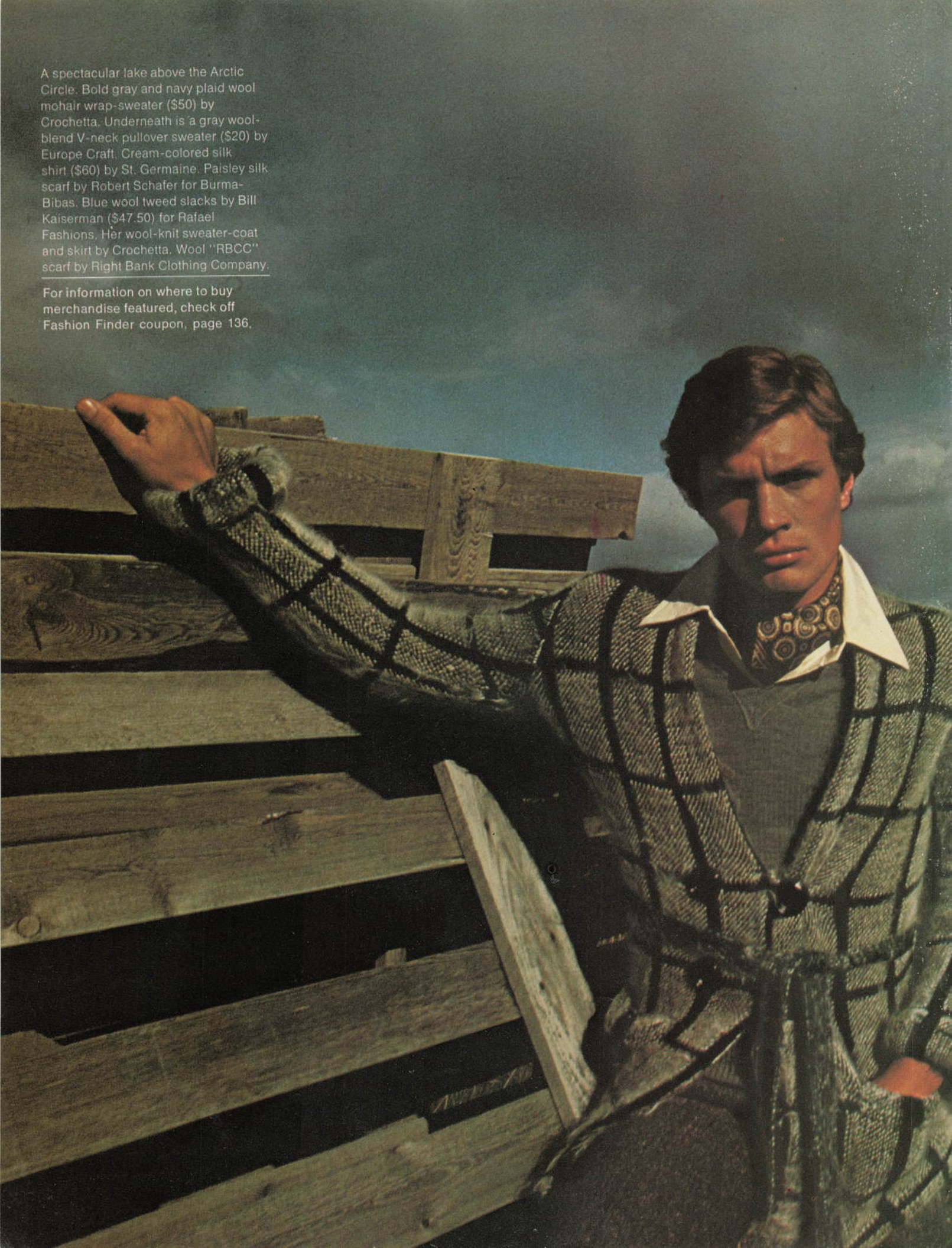
Further north in central Finland is Rovaniemi, a modern rendezvous right on the Arctic Circle and the gateway to Lapland. A restful stayover at the Hotel Pohjanhovi can prepare the traveler for the tour north into Lapland's unpolluted primeval forest—with lakeside saunas, thousands of waterways, and, of course, reindeer herds.

Finnair, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, is the airline that makes all this—and more—possible. Their fifteen-day and twenty-two-day first-class and economy tours beginning in May and continuing through mid-September include, depending on the tour choice, international transportation, transfers, hotel accommodations, and meals. Both tour packages also offer highlights of Scandinavia—Stockholm, Oslo, and the Norwegian fjords. And for the more adventuresome there is the Soviet Union—for Helsinki offers easy access to Leningrad, Moscow, and Kiev. Finnair and the American Travel Association in Washington, D.C. will arrange this unique package.

Left: *Deplaning Finnair's DC-10 at Helsinki Airport. The black wool sweater-shirt featuring a pink and white "clip motif" front ($55) by Barney Sampson Co. Available at Shirt Tale, New York; Amber's, Los Angeles; and Ariston in San Francisco. Pink cotton shirt and gray wool flannel pants ($100) by Ted Lapidus. Her wool sweater and skirt ensemble by Norma Kamali.*

Above: *Strolling in Porvoo, a small nineteenth-century river village outside Helsinki. The orange wool-blend art-deco sweater ($22) by Europe Craft, available at Macy's, New York; Hersch Clothing, Chicago; May Company, Los Angeles; and Roos Atkins, San Francisco. The white cotton polka-dot shirt by Individualized Shirts ($25). Green wool tweed pants with orange overplaid ($50) by New Man. Green silk paisley scarf by New Couture ($24). Her shirt-sweater and skirt ensemble by St. Germaine Boutique.*

Lakeside idyll in Lapland. The white wool-knit wrap-sweater with rust trim ($78) by Giovannelli. Available at Alandale's, Los Angeles, and Right Man Boutique, New York. Leather and suede patchwork pants ($185) by Beged-Or. Black acrylic-knit shirt ($28) and orange and black abstract silk scarf ($20) by New Couture Boutique. Her green wool cape and herringbone skirt outfit by Luba.



A spectacular lake above the Arctic Circle. Bold gray and navy plaid wool mohair wrap-sweater ($50) by Crochetta. Underneath is a gray wool-blend V-neck pullover sweater ($20) by Europe Craft. Cream-colored silk shirt ($60) by St. Germaine. Paisley silk scarf by Robert Schafer for Burma-Bibas. Blue wool tweed slacks by Bill Kaiserman ($47.50) for Rafael Fashions. Her wool-knit sweater-coat and skirt by Crochetta. Wool "RBCC" scarf by Right Bank Clothing Company.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check off Fashion Finder coupon, page 136.

"I'm sorry, sir, I know you wanted to fly Ginger, but Ginger is ill. I'm Miss Crowley."

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"It's so nice to meet a young couple that's willing to begin their marriage untainted by the sin of birth control."

COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Peter L., age 29, 6'1", 210 pounds. Blond hair, blue eyes. Peter is a full-time journalist. He is separated from his wife, with one daughter.

Sally P., age 17, 5'3", 110 pounds. Red hair, green eyes. Sally is a legal secretary, single, and living with her mother.

PETER'S STORY:

"I expect Sally will love telling you her side of the story. Indeed, I doubt whether she could ever resist an invitation to reveal it—on any pretext. Her sex life—as she never tires of telling me—has been rather checkered, and though I think she tries to be totally honest, she does tend sometimes towards a slight exaggeration of the role of others and an equally slight understatement of her own. She does like to make out she's the aggrieved party to any number of sexual assaults, that she lay there and let it happen, while in actual fact she manipulates you into exactly that position if she can.

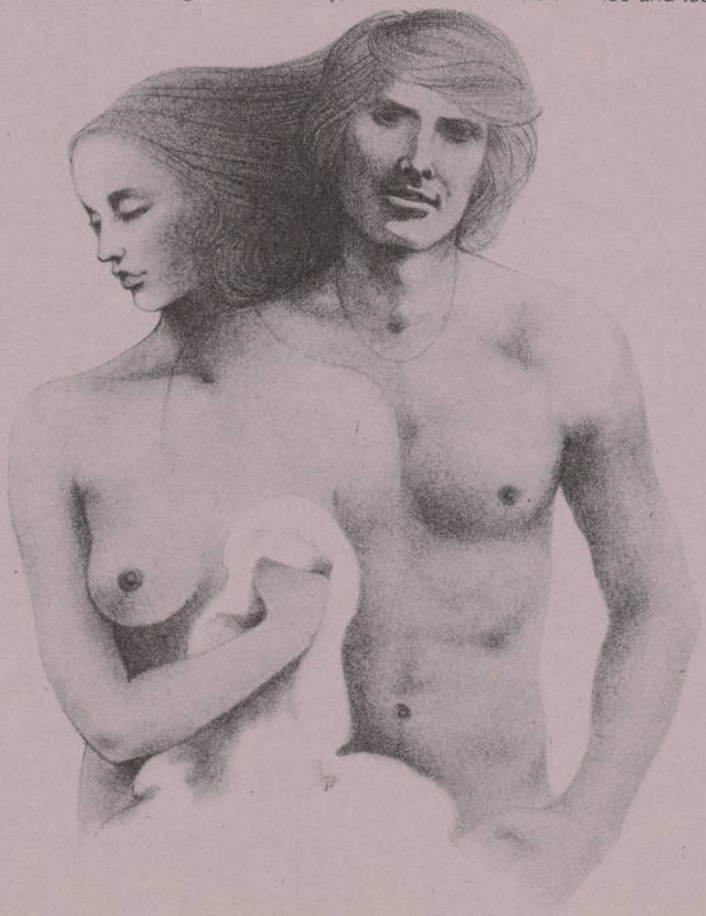
"The mechanics of the thing don't concern her, neither does analysis of it—she wallows in the pure sensuality of the relationship. That's deep enough for her, or rather, that's how I thought it was when I first met her. I thought then that if I stopped attending to her sexual appetites, she'd lose interest and look elsewhere. That was how I wanted it because I didn't want to get involved, but somehow I don't think it will be as simple as that now. I think we're both in too deep and I have a feeling I might want to get out and I don't know how I will without hurting her.

"In any case, when I first met her, she had a most uncomplicated attitude to sex—she wanted it and she asked for it. For a lot of men then she was a dream of a fuck, an uncomplicated, purely physical receptacle for your prick. Plus, she's got a number of ideas of her own for making it memorable—a one-night stand par excellence. Now, all that has changed—towards me anyway.

"Now, for her, at least, I think the sex has become almost a secondary thing, as though she was lining me up towards sharing her mind as well as her body. Now she wants to lie back on the bed and just talk, and my hands have become ticklish to her where they used to be arousing. Quite brutally, I wanted to be on to a good thing. Sex was one thing I wanted, and I'd heard a lot of talk about Sally. She sounded as though she could give it. I didn't look for emotional entanglements. Maybe they happened because never in my life have I been able to screw a girl and leave it at that—to leave without any feeling—and yet that's the one thing I need. I certainly don't need any new complications.

"Since my wife left me, I've tried to avoid being emotionally entangled with other people. Possibly this is because I can see a time, or think I can, when we will come back together again. But when she first left and I thought there was no chance at all of us ever patching it up, I first tried getting really drunk out of my head to shake myself out of the depression. It was in this sort of state that I went to see some close friends one evening and practically passed out on the front doorstep.

"They put me to bed between them after dosing me liberally with coffee and aspirins, and I woke up about midday in fairly good shape to find Angie, Bob's wife, standing over me in a most tastefully unfastened housecoat, with coffee and toast. 'You can't go on like this, Peter,'



JEANNE McDOWELL

she said. 'You know what you really need?' No, I didn't know what I needed, apart from a couple more aspirins. 'You need a really good, uncomplicated fuck,' she said, 'and I'm going to give it to you.' And she proceeded to quite beautifully and expertly fuck me. This was my wife's best friend, a big-breasted, square-hipped lady. There was nothing under the housecoat and it didn't take long.

"We were sprawled across the bed, her breast jammed against my face, where she had collapsed after riding me. As I reached out to begin again, she pushed me away. 'Get dressed,' she said, 'and don't come here again.' So that was that. The next time we met, she didn't even want to acknowledge what had happened. 'I wanted to bring you back to your senses,' she said. 'Let's forget it. Good-bye.'

"Physically and sexually she reminded me so much of my wife that it hurt. It didn't help me to forget a thing. I went back to see my wife and that resolved nothing either. She was quite happy to leave things as they were and stay separated. Instead, I ended up looking after Tara—our little girl—for a week, while my wife found a job.

"I'm not going into my feelings about my wife and kid, because I'm trying to talk about Sally. If I digress that far, I'm going to break up because there are scars in my marriage that are never going to heal, whether we come back together in the end or not. All right, so I was looking for a lump of attractive flesh with a mouth and vagina and nothing more, to take my mind off my wife.

"It either works or it doesn't. It either leaves you empty and depressed to hell or you feel relaxed enough to be able to cope. 'Who the hell's she screwing now, and if she's sleeping around, so what, so am I.' With Sally, so far, the sex still seems to be working, and that's just what I need.

"We first came across each other when I was struggling with Tara and my groceries, and at the time I didn't know who she was but I'd heard about her. If I'd known and said something, I might actually have blown the whole thing right there.

"Let me explain this. Tara and I were staying with friends, and I'd already met Sally's boyfriend—he was a good friend of the people I was staying with. I'd heard of a girl called Sally who this guy Charles was dating just for the sex. He insisted that Sally was not only the most uninhibited creature bedwise for twenty miles in every direction, but liked nothing more than to get her mouth round the biggest prick she could find and keep it there. On top of this, she had very little mind and no wish to be involved on any permanent basis with anybody. She was just living for what she could get.

"'I'll take her off your hands for a few nights, Charles,' I said. 'Right,' said the guy I was staying with, 'she's just what you need. Charles won't give a damn.' Charles agreed. He was getting tired of her anyway and would unload gracefully.

"All right, it was totally cold-blooded, but that was the way I felt about sex at that time. I wanted a very easy girl. I didn't want her to have a brain or a mind or to answer back.

"My wife came for Tara two days after I'd met Sally in the supermarket and hinted that when she'd had time to think things over properly, maybe in a couple of months, she might consider getting together again. I didn't fool myself that it was anything more than a vague hope and I knew that my wife was not necessarily going to stay celibate. She would probably sleep with other men—I know how strong her sex drive can be. It suddenly became of absolute importance to me to screw Sally. It was either that or start the whole drinking routine again.

"I still felt guilty about trying to take her off Charles one night when we were all at the same bar. I thought he was a really nice guy and, even if he didn't show any particular interest in Sally, maybe he still felt something for her. But after all the advertising, I couldn't resist.

"We went to a party that night. She was beginning to get interested, but still not coming on quite as strong as I'd expected. On the way back, taking her home, I got one kiss—it was a hell of a kiss, like having a vacuum cleaner suck out my lungs, and I nearly drove us both off the road. However, the moment I stopped outside her door, she was out of the car and into the house, and I was back at the starting line. She vaguely promised she might come around to visit the people I was staying with on the Saturday morning, but didn't turn up. I found her

"I was looking for a lump of attractive flesh and nothing more."

number in the phone book after a few hours of fruitless waiting in anticipation. On the phone she was cold and distant and seemed to have cooled off considerably since the night before.

"Ah well, I thought, for some reason I blew it. Time to start looking for someone else. Two hours later, I was aimlessly doodling on a scrap pad, watching television, and trying to work up the enthusiasm for a little work, when she phoned back. I remember that phone call in absolute detail. Her voice was rising and falling and her breath was uneven. I realized she was playing with herself, actually playing with herself while she was talking to me. I was frustrated as hell and I asked her if she was. 'Yes,' she said. 'Why don't you?' I told her I might if she kept up the breathing and gasping for much longer, then she asked me how big my prick was—just fired it off out of the blue. I told her. 'That's nice,' she whispered. 'Is it?' I asked. 'Yes,' she said, 'that's so nice.'

"On Monday she phoned again and we arranged to meet for lunch. 'Collect me from work,' she said. 'Bring a bottle of wine and we'll go for a drive.' Consider how many weeks it had been since I'd last had a woman and you'll understand how anxious I was to get her into bed. I may have created the impression of being very keen on her, and maybe even of having fallen in love with her. It was just to get into bed with her, but that makes any ideas of withdrawing very difficult now, because she's very firmly convinced I'm offering her love.

"During that Monday lunchtime, we drove into the park beneath the trees and smoked and drank the bottle of wine. I was keying myself up to start necking. She was wearing a long dark maxi skirt and a small blouse, and the weather was very hot, good weather for lying on the grass and drinking wine. I was going to suggest getting out of the car, when she started kissing me. We were just looking at each other and grinning like naughty kids. Then she was all over me, my pants down and my prick out. She put her head down between the wheel and my belly and, with a little grin and a sigh, fed it into her mouth.

"I felt beautiful, so detached and uninvolved. I stared up through the trees and ran my fingers through her hair. She stopped well before I came, and began caressing it and talking to it. She wet her finger and placed it on the the tip of my cock and scratched it and touched it and pulled it and pushed it and generally got to know it. There is something very rich and privileged in simply lying back and having your prick coddled and fussed over, petted and admired even.

"I've never actually managed sex in the driving seat of a car before. She lifted her skirt—no tights, just panties—and parked her little behind half on the wheel and lowered herself onto me. And the beautiful thing was, she was warm and wide and open, and I didn't have any tightness or trouble holding back.

"I still hadn't come by the time I had to drive her back to the offices where she worked. We drove back with her hand on my leg and in the parking lot, right beneath the windows, she put her head down and finished me off. That was how I discovered her little personal quirk about having sex while there were people about to discover or openly watch her.

"Several times we've made love in the local park and twice in the woods at the bottom of the town. On three occasions at least, I had the feeling she was turned on only because people were walking about in the bushes and there was a good chance we'd be seen—once by a bunch of school kids she knew damn well were around.

"At one time, she actually wanted me to screw her while she was peeing and that was all because of some chance remark I made while driving. I mentioned I wanted to go to the toilet. We passed some very grotty looking public houses and I said, 'No, I'd rather pee in the hedge.' She agreed with that. 'I'm like that too. I like nature. It's quite beautiful to pee in the open air.' We fucked behind a low hedge by the side of the road.

"At first it was all very new and involving and exciting, and she helped me to put sex back into a true perspective by being so honest and natural about it. She was even more available for screwing than my wife had been. I could be totally honest with myself about what I wanted to do to her—or her to me—and all my sexual hang-ups were disappearing like mist before my own eyes.

"Then slowly but surely it began to change. Suddenly, she began to prefer lying on her back

across the bed, staring at the ceiling and talking about life and the world and religion and God, and leaning over and staring into my eyes and telling me how big and sorrowful they were and how she could count life's cruel blows deep inside them. Suddenly, she was saying things like, 'I love you because you're not always trying to get into my pants, and I feel so restful and at peace with you,' and 'I love just talking and listening to you,' and 'When are you going to divorce your wife?'

"Insidiously, without realizing it, I was promising more, pleading deeper and deeper feelings for her, just to get the sex I wanted. I didn't feel closer to her because she was holding out for words of comfort, I was just trying more and more to justify what was happening between us, trying to create someone beside me as good as, or better than, my wife. All that beautiful near-animal sexuality has begun to disappear, and I discover that yet again I'm on the verge of becoming emotionally entangled.

"In fact, I might be in deeper than I ever wanted to be, and I'm going to have to face something I never thought I would have to. One day soon, I'm going to have to choose between Sally and my wife. I know which it's going to be, but just because it's what I want, does that make it the right choice?"

SALLY'S STORY:

"The ironic thing about my relationship with Peter is that I've always been absolutely against affairs with married men and all my friends know it. The second thing is he's calmed me down an awful lot sexually, and I didn't think anyone could do that for me. If anyone would have suggested six months ago I could be involved like this, I'd have been the first to say, no chance. I've seen it happen to other girls who went out with married men—first you get the promises, the talk of divorce, the 'my wife doesn't understand me' routine, the sneaky sex in the back of his car, and then the big letdown. Also, I've always had this idea that such affairs were morally wrong.

"It's all madly suburban isn't it? You have to remember this is a terribly small town and all the old ideas of right and wrong, they die very hard. I should think everyone in the town knows Peter is married and it shocks them, the way it would have shocked me, and I'm suddenly growing apart from my friends. I still can't tell my mother because there would be the most furious argument. She keeps asking me if he's married and she keeps hinting he even looks it. I'm trying like mad to avoid bringing it out into the open in front of her without telling too many little white lies. I suppose she'll find out sooner or later but I hope I'll be away from home by then.

"I hope all this talk of morality isn't going to sound madly hypocritical—my own sex life doesn't exactly bear any close inspection. A lot of my sexual involvements would probably shock you. I've never tried to hide it. I'm good at sex and I don't mind admitting it. In fact, sometimes I think it's the *only* thing I'm good at.

"I suppose I ought to start with my virginity, how I lost it and all that, but that was really quite boring. I'd had sex before that anyway—I mean, terribly sexy things had happened to me. I was fourteen, at a party, and I lost my virginity because I was flirting with my boyfriend's best friend. My boyfriend became terribly cross and grabbed my arm and pushed me into one of the bedrooms. I was quite thrilled at the time because it seemed such a masculine thing to do. I remember thinking I was going to have my bottom smacked and it made me giggle. He pushed me over onto the bed and pulled up my dress and ripped at my panties. Then he jumped on top of me and pushed his cock up between my legs and came very quickly.

"It wasn't terribly thrilling or satisfying but it was definitely penetration and he seemed to think that proved enough. I had very few feelings about it one way or another. We had petted heavily before that and it had always seemed pleasant enough though I suspect there was more to it than just pleasantness. I went out with several different guys after that, and none of them seemed to be able to do any better.

"Physically, I had lost my virginity a lot earlier—my actual hymen that is. I was always a tomboy. I liked the games the boys used to play, and I loved wearing scruffy jeans and sweaters, climbing trees and playing cowboys and Indians in the woods. At eleven I was a member of the gang, and it was about then we all discovered a game called doctors and nurses. I remember being equally as interested in the boys as they were in me.

> "I know sex is important to him, but he isn't always trying to get his fingers into my pants."

"One Saturday afternoon, we had a private meeting place beneath a big oak right in the middle of the woods, and I was the last to arrive. They were waiting for me, and they jumped out from behind the bushes, four or five of them, and held me down on the grass. Pulling off my jeans, they held my legs open and tried to play with me with their fingers. I rather enjoyed the sensation although I pretended to struggle. This went on for five or ten minutes until they began to tire of it. Then one of them picked up a piece of wood, a narrow piece of branch, and tried to push it up into me. Did that hurt! I started bleeding. It was obvious that they had injured me, which really frightened them. It worried me too at the time because I had great difficulty walking properly for weeks.

"By the time I was thirteen I was beginning to go out with boys of seventeen and eighteen. In those days, I was naive enough to think that any boy I went out with was going to marry me. I was walking along the seawall one evening with one particular guy, arm in arm, and all of a sudden he stopped and unzipped himself and just produced his cock. He insisted, without any preliminaries, that I go down on him. At the time, I didn't understand what he was talking about. I had a very hazy idea of what was going on and what he expected me to do. It was terribly nasty actually because he became quite violent and grabbed me by the ears and dragged my head down to him. I actually bit him but it didn't seem to make much difference—he was holding my head in front of him and thrusting his hips back and forward, nearly choking me. He tried to come in my mouth but I was struggling about and he half-missed. I remember I ran away and cried and thought that was foul, that I would never let anyone do that to me again. Occasionally, in the end, I would do it for my boyfriends, but I was very much against it and didn't really enjoy it. Until I met Andrew, that is.

"It was the size of Andrew's cock that fascinated me. I was almost sixteen and I met him on holiday. He just kept following me around until I agreed to go out with him. He wasn't terribly good-looking and I almost turned him down. I agreed at the time because there was no one else around who appealed to me. When he took his pants off and I saw his cock, I realized what I'd been missing in the others. I had my first violent orgasm just by looking at it. It was terribly thick and terribly big, and putting it in practically ripped me apart. Sex with him was quite painful at first, although I enjoyed it and came almost instantly. (A lot of boys have told me I'm too big and perhaps now I know why—they think maybe they're not big enough.)

"We managed to be together twice before my parents dragged me back home. To actually be willing to go down and suck him off was really fantastic. Not only was he so beautiful and big and *edible*, but he could hardly believe how much I wanted him. It was too tempting to miss. I got a similar kick out of my first date with Peter because he was equally surprising. Very basically, I'm terribly attracted to men in tight trousers with little bottoms and interesting bulges at the front, but Peter was not like that.

"He was standing at the cash register at a supermarket with the most beautiful baby girl, who was trying to stick her fingers up his nose. He'd bought some food and he was trying to pay the cashier, pick up his packages, and control the baby all at the same time, like a big soft helpless teddy bear of a man. I think my heart just went out to him, he was so strong-looking and so gentle and helpless. Big strong men being hopelessly tender with little children and looking so lost churn me up inside.

"So I went to his rescue and discovered that, up close he was even more scrumptious than I expected, and so polite and grateful and silly, too. I helped carry some of the groceries to his car, and watched him drive away with a quite astonishing sinking feeling in my heart, as though I shouldn't have let him go. Please don't try and ask me why.

"They do say that if you see the same stranger twice in one day, you'll see him again, though the second time I saw him I was with Charles, my boyfriend then, and we were hardly close enough to stop and talk. Peter was over on the other side of the street, mailing some letters. I won't say I went to bed and dreamed of him because I didn't—I went to bed with Charles and made love and didn't give Peter a second thought. So much for love at first sight!

"I've never tried to pretend it was that. I was

attracted, yes, but basically Peter was the lesser of two evils. Love with Charles had degenerated to the point where it was a case of going up to his room, unzipping his pants, and me going down on my knees and sucking him off. Then he'd zip up and show me the door. Also, Charles is terribly cool to me in company as though I'm a private convenience, not a person.

"The ironic thing was that in the bar that Friday evening Charles was actually at the bar when I arrived, drinking with Peter as if they were lifelong friends. 'Hello,' Peter said. 'We've met.' Charles didn't pay very much attention to me at all so it was natural that Peter and I should spend most of the evening together, talking at the bar. Later, we went on to a party, and Peter is the only one with a car, so he drove me home with Charles's completely disinterested agreement. Not terribly flattering, is it? Peter said, 'Wouldn't it be nice to kiss each other,' as we were driving in his car. I kissed him full on the mouth as he was driving, and he had great difficulty keeping the car properly on the road. 'Wheeesh,' he said, 'are you always direct as that?' I am, I'm terribly direct, when someone really interests me.

"I found it terribly difficult to believe that Charles could let me go that easily. Perhaps I didn't want to believe it. After all, Charles and I had been going out together for close to six months, and I still felt quite a lot for him, despite the way he treated me. So I went round to his place to have it out with him. 'Oh,' he said, 'I told Peter it was cool because I didn't think you'd fancy him and I didn't think he could make it with you.' Then he went on about how Peter was married and how he thought it was wrong to date a married man—that it would bring me nothing but grief. So I had to point out that Peter was separated anyway and might be getting a divorce. Charles said it was still wrong.

"Charles's parents are actually terribly understanding and it doesn't worry them in the least that Charles and I go up to his bedroom to have sex. On this occasion we were sitting up in his bed, both naked, arguing about Peter, when Bernie, his friend, came in through the backdoor, not expecting to find me there. Charles and I were arguing away, and Bernie started trying to have sex with me. To shut Charles up, I started letting him and then Charles became very turned on because Bernie had pulled back the bedclothes and was trying to open my legs and get his cock in. Charles started pushing me back and holding my head down to him and wanting me to suck him. Then I thought, oh hell, why should I? What the fuck is this relationship coming to? I've had sex with two men before, in fact, Charles and Bernie, and this was all they wanted, so I stopped it and I split.

"I feel so peaceful with Peter. He has a great inner peace of his own and great strength. I know sex is important to him, but it isn't the only important thing in our relationship. He isn't always desperately trying to get his fingers into my pants, nor does he just use me as a sexual object just to ram his cock in when he feels like it. In fact, I initiate a lot of our sex together and I rather enjoy that fact.

"Strangely enough, I still feel guilty about our relationship when I care to sit back and look at it objectively. He's still married, whether he's separated or not, and I wonder whether I could ever come to terms with his baby daughter. I think I could deal with that, but, right now, I can't escape his marriage in front of my friends. That's possibly the biggest hang-up with our relationship—the fact that being with Peter separates me from my friends, whereas Charles was always one of the circle. Sometimes, that can be good, but sometimes with Peter I feel I'm moving out of my depth.

"But he doesn't laugh when I tell him my silly little secrets and my innermost feelings, when I tell him I'm spiritual, or try and explain why I like sitting with my feet in the water and my bottom on the sand, looking up at the stars. He doesn't say, 'Oh come on Sally, let's find a quiet spot and have a fuck,' or 'Come on, girl, get your mouth round that,' or try to pull me down to his cock. He lies there and tells me funny stories about little men on intergalactic pogo-sticks who go hopping from one to another looking for mushrooms for their breakfasts.

"I can tell him the most outrageous stories of my sexual escapades and he doesn't bat an eyelid. If I say I'm going out to see someone else, he takes it terribly calmly. He doesn't want to own me but sometimes I wish he did.

"Anyway, Peter and I are together at the moment, although I wish I knew what he is going to do about his wife. I live for each day and no further. It's madly difficult not to make plans with him in mind. Sometimes I lie awake at night praying it will last. But sometimes I feel it will just be a terrific burden lifted from my shoulders if he does go back to her. I wish I knew."

DR. CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

If a couple comes to me in need of help with their sex lives, I always see them alone before I see them together. I have discovered that no matter how much one may resent the other, the individuals can very rarely bring themselves to bare their thoughts fully in each other's presence. Also, so many people are unaware of their own true sexual motivations that it could be too great a shock to hear revelations about themselves in the presence of a third party. Even when a couple has discussed their situation between themselves, it is quite rare that they can tell exactly what's on their minds.

Sally does not know how she appears to others, and Peter will not tell her how he sees her. Both Peter and Charles have been quite content to use her for their own specific needs, that is, the achievement of purely physical sex without emotional involvement. This kind of relationship can endure only if both partners are using one another for identical ends.

The French have a phrase to describe Sally —*une femme aux cuisses libres*, "a woman with loose thighs." It has a slightly different meaning from "promiscuous," although promiscuity is a dominant feature of her sexual behavior. The "woman with free thighs" is generally looking for something, and is hoping to get it via her body.

I have a feeling that Sally's sexual behavior, at the beginning, was her way of expressing rebellion against the repressive attitude of her parents and her dislike of the narrow small town way of life and morality. She says, that she daren't tell her mother that Peter is married "because there would be a most furious argument," since her mother disapproves strongly of girls going with married men.

The revelations that Sally makes cannot be accepted at face value. More than once she stresses "you have to remember this is a terribly small town." In small towns, as she admits, "everyone knows most things that happen"; and if a thirteen-year-old girl were screwing around with much older boys, there would certainly be some gossip. If the mother would now strongly object to her liaison with a married man, how much more would she have objected to her thirteen-year-old daughter's going with older boys?

It is also difficult to believe that Charles's parents would permit them to use his bedroom to have sex. Certainly they would object to a girl of sixteen being in a bedroom with two boys. It just does not fit into the "small town" ambience.

Sally is not emotionally mature enough to cope with the situations into which she gets herself. She is not experienced enough to realize from his attitudes that Charles was only using her body. She says, "I couldn't believe he could give me up so easily."

Nor does Sally realize that this is Peter's motive, too. She just doesn't have the experience to judge from his behavior that she means nothing more to him than "just a receptacle for his prick," despite the fact that he has made this plain to her. "I can tell him the most outrageous stories of my sexual escapades and he doesn't bat an eyelid. If I say I'm going out to see someone else, he takes it terribly calmly," which are not the attitudes of a seriously interested man.

While she is trying to impress one with her sexual liberality, she is still clearly influenced by the restrictive attitudes of her home background. The influence of this small-town morality is seen most clearly in her guilt feelings concerning a relationship with a married man: "I've always had this mental block that it was morally wrong . . ." and, "Strangely enough, I still feel guilty about our relationship."

Perhaps the most revealing assessment of this guilt comes from Peter: "She does like to make out she's the aggrieved party to any number of sexual assaults; that she lay there and let it happen, while in actual fact she manipulates you into exactly that position if she can." This is the classic self-justifying response to his guilt feelings.

Twelve years her senior, Peter should be more experienced. He should have realized, for example, that a young girl may declare that she is not interested in an emotional involvement, but that there is always the chance that eventually she will want some kind of a more involved attachment.

Peter says that never has he "been able to screw a girl and leave it at that, leave without any feelings." It is this inability to remain uninvolved emotionally to some extent that is responsible for Sally's broodiness, and it places the onus on him to extricate himself.

Rejection by Peter will undoubtedly be a traumatic experience for Sally. I would urge that she seek professional advice as soon as Peter leaves her. She must not try to resolve her problem without help, because she just has not the resources within herself. Should she try to work things out alone, I can envisage only an emotional/sexual future of great unhappiness and inevitable frustration.

QUEEN FOR A DAY

"Many transvestites are as devoted to their families and the American way of sex as the judges who sentence them."

By Vicki Richman

The judge's glasses were tinted, and he squinted at the accused in a way that suggested the statue of blind justice outside the courtroom. Then he frowned and turned to the counsel for the defense.

"Is your client a man or a woman?" the judge demanded, as the defendant, in a lavender jumpsuit, poised her moist Cupid's bow and stared back at him through a lock of reddish hair brushed insinuatingly over one eye.

Harold Weiner, an attorney specializing in the civil rights of sexual minorities, does not often have the opportunity of agreeing with a judge, but this time was an exception.

"Yes, your honor," he said.

"Yes, *what*?" the judge roared.

"Yes, my client is a man or a woman."

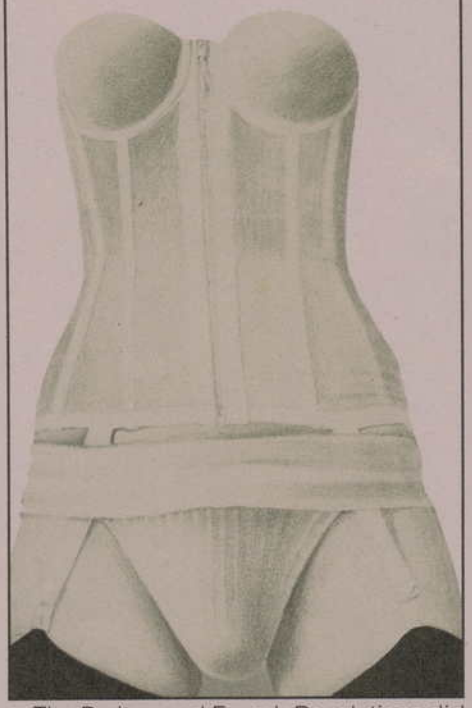
Ray Rivera, also known as Sylvia Rivera, had been arrested while demonstrating for gay rights. This was not the first time a transvestite had tripped down the lanes of lower Manhattan. When Lord Cornbury stepped off the boat from England in 1702, the foot that left its historic imprint in Battery Park was high-heeled. Milord was also wearing a fashionably coiffed wig, several petticoats, and the most elegant frock his couturiers could turn out for the gala occasion. Unlike the modern gay activist, however, Lord Cornbury was not hauled before the bars of justice. He was not even sworn at, except under the breath, perhaps, of a local malcontent. In fact, he was sworn *in*. He was the newly appointed colonial governor of New York, and his public appearances were invariably in full female attire.

Judges, and most of us, take for granted that a person must be of one gender or the other. It is not, however, a necessary function of the law to assign a gender to someone whose sexual identity is in doubt or dispute. Biologists say that nature does not succeed in defining gender as strictly as society does, and the law does not attempt to do what nature cannot. In other words, there is no such thing as being "legally" male or female, and the judge showed an uncharacteristic awareness of the limits of his office when he accepted Weiner's answer as an appropriate reply.

There have been innumerable cross-dressers between the generations of Cornbury and Rivera. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, transvestism was the most frequently documented sexual deviance among the aristocracy of Europe. The Chevalier d'Eon, disguised as a woman, seduced Louis XV, and won his favors away from Madame de Pompadour. Louis, apparently not displeased with his unusual mistress, rewarded the Chevalier by employing him as a sort of James Bond in drag. As *femme fatale* he was welcomed in the most decadent salons of Europe, often returning to Paris with the hearts and state secrets of bewildered ministers in his bejeweled purse.

Henry III of France, acknowledged by all as male, insisted on being known as "*Her* Majesty," and liked to wear gowns and jewels for his formal court appearances.

"Lee Brewster's annual drag ball is an orgiastic inferno of naked transsexuals showing off their brand-new tits."



The Puritan and French Revolutions did much to transform cross-dressing into the most degraded or ridiculous of perversions. Cromwell made erotic indulgence criminal, and the Jacobins made wealth and ostentation unmanly, and the milords who liked to be pretty were the most obvious symbols of social transgression. By Victorian times, the mere desire in a man to dress up was so frowned upon that the very touch or sight of the forbidden clothing became erotic; transvestism had changed culturally from a way of life to a (closeted) hidden sexual preference. To this day, most transvestites are fetishists.

As with many despised members of society, transvestites have been made into counterculture heroes by the antiestablishment. Jackie Curtis and Holly Woodlawn, the queens made famous by Andy Warhol, are recognized instantly when they step out of their East Village apartments. The late Candy Darling, the other member of the acting trio, had been used as a model by Halston. The previously male Miss Harlow was included by Truman Capote in a *New York Times* list of best-dressed women. Such rock stars as Alice Cooper and David Bowie adopt characteristics of transvestites to offend traditional values, and to some radicals they symbolize social revolution.

The irony is that most transvestites would sooner hang up their spike heels for good than even think about "offing" a pig or doing a striptease for an underground filmmaker. Many transvestites are as devoted to their families and the American way of sex as the judges who sentence them. In fact, many judges may be transvestites! Incidence of transvestism is highest among professional men and college graduates, despite the recent emergence of revolutionary ghetto cross-dressers like Sylvia Rivera.

One transvestite tore himself out of the lingerie closet long enough to write a whole book about the would-be ladies of America, but casual readers might think he's talking about a group of John Waynes. Written in 1966 about events in 1962, *A Year Among the Girls* is still one of the most remarkable documents available to sex researchers: a closet transvestite, outside any subculture, confirms his existence and tries to place his preference within the range of conventional masculine—even machismo—heterosexuality.

The author of *A Year Among the Girls*, who calls himself Darrel G. Raynor, would be horrified to find himself included among oppressed minorities like Sylvia Rivera. He writes that he has been married for twenty years, has teenage children, and is a college graduate with an income "within the top 10 percent in America." The other cross-dressers he has met are as solidly respectable as he, and none display any effeminacy when not dressed in women's clothes. Raynor admits, however, that these men are so guilt-ridden that they cannot even bring themselves to shop at department stores; many buy female attire through the mails. Raynor presumes transvestism justifies itself, and he asks middle Americans to reward the heterosexual transvestite by accepting him in a way that homosexuals have not been favorably recognized. He is outraged that drag queens tarnish the once-polished image of transvestism by swishing, failing to pass as acceptable women, and using drag only to make themselves attractive to other "perverts." Heterosexual transvestites, whom he calls TVs, are ladylike, modest, and elegant when dressed in women's clothes.

"I was working for an insurance company, and I thought I should do an underground film because I figured, gee, that's a way to get into drag." The young man speaking, who performs under the name of Onoe Bunny Eisenhower, is stocky and declamatory, with a garrulous, inviting manner. His makeup is crustlike and serves only to attract attention to the beard it is supposed to conceal, but Bunny has no plans for electrolysis because he is comfortable as a man. He no longer uses his theatrical roles as an excuse for running around in drag, and without exception his friends and neighbors accept him as a transvestite. He is married to a woman

and is not sexually attracted to men. Unlike Raynor, Bunny has no terror of associating with gay people; he feels that, politically, TVs and gays have a common cause. As a gesture of male liberation Bunny sometimes wears skirts in the street without disguising himself as a woman, although his real pleasure is in passing for a female. Many of his drag friends, he says, don't understand his lifestyle.

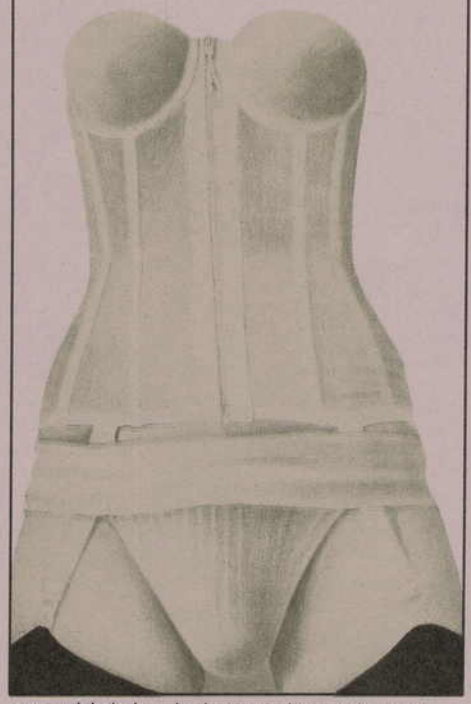
"It turned me on," Bunny's wife says of her husband's nylons and lingerie. She is unadorned and in jeans. Like her husband, Sue works in pants and old shirts, but she rarely feels the need to retreat into dresses and heels. Seeing her husband wear them is satisfaction enough. "I knew he was a transvestite the first day we met. I found it very exciting. And I know at least one other woman who likes male transvestites too. We sometimes have small gatherings—she and her boyfriend and Bunny and me."

Raynor's biggest triumph, by contrast, occurred when his wife permitted him to wear a nightie to bed, provided that his cross-dressing would never go "beyond the bedroom." It took him twelve days to summon the courage to tell her of his secret life with other part-time girls, and the book is about the series of crises overcome by his wife's decision to accept his desires, as if her approval is needed to legitimitize his preferences. Many TVs look to women for understanding, not love; they want motherly domination from a woman, or go to queens (very effeminate homosexuals) more feminine than themselves for their erotic partners. Generally, they do not consider this a departure from heterosexuality.

"I wouldn't want a girl like that," says a long-haired young executive who makes the most swinging singles' scenes on the East Coast. Carlie, who is Bunny's age, is horrified at the suggestion that he look for a partner who digs dressing him in the girls' clothes he's loved since his mother put a dress on him as a joke when he was three. "I expect to marry a girl who loves me as a man." So Carlie doesn't try to meet the female groupies of drag rock stars like Alice Cooper, or the type of girl who'd gladly lend a fella her dress and mascara for a Halloween party. He looks for them straight and marriageable, and never tells them that he used to be on female hormones, or that his favorite mistresses are sexy queens, or that "Carlie," which is short for Carlton, also serves as a female name.

Like Carlie, many TVs maintain a close contact with drag queens, who often supplement their incomes by helping TVs get into drag, and providing other erotic services. Many transvestites consider a queen woman enough for sexual relations, but the queens complain that it is they who have to become boys in bed. TVs are expected to play male escort for the queens in public and never mention that they're anything but ordinary men. Thus real female strippers can't understand how their popular drag colleagues are able to command so

"Women's clothes are to some transvestites what heroin is to a junkie. Sometimes, they declare themselves 'cured' and destroy their secret wardrobe."



many high-heeled stagedoor johnnies.

Queens and TVs come from different social backgrounds, but they seem to share an eroticism that does not conform to usual homosexual or heterosexual standards. Most queens are romantically in love with women or with each other. But they enjoy sexual relations with men who treat them like ladies, although "butch queens" regularly make it only with their sisters. Married TVs often become girls only in narcissistic fantasy and in occasional attempts to pass in public. And some have convinced themselves that their romantic or filial interest in women is also sexual.

Raynor says he has a "sixth sense" that responds to real women in a way that he is never aroused by his fellow TVs. The secret TV parties he describes in his book are bland, colorless affairs at which husky men in dresses, guided by this sixth sense, tried to avoid snickering at each other and staring in envy at the occasional woman who might be present.

Lee Brewster's annual drag ball, on the other hand, is an orgiastic inferno of naked go-go boys, hip-swinging, shimmying sex-changes showing off their brand-new tits, novice female impersonators trying to be ladylike in their first evening gown, and gawking gay men—and an occasional straight guy on the sidelines not uptight about making the scene. Encouraged by current liberation movements, Brewster has brought all aspects of cross-dressing under one banner. His magazine *Drag* contains articles of interest to the fetishist who just wears panties under his business suit, as well as news about the latest medical techniques to alter sexual anatomy. Brewster is also the hostess of private monthly parties catering to the more modest TVs, and he supports himself so well from these enterprises that he has been able to quit his job as an accountant. He plans to open a drag center in Manhattan, which will be a large-size lingerie shop by day and a social club at night.

"They are sissies." Dr. Lee R. Steiner, a consulting psychologist, says of the transvestites she has tried to cure, "in that they prefer a gentler way of life. Early in their boyhood they began to envy the girls their age, who are not expected to be the aggressive, competitive types." Women's clothes are to Dr. Steiner's patients what heroin is to a junkie. Sometimes, they declare themselves "cured" and destroy their secret wardrobe. "The treatment tries to divest a man of the Freudian notion that to be gentle and considerate is to be feminine. When he understands this, he no longer needs the transdressing apparatus."

Raynor agrees that cross-dressing is an escape from the image of masculinity sullied by war and crime. It may be oversimplistic to believe that male liberation is the genesis of the desire to be feminine, but every cross-dresser says that he has always felt oppressed by the male role, and that his periods in women's clothes are times of relief and freedom.

Raynor writes that he is merely on the "periphery of this thing," and that he has never been "cursed with the compulsion to go out and pass in public." Passing, perhaps, only as the lady who protests too much, Raynor says that "the act of cross-dressing signified to me an act of male eroticism, not female self-expression."

The Bible says: "A woman shall not be clothed with men's apparel: neither shall a man use woman's apparel. For he that doeth these things is abominable before God." (Deut. 22:5.) Most of us presume that our various criminal codes specify a more temporal punishment for violators of this spiritual admonition—at least the half of it that applies to men, since pantsuited women's libbers have not generally been dragged out of their picket lines for wearing the clothes of the opposite sex.

The Bible notwithstanding, female impersonation is not a crime in most American communities, and civil liberties lawyers agree that such a law would be unconstitutional if and where it did exist. Richard Levidow, a New York attorney who has represented clients of disputed gender, says, "The various statutes relating to cross-dressing across the country are ostensibly designed to prevent potential law-breakers—such as bank robbers—

from disguising their identity to prevent apprehension. I know of no law—there may be some, but I know of none—that is specifically designed to impede transvestites from cross-dressing."

It may not even be a crime for an alleged male to use a public ladies' room, but Levidow says such a person could reasonably be arrested for offending public decency. "Our sexual mores are changing completely," he goes on. "Should we have unisex bathrooms? I don't know. It's a question of contemporary standards. But I know of no statute or ordinance—although they may exist—that says a male can't use the ladies' or that a female can't use the men's room."

Nevertheless, male transvestites are arrested every day for no more than strolling down a boulevard in drag. They are generally charged with the equivalent of disorderly conduct, and usually prefer to quietly plead guilty and hope for a suspended sentence. Virtually every transvestite—from the wealthy TV to the drag hustler—believes he is a criminal when he steps out of his door in drag. And the cop on the beat usually agrees.

In Winston-Salem, North Carolina, they are right. An ordinance there forbids anyone from appearing in public "in dress not suitable to his sex." Ren Drum and John J. Schramm, Jr., attorneys for the American Civil Liberties Union, say this law is "unconstitutionally vague." How do you define suitability? It is also discriminatory, since it is not enforced against women. Schramm believes no other law like it exists in the United States. They have defended many transvestites charged under this law but so far, they say, none has been willing to appeal to a court high enough to invalidate the ordinance. To protect themselves against future harassment, their clients have accepted suspended sentences or dismissals on technicalities.

The larger question implied by laws against transvestites is: who is male, and who is female? Not even the Bible offers an answer, but society is so confident in its ability to assign correct gender that few lawyers are willing to claim vagueness in a law that depends on gender distinction. Levidow is an exception. He believes that a person's right to choose his or her own gender is a matter of civil liberties. "The law does not define who is a man or woman," he says bluntly. "In no place. A birth certificate is usually considered *prima facie* evidence of a person's gender, but not the final word."

When an infant is born, the obstetrician or midwife glances at its crotch and shouts, "It's a boy!" or "It's a girl!" Then, society issues a birth certificate that makes a moral imperative of this hasty pronouncement. The child is taught to wear clothes, behave, perform sexually, and work in a manner that suggests the original opinion regarding its gender. As with any moral law, there are transgressors. Men, for example, may wear the wrong clothing or have sex in the wrong way; they are called transvestites or homosexuals, but they remain male.

The middle-class transvestites of modern times have identified since boyhood with a certain profession or way of life. They cannot think of themselves except as lawyers or engineers or suburban husbands and fathers. They cannot permit their transvestism to interfere with that identity, and if they did, they would diagnose themselves as psychotic. But transvestites in the counterculture have no conservative image of masculinity. They have nothing to lose if they assume a female identity at all times.

"Are you a transvestite or a transsexual?" asked a doctor specializing in gender-identity patients.

His visitor paused at his bluntness, catching her breath before answering. "A woman," she said, explaining the self-evident. "A woman, of course."

But the doctor was not taken in. Not very gallantly he pointed out her Adam's apple, flat chest, and large hands, and asked her the same question. She never went to a psychiatrist again.

"Everywhere I go," she explained later, "I'm a woman—an underpaid working woman. In his office I have to decide whether I'm a transvestite or a transsexual. What do I need his identity crises for? I've got enough of my own."

"Well then," she was asked, "are you a woman trapped in a man's body?"

She thought for a second. "A woman," she answered.

"Now that's *what I'd call a long shot!"*

THE FLOWERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

things like tugging at one another's ties, and sneaking off into the men's room to smoke a joint.

Somehow that laughter was a turning point in my life. I passed the remainder of the New York winter as a kind of joke on myself. I learned to play city games well enough to write magazine articles—and then I was off again, traveling across the country, tripping around. Thinking for the first time in years that life might be fun after all, might still be a crazy adventure worth being alive for.

And almost everywhere I went, I found that laughter echoed. It wasn't just me. The paranoia that had gripped the Flower Generation in the early part of this decade now seems to be mostly over. It is as if people lost so much—the world became so terrible to them—that they reached a point where there was nothing more to lose.

Well . . . not *everyone* reached that point, of course. For some, the times still seem fairly oppressive. Especially, I've found, for those you might call Famous Flowers—those to whom the Sixties brought glory and power. All that adulation. The Sixties were their thing, and it's hard for them now to see fashions changing and moving out beyond their reach.

This is how I found Peter Yarrow—of Peter, Paul, and Mary—when I visited him one Saturday afternoon at his Trancas beach house, just north of Los Angeles. Peter was both a musician and an activist in the Sixties. He was on the board of the Newport Folk Festival, helped organized the 1969 March on Washington and the 1970 Shea Festival for Peace, campaigned for Eugene McCarthy (he is now married to McCarthy's niece), and more—much more. Including the making of the film, *You Are What You Eat*, and lecturing on a recent college tour on what he likes to describe as the "sociopolitical structure of today."

Peter was a dreamer. He visualized a world as gentle as his music—an endless hootenanny, fresh as milk. And today, like many a dreamer before him, he is bitter that his vision never came to pass.

Not only that, but his last two albums—made alone, after Peter, Paul, and Mary broke up in 1970—haven't sold any too well either.

So he says (projecting madly): "The hippie thing is completely dead. They all went to a psychological place where they no longer feel they can do any good . . . people in the Sixties thought they could build a more meaningful world. And *that's* what has been destroyed. Sixty-nine was the end of it. Once Nixon was elected. . . ."

He doesn't even enjoy playing music anymore. He says it has no meaning for him unless it brings the audience all together in some kind of "sociopolitical" way. . . . (But

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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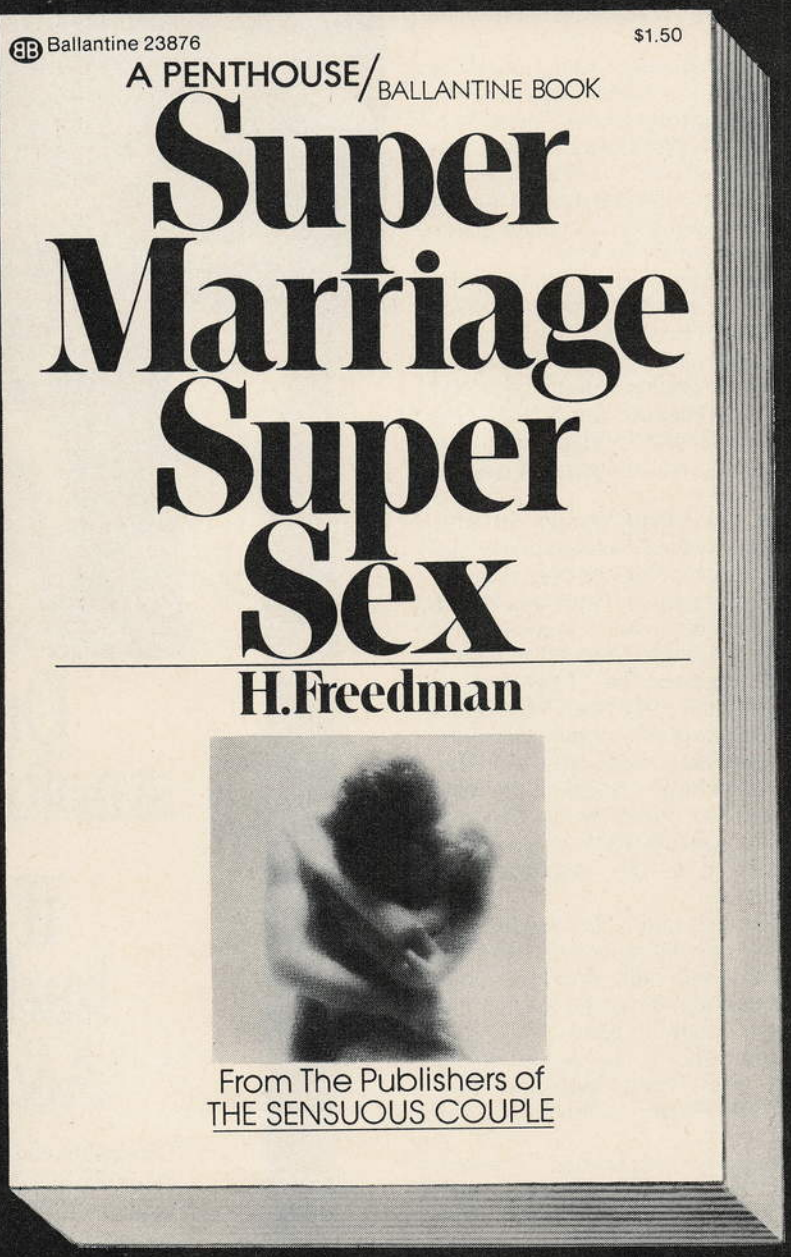

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POP GOES THE CORDIAL

KEN GOULDTHORPE

As *Webster's* defines it, the name "cordial" derives from a Middle English word meaning "tending to revive, cheer, or invigorate." Not a bad description for a libation that's been doing just that for 500 years or more. Yet it's a name that still confuses and confounds some people. Just what is a cordial? Well, distillers will tell you that it's a beverage which must contain at least 2½ percent sugar by weight of the finished product. Drinkers will tell you that it has the subtle qualities of a good mistress—being sweet, aromatic, and potent, and containing certain elements highly beneficial to the nervous system.

In fact, it's an alcoholic beverage made by combining a spirit (the product of fermented cereals) with fruit or other flavorings, and adding sugar syrup in the desired volume. It's also, as any gourmet chef will tell you, one of the most versatile beverages known to man. There are as many recipes calling for cordials as a base flavor or sauce as there are for drinks—perhaps more.

Simply put, coridals break down into two main branches—fruit liqueurs (in which the fruit is steeped in spirits, giving it flavor and aroma) and plant liqueurs (in which the plant or herb mixtures are softened by soaking, combined with alcohol, and the flavor obtained by distillation).

The oldest of cordials trace their origin back to the monks who first made them. In medieval times, the good friars—the pharmacists of their day—studied the use of spirits as a remedy for commonplace ailments. They experimented with certain seeds, roots, and herbs long known to have therapeutic value, blending them with alcohol to produce some of the earliest known tonics. So effective were some of these potions as curatives for stomach disorders that they became widely known as *digestifs*—a name they bear to this very day.

The monks were on to a good thing and they knew it. But then, as now, imitators began probing for the secrets of their elixirs, and in the process came up with a few brews of their own. It was in the wake of the discoveries of great navigators like Columbus, however, that the cordial really came into its own. Cane sugar from the West Indies and exotic fruits and spices from the Far East transformed the liquor into liqueur—and by the 1700's many of the great "family recipes" were established in the forms we know today. With the influx of new ingredients and new technology, it soon became clear that cordials or liqueurs—the two words are interchangeable—could be made in infinite variety and given any flavor, color, or aroma—the only limitation being the bounds of the blender's skill and imagination.

Today, literally hundreds of cordials of every taste and hue are on the market, but not even the shrewdest of the old-time blenders could have predicted what has happened in the Seventies. The good old *digestif* has gone pop—from dinner jacket to denims in one generation, and the figures are there to prove it. Sales in the U.S. have doubled over the past decade, and last year total sales were expected to top nine million *cases*.

What's behind the boom? *You* are. While the purists prefer the famous old proprietary brands and like them straight, the under-thirty-fives have flocked to a whole new breed of lighter cordials with less sugar content, a lower proof, and a lower price. Why? One reason is that this is the age of the Trend, and in the liquor business this means a market for new and distinctively different drinks with new and vibrant tastes. Not only are the flavorings (which

include almost every known fruit or plant from aniseed and apricot to peppermint and peach) being augmented by exotic new blendings, but more base spirits are being added to meet the pop demand.

It's also the age of "convenience" drinks, ready mixed and ready to go, drinks that have high versatility in combination with other beverages. Pop cordials will mix with almost anything. You can add a few ounces of a cherry-flavored cordial to a diet soda, for instance (experts point to the fact that we're a weight-conscious generation), and the resulting drink is low in sugar, refreshing to the taste, and has just enough alcohol to give the required zap.

The use of cordials as a mixer is not new, of course. Back in Prohibition days, adding a dollop of liqueur to bathtub gin helped smooth the edge off that methylated-spirits flavor. Indeed, no other liquor has anything like the versatility of the cordial as an additive to straight spirits. Where would we be without the Kahlua in a Black Russian, the Galliano in a Harvey Wallbanger, the Crème de Menthe in a Grasshopper or a Stinger, the Triple Sec in a Margarita, or the Crème de Cacao in an Alexander?

What *is* new, however, is the young consumer's assessment of how a drink should taste, and also what seems to be a real desire today to drink socially without getting stoned. Says Peter Morell, scion of one of New York's most prestigious wine and liquor families, "Young people today don't want to *taste* the alcohol. They want a real taste, a flavor they can really enjoy along with the overall effect."

The taste theory has a lot going for it—it parallels the current widespread appreciation of gourmet cooking and fine wines. Tastes *do* change from generation to generation, along with individual needs—perhaps now more than ever—and in lowering both the proof and the price of the new cordials, the manufacturers have had a shrewd eye on the prospect of higher consumption. A cordial of, say, 50 to 60 proof that can be sipped casually or diluted with a mixer obviously has more mass market potential than a 100 proof blockbuster that can only be consumed as a prelude to flaking out, rather than making out.

Cordials get their flavor from the base spirit (brandy, whiskey, scotch, gin, vodka, etc.) and the fruits or herbs or spices (or all three) blended into the end product. Modern engineering has made it possible to produce better tasting drinks than ever before, in an incredible variety of flavors. A whole new flavor technology has developed over the past decade—vacuum evaporation and freeze-drying techniques that isolate pure flavors much more effectively than the old extractor methods; antioxidants which conserve flavor and help to give the cordial longer shelf life.

With literally hundreds of cordials in countless flavor combinations now on the market, how do you set about getting to know them? It's impossible to taste them all—unless you're trying to set a new mark in the Guinness Book of Records. The most sensible approach is to buy miniature bottles. This way you can try out a wide assortment of liqueurs without going to the expense of buying full bottles. Remember the taste and note it down. Experiment in bars and restaurants—take a taste trip rather than just going along with your habitual brew or stew. As we've said, liqueurs are essential in any gourmet kitchen. Why not try a ham steak cooked in cherry liqueur, top it off with crepes suzette awash with Curaçao, and spike your after-dinner coffee with an ounce of Kahlua? Experiment. Experience. Get cordial with yourself for a change.

The naming of the brew

You've probably tried many of the grand old "family recipe" or so-called "monastic" brands (Bénédictine, Chartreuse, Cointreau, Drambuie, Grand Marnier, Peter Heering, Strega, and our own Southern Comfort, to name but a few) but you've a long way to go, brother, if you stopped right there. It's a long and rewarding road to travel, and the following signposts are intended simply as a glossary to guide you along your way:

Advockaat: A strong liqueur made from eggs and brandy.

Anisette: White or red, this licorice-flavored cordial is made from aniseed.

Apricot Liqueur: Takes its name, deep amber color, and aroma from apricots.

Coffee Liqueur: A cordial with the smooth, rich flavor of coffee, extremely versatile in the glass or in the kitchen.

Combination Liqueurs: Many blends containing two or more cordials are on the market—one example is Cheri-Suisse, which combines the flavors of sweet chocolate and cherries.

Crème de Ananas: Takes its principal flavor from the pineapple, and like all crèmes has a notably creamy consistency.

Crème de Banane: A banana-flavored liqueur which is an essential ingredient in a Banana Daiquiri, and a really great dessert flavoring.

Crème de Cacao: A velvety, chocolate-flavored cordial derived from cocoa and vanilla beans, it comes in deep brown and colorless versions.

Crème de Cassis: A deep red cordial which takes its flavor from black currants; indispensable in a Kir aperitif.

Crème de Menthe: A famous cordial distilled from a variety of mints and peppermint that give it a cool, clean taste. It's either green, gold, or colorless.

Crème de Noyaux: A reddish-hued cordial with a tangy almond flavor derived from fruit stones; also known as Crème de Noya or Almond. (Note that Italy's Amaretto however is made with almond nuts as a key flavoring ingredient.)

Curaçao: Light amber, dark orange, or blue (that's right) in color, its distinctive flavor comes from the peel of selected oranges imported from the island of the same name in the Dutch West Indies.

Flavored Bourbons: These are among the newer, lighter "pop" cordials which have great appeal to the younger crowd—either in long drinks with a great variety of mixers, over the rocks, or in cocktails. They presently come in apricot, blackberry, cherry, and peach flavors.

Flavored Vodkas: As above, and available in cherry, grape, orange, strawberry, lime, lemon, and peppermint flavors—with the citrus types among the biggest sellers.

Flavored Gins: These have been around a little longer than the vodka and bourbon types, with orange and mint as standard flavorings.

Fruit Brandies: These are generally drier than fruit liqueurs—having a brandy base with natural fruit juices added. The four most popular are apricot, blackberry, cherry, and peach. Usually taken straight or on the rocks.

Goldwasser: A strong colorless liqueur which combines orange peel and coriander among its ingredients. It takes its name, which means gold water, from the tiny particles of pure gold leaf that are added to the blend. They're harmless when consumed of course.

Kirsch: A colorless, high-proof brandy liqueur made with black cherries. A great favorite in Germany.

Kümmel: A very dry, high-proof liqueur with the distinctive flavor and aroma of the caraway seed. It's known to Scandinavians as Aquavit.

Maraschino: A cordial which takes its name from the small Marasca cherries of Dalmatia, where it was first made. It's a fine after-dinner liqueur and excellent in Daiquiris, wine cups, and in the punch bowl.

Ouzo: A colorless Greek anisette which turns milky-white when ice or water is added. Mixes well with souvlaki and bouzouki music.

Parfait Amour: An exotic liqueur, ranging in color from ruby to purple, that derives its flavor from the essential oil of violets.

Peach Liqueur: See under apricot above, and for "apricot" read "peach."

Prunelle: The basic flavor of this liqueur is obtained from plums—including the meat of the plum pit.

Rock and Rye: As the name suggests, this is an American cordial made on a rye whiskey base and flavored with rock candy syrup and fruit juices.

Sloe Gin: Not a gin at all, but a rich red cordial made with sloe berries from the blackthorn bush. Gin is most often used as the base liquor, and it's a key ingredient for the Sloe Gin Fizz or Gin Rickey.

Triple Sec: Like Curaçao, this is made with the peel of West Indian oranges, but it's colorless and higher in proof. Equally at home in a Side Car, a Margarita, and in Crêpes Suzette.

So much for starters—and a final note: As we've said, cordials lend themselves to an almost infinite variety of uses in and out of the glass. To get the best out of the liqueurs you select, ask your wine store for a sampling of the literature put out gratis by distillers and distributors. It's packed with suggestions that will impress both your palate and partner. ○+—■

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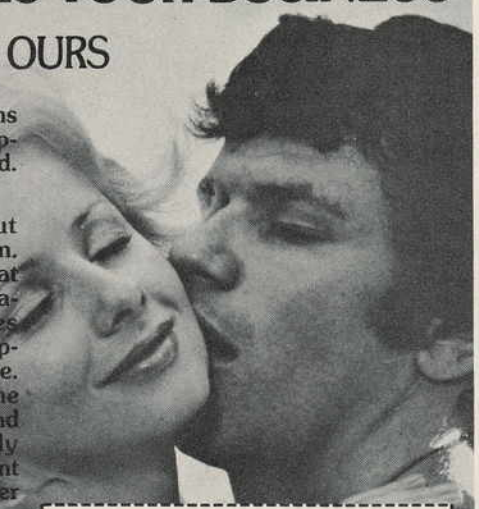

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THE FLOWERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

really, all around the country—in Colorado, New Mexico, California—I listened to very fine music on a grass-roots level. Just musicians playing, without all that Sixties ego, and everybody singing along, dancing, and really getting off.)

So there Peter is, cut off—sitting in his $100,000 bungalow on the beach, the Pacific Ocean breaking endlessly on the manicured Trancas shore—and life looks pretty bleak. With terrible nostalgia, he talks about the past, shaping the Sixties into a monument. Talking about Woodstock and the marches on Washington, all the energy and movement that brought people together into a vortex of change . . . that was perfect, he says. That was how life should always be.

On the other hand—

Quite opposite to Peter Yarrow, although still another voice from the past, is Wavy Gravy, ex-Merry Prankster, Ken Kesey cohort, leader of the Hog Farm traveling commune, and one of the organizers of the Great Woodstock Festival itself.

I saw Wavy first in New York and then again later in Berkeley. His latest project—he tells me with a certain Pranksterish smile—is to take over the earth and give it back to the people. He already has 596 acres in Vermont, which he calls Earth People's Park, 15 acres in New Mexico, and a house in Berserkly (as he calls it). But he's not going to stop until he has New York and Chicago as well. All of which—he assures me—will be liberated for the people's use no later than 1976.

Actually, you'd have to say Wavy Gravy was quite mad if you didn't know his *real* profession, that he began his many-sided career as a nightclub comedian, working with his friend and manager Lenny Bruce—and that, with his Hog Farm and his crazy name, he is a comic still, sort of a wild joker in our midst. But ineffectual now. Like Peter Yarrow. Their day has come to an end.

What's happening *now* is different—and it's not the great social upheaval that both Peter Yarrow and Wavy Gravy would like us to have. Instead it's a quiet revolution—without leaders. There is a new generation, in fact, comprised of many ages—from the oldest seventeen-year-olds you may ever meet to some quite childish forties and fifties. The chances are that this generation won't become famous—that they won't cause such a big stir as before—but it's a generation that has lived intensely. Years of explosion. Years of doubt and confusion. And today there's a common sense of coming through.

Taos, in the northern tip of New Mexico, was the scene of the central experience of my two months on the road—and it was there that I found the death of the whole Flower mentality in the early Seventies and now this

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unexpected rebirth most clearly defined.

First you have to visualize the New Mexican landscape: enormous spaces reaching out in every direction. A great desert plain, almost a mile and a half high. Red rock mesas, haunted with Indian ghosts, and a silence so deep that it rings in the ears.

Taos itself is an adobe pueblo at the foot of the southernmost edge of the Rocky Mountains. The mountains rise abruptly behind it, sheer cliffs of pine and granite, snowcapped even in the summer—and the great desert lies to the south, stretching out endlessly, white in the winter under a blanket of heavy snow; red in the summer, burning in the sun.

It is a savage land of an absolute beauty not completely of this earth. I've heard it described as an American Tibet, and certainly the soul can seem to become detached from the body there, seeking through the high altitude for something older than man. . . . Some people fall in love with New Mexico on sight; others are frightened by its dreamlike intensity. It has attracted many famous people, such as Carl Jung and D. H. Lawrence (who is buried just out of Taos, alongside his wife), as well as artists and seekers and tourists of every description.

Taos was a natural for the hippies—literally the most far-out place in America. Back in the late Sixties, with the mass movement back to Mother Earth, it became *the* heavy place to go. So it was famous overnight. A scene. A new Haight-Ashbury, pulling in thousands upon thousands of hippies from every part of the globe.

Ah, the Sixties! No one traveled alone in those days: every discovery was exploited so very, very fast. The Taos scene was a mess almost from the start. Too many people came looking for Utopia, and hardly any of them were prepared for the cruel extremes of weather—the sun that burns like a razor, and the snow that is possible even on a summer day.

I talked to a man in his late twenties, named Sandy, who lived at New Buffalo, the commune in *Easy Rider*, where those two Hollywood bikers stopped off for one of their more lyrical interludes—ending up in the hot springs nearby with two luscious girls. It was a nice fantasy, and it made New Buffalo famous. Too famous. Hundreds of visitors showed up immediately, expecting to find the same.

What they found, however, was overcrowding, poverty, and disease—as well as a violent racial situation. In fact, the Spanish inhabitants (the majority there) were often known to shoot at a white hippie on sight.

Sandy, originally from Greenwich Village, had been in Taos for six years. He arrived as part of a school-bus commune, now long defunct. Back in 1968 they were in Reno, Nevada—all of them pretty sharp New Yorkers—and in one wild night of gambling they made $17,000. Enough to buy four school buses the next day, telephone friends all around the country, and send them the air fare to Taos, where they bought some land and hoped to live forever.

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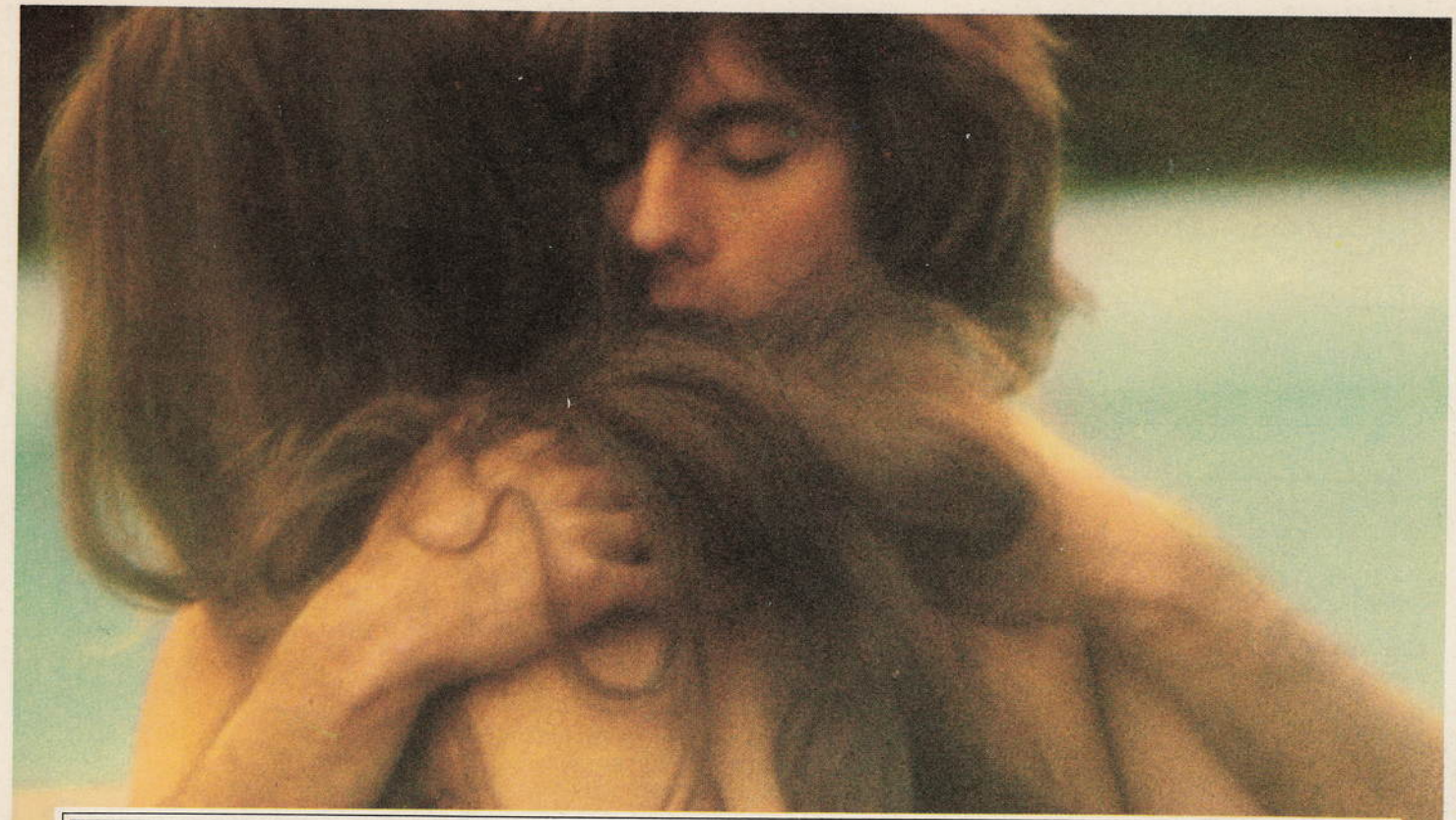

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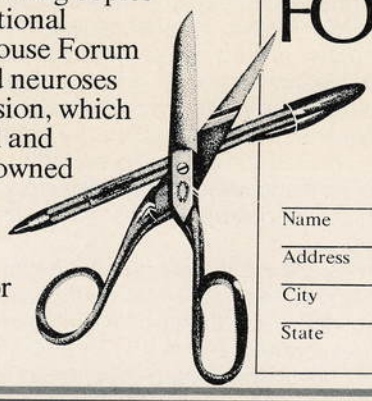

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Unfortunately, at the rate they were spending it, the money ran out within a few months. So they loaded up the school buses and took off again for Reno—where the sharpest three players entered the casino with the last $500, while the others waited breathlessly in the parking lot. They waited all night long—only to learn at dawn that they were all busted, finished, even the buses had been lost.

And that was that. Sandy and his wife returned to Taos and lived at New Buffalo for several years, but that kept falling apart, too, so they finally moved into a cabin of their own. Today they are just barely supporting themselves, making and selling Indian-style jewelry. It's a hard life, but they're more realistic now.

"The trouble with the Flowers," Sandy said to me once, squinting out across the desert, "is that most of us flowered at a time in our lives when we hadn't ever had to support ourselves. Or even had a vague notion of supporting ourselves. So it was all just some childish dream, a bubble that had to burst."

He laughed, "God were we naïve!"

Back in the Sixties, the basic assumption was that only the wicked American Government fucked things up. Get rid of that system—change it or escape from it in some way—and *voilà!* there would be Paradise here on earth. This was Ideal Nature born out of sitting around idly in city coffeehouses, listening to music and stoned on grass. A very pretty picture—and about as real as a Walt Disney cartoon.

Such were the illusions of a generation raised on television and supermarkets. But then came New Mexico, *real* nature in all her primitive glory, a land where eagles rush down from the sky to pick up lambs in their bare talons and carry them away screeching to their mountain nests. And then the earth itself, dry and red as blood. To break that earth, to plow it and water it and make crops grow, is hard, hard work—even if you're an intellectual.

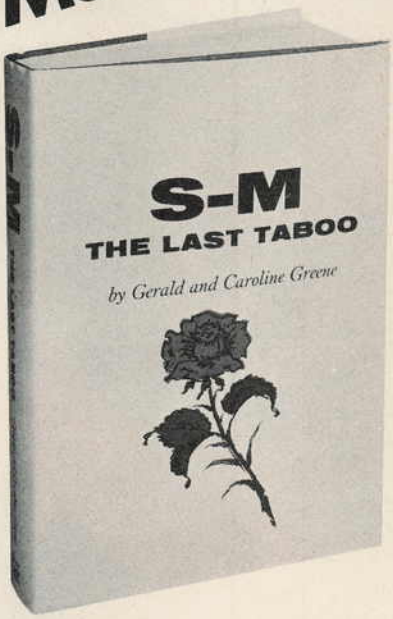
The Flowers found that living off the land was hard-going—as any farmer could have told them, had he overheard one of their coffeehouse conversations in Greenwich Village or the Haight. Many just couldn't make it—and not only in New Mexico, but in California, Oregon, and New England as well. Besides the hard physical work, there was the boredom. Many Flowers found they weren't as ready as they had thought to live with nothing but mountains, streams, and silence.

Today, there has been a return to the cities. Some have returned with bitterness—for no one is so bitter as a disillusioned idealist—but others have come back with a more realistic understanding of who they are and what they want to do. On the other hand, some have only returned halfway: to places like Santa Cruz and Marin County, places near enough to Megalopolis to offer some means of earning a living, yet far enough away to have a few trees and space to think.

In Taos—truly a Never-Never Land—the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Sado-Masochism



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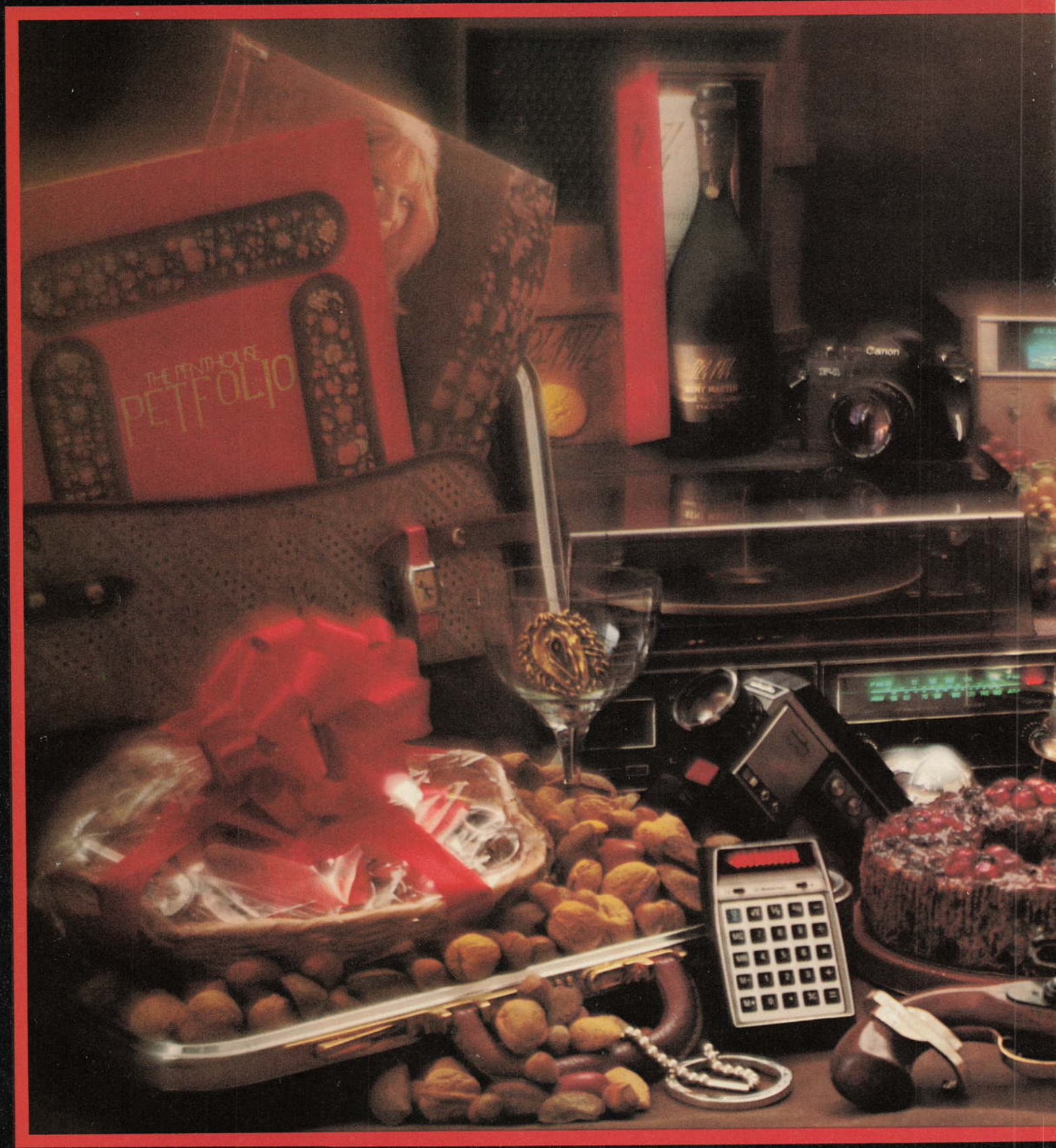
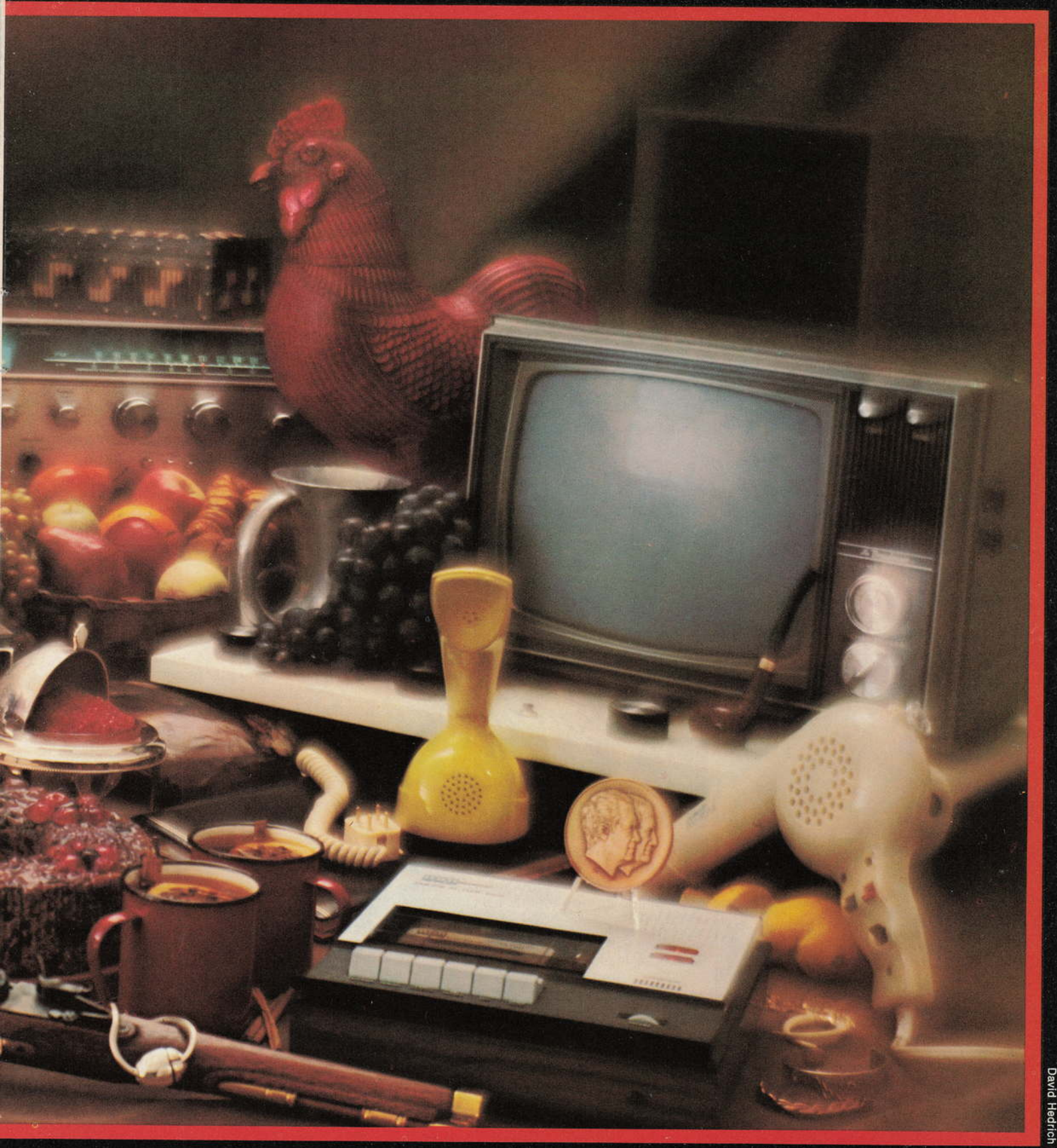


Christmas Continued

Some suggestions for last-minute shopping

Front and center is a contemporary "antique," the Kentucky Flintlock pistol by Replica Models ($28.77), around which are displayed the Scarab Snake Bracelet ($130), Closed Tango Bracelet ($130), the Rocket Ring ($120), and the Baby BB Bracelet ($40) from the Barry Kieselstein Collection, all available at George Jensen. A Bowman pocket calculator ($79.95) leans against a rich Ventura 24K suitcase ($60), which contains a Snail Basket for the escargot connoisseur from Hammacher-Schlemmer ($32). One Exquisite Goblet ($15), also from Hammacher-Schlemmer, holds a brass belt buckle from Shamey's of the Shores ($75), behind which is an original Mickey Mouse watch ($40) from the Tony



David Hedrich

Goodstone Collection. Tucked into the reading pocket of the traveling case is the Penthouse's *own Petfolio ($9.95). The Craig Stereo System ($233.95) supports a rare bottle of Remy Martin's blend of fifty-to-one-hundred-year-old cognacs ($275) and a Canon F1 35mm camera ($699). In front of the sound system is a Minolta XL400 movie camera ($290) and a Silver Roll Top Caviar Server ($35.50) from Hammacher-Schlemmer. The Scarab Box ($700) from the Kieselstein Collection is tucked behind the elegant fruit cake. Atop the Akai Receiver ($349.95) is a porcupine quill-framed box ($90) from Niall Smith. A Chinese wicker rooster ($275) from Hammacher-Schlemmer stands behind Electronic Table Tennis by Control Sales ($550), on which sits a Corn-Copia Mug ($12.95) from Hammacher-Schlemmer and a Kaywoodie Magnum pipe ($15.95). The Grand Com Ericphone ($59.95) sits atop a black leather telephone memo book from T. Anthony ($25); and a Nixon/Agnew inaugural memorial coin from Harmer and Rooke ($80) is displayed on the Phone-Butler ($99.95) by BSR, behind which is Continental's Conair pro-style hairdryer ($28.99). In the far right corner are three pieces of jewelry from the Swank collection (at $6, $7.50 and $10).*

THE FLOWERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

whole migration process was extreme. Thousands came in the Sixties, and then, around 1971, thousands left. Still, a good third of the town's population today is longhair, and they have finally been accepted as a stable part of the town's citizenry—along with the Spanish, the Indians, and the tourists. Those who have remained have had to learn how to survive, so today the scene is smaller than in the old days—but it is far more together than it was before.

The New Buffalo commune, for example, has been in existence for ten years. At its height, there were sometimes a hundred people living there; at its lowest ebb, no one. Different groups came and went, but none of them seemed able to make the commune work, even though the land was free to live on—owned by a rich hippie who was never there.

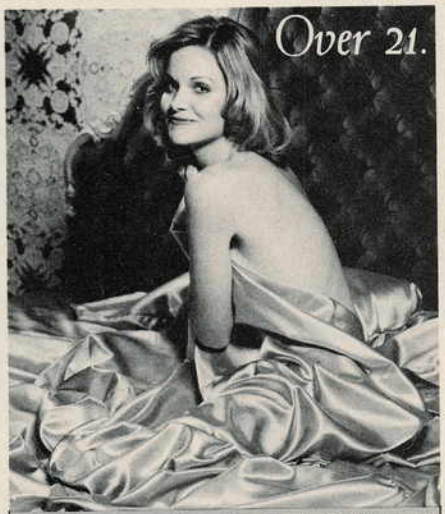
But New Buffalo now has a steady population of thirty adults and children. They work the land with a tractor and grow all their own food. While some members of the group are farming, others are making jewelry to sell in town. Recently, the commune has rented a store in Taos, where they can sell their own work without having to pay the usual commissions. At last, it's all working out—years too late to cause a stir in the underground, but still an ideal finally accomplished.

In general, though, communes don't have the attraction they used to. People are more interested in living on their own. A commune is like having parents—it's a *family* form of existence—and there are many individuals who have grown up enough not to need that anymore. They want to travel in the world alone, each separately on his quest.

You have a great sense of that in New Mexico. It's a land of pilgrims and travelers. All of them searching—passing in and out of different lifestyles—searching through the desert for sanity and truth. And *everything* is important there: each moment, each meeting, stands out against the silence as a kind of symbol, a lesson that is meant especially for you—leading you further and further along the way.

My second day there, I made a little pilgrimage of my own—twenty miles outside of Taos, up a winding dirt road into the foothills and pine forest—to the old D. H. Lawrence ranch. High in the woods, there is a small adobe memorial where his ashes rest, and the grave of Frieda Lawrence is nearby. There is a view through the pine trees out over the endless stretch of desert far below—and on the top of the memorial a stone phoenix looks outward forever.

I was all alone there, thinking what a phoenix of a man Lawrence must have been to have lived in a place like this—alone with his spirit (Lawrence all mine, you see) and the mountains and the desert, until it overwhelmed me—so much space and time



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—and I broke down. I cried there; New York washed itself out of my soul. Everything emptying out: love, pain, foolish disillusionment. Emptying into the desert—to be swallowed by the silence. A part of me died there but I emerged feeling equal to that place, feeling that I would never hold myself cheaply again or sell myself on the open market, no matter what the cost.

Well, these flashes come and go. Soon you are eating dinner again, or thinking about a girl, and most of the intensity is gone, though there is always something—you hardly even know it—something that will never really be lost.

But New Mexico is like that, rich with these flashes of illumination. And that's what you feel people are doing there. *That's* why they came, and they talk about it always, their journeys and all the lessons they've learned. And there seems to be a sparkle in people's eyes that says, "it's getting better, getting better all the time. . . ."

Driving back into Taos, I picked up some sparkle-eyed hitchhikers, standing in the desert, going no place particularly fast—a young, black-haired man named Johnny and Pizza, his three-year-old son. I was feeling pretty happy and they were too. It seemed like we became friends almost instantly—that we had known each other all along. Within five minutes of picking them up, Johnny invited me to stay at his home.

And that's what I did for most of the time I was in Taos. The house is fairly close to town, an old adobe structure, and Johnny lives there with his wife Sheila, who had stood by him patiently through many ups and downs, their four children, and various friends who need a place to stay. He originally came from Los Angeles—a street man, who once roamed through the neon, exploding inside, but now (like I'm trying to say about the Seventies), now that is over for him. He doesn't even drink beer or wine—and he's working hard on a jewelry trip, hoping to have enough money soon to buy himself a few acres of land.

Michael, an ex-seminary student still wrestling with his god, also lives in the house. And Caroline, a blond, blue-eyed country girl, raised in Wyoming, who recently arrived at Johnny's house after breaking up with a man she'd lived with for several years. Learning how to be alone, complete in yourself, is surely one of life's most difficult lessons, but she is learning it deeply, coming through at last.

And there were others, friends who sort of half live there—dropping by for two or three weeks at a time. It isn't so much a commune as a perpetually open house. When I walked in the front door, Johnny said to his wife, "This is Robert—he's going to stay with us for a little while." She smiled at me, and that was that. They were poor people, in a material sense, so that often all there was for dinner was potato soup. But what they had, they shared completely—really without a thought.

I was there in the spring, and it was a tough time in that household. But I never

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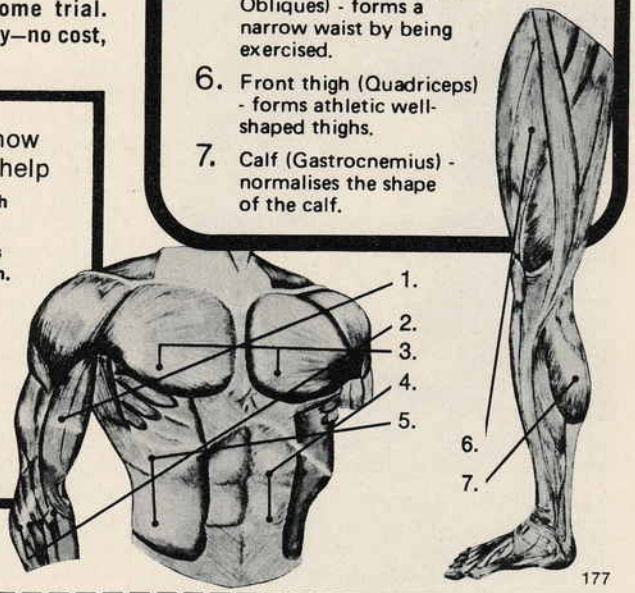

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heard anyone complain. All winter long they had been making jewelry. In the summer they would sell it fairly easily, but in April the tourists hadn't started to come, the jewelry shops in town were overstocked, and no one was buying. Johnny and Sheila, being married with children, were able to collect welfare and food stamps. Michael worked two days a week as a dishwasher in Joe's Restaurant, and Caroline worked one night a week at the same restaurant, baking cakes and pies.

That was it—and it wasn't enough. Especially since most of the money that came in had to go for rent and expensive jewelry supplies.

Michael got sick. He couldn't keep any food down, his skin turned yellow, and within a few days he found he had hepatitis—so he had to give up his job at Joe's. One of the younger children got sick too. No money even for aspirin. No money at all.

The children were hungry. The plumbing clogged up—no money for a can of Draino. The propane for the stove went out.

And all around lay the savage landscape of New Mexico, where death seems always possible, perhaps imminent, in the silence and the scorched red sand. The life these people were leading had become terribly real. And yet, they were brave enough for it, their spirits did not waver. And out of their struggle had come a wonderful thing: a deep core of sanity, joy for life, and love for one another.

At dinner, before they ate, they all held hands in a circle. Even the small children. Eyes closed, silence between them. Love, like a kind of ecstasy, circling round and round.

The second night I was there, Michael said a short prayer in his natural speaking voice. "Lord," he said, "Times are tough right now. Help us, Lord . . . help us to understand."

And then they would sit down, dive into the potato soup as if it were a great Thanksgiving feast. Joking and laughing and very loose with one another in a hearty country kind of way.

I learned a lot from these people.

After a few days, another friend came down from the mountains to visit for a while. Her name was Abalone, and Johnny had told me about her before, told me she was a very cosmic bearded lady. I didn't believe him completely—or thought, at most, he was exaggerating a few stray whiskers. But that afternoon Abalone walked in the door with a beard on her chin two inches long—her whole presence sparkling so that I could hardly take my eyes off her.

In the beginning, I have to admit, I was a little afraid of her. She came straight up and greeted me, looking more intensely into my eyes than people normally do. Seeing right through me, I thought, and laughing a little at what she found.

I was humorous, clearly, a journalist with a pad of paper, constantly scribbling away. But her laughter wasn't malicious in any way. Nor was it personal. It seemed to come

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more from some cosmic overview, in which we were all of us a kind of joke.

Abalone, the circus freak. I got to know her as a completely magical being. In many respects, she was very feminine—her face and her voice and her long soft hair. If she shaved, she might seem an attractive woman. And if she dressed in blue jeans and a workshirt, she might be taken for an attractive man. But Abalone remains herself, wearing a beard and a long dress, so that there can be no mistake about her: half man, half woman. Mysterious hermaphrodite. She is certain of her own identity—though she too, like all of us, has had to struggle to reach that point.

In fact, like most of us, Abalone grew up in a conformist world—with straight parents who said she must repress herself and fit into the great industrial town in Massachusetts where she grew up. Until three years ago she had never been west of Pennsylvania. She shaved her beard, she had a job—she could have been anyone, or no one, just another car on the crowded freeway. . . . For that's what this industrial age demands of you: you can be a good robot, you can have your pacifying appliances, your security, and your color TV. But you can't be a human being.

And this is why Abalone—the bearded lady, who was born with the name Suzie, a name that was like a number to her—went to New Mexico to find her own name, and her own self.

She came here looking hard. Joining the Native American Church. Searching. Two years of peyote trips in the desert, following the ancient Indian rituals (because the Red Men were human at least) with those who called themselves the Human Beings.

And in that time in the desert, she was sick and desolate and crazy as hell. All of it a great breaking down, a death to everything of the past, until she emerged at last with nothing but her core. Coming from that time with her freakish beard and her sparkling blue eyes. Saying, in effect: *Here I am. I accept the nature I was born with. I can only be myself.*

And her man/woman duality. In a strange way, she physically represents what many of us have experienced as well—the complexities of being human, the richness of it all. Accepting it at last—what we really are, and not what we were told to be.

So this is the America of the 1970's.

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Woodstock—exciting as it was—was really only the excitement of a mob. Woodstock, it's true, was a peaceful mob. Just as Altamont—the Rolling Stones/Hell's Angels encounter—was a violent one. Both were simply mob actions, however, with no one at all in control of the scene.

We have gone further than that now. One day we may even have a society that will reflect the honor of individual human life. But not until we each find it, alone, within ourselves. ○—

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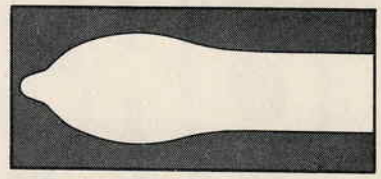

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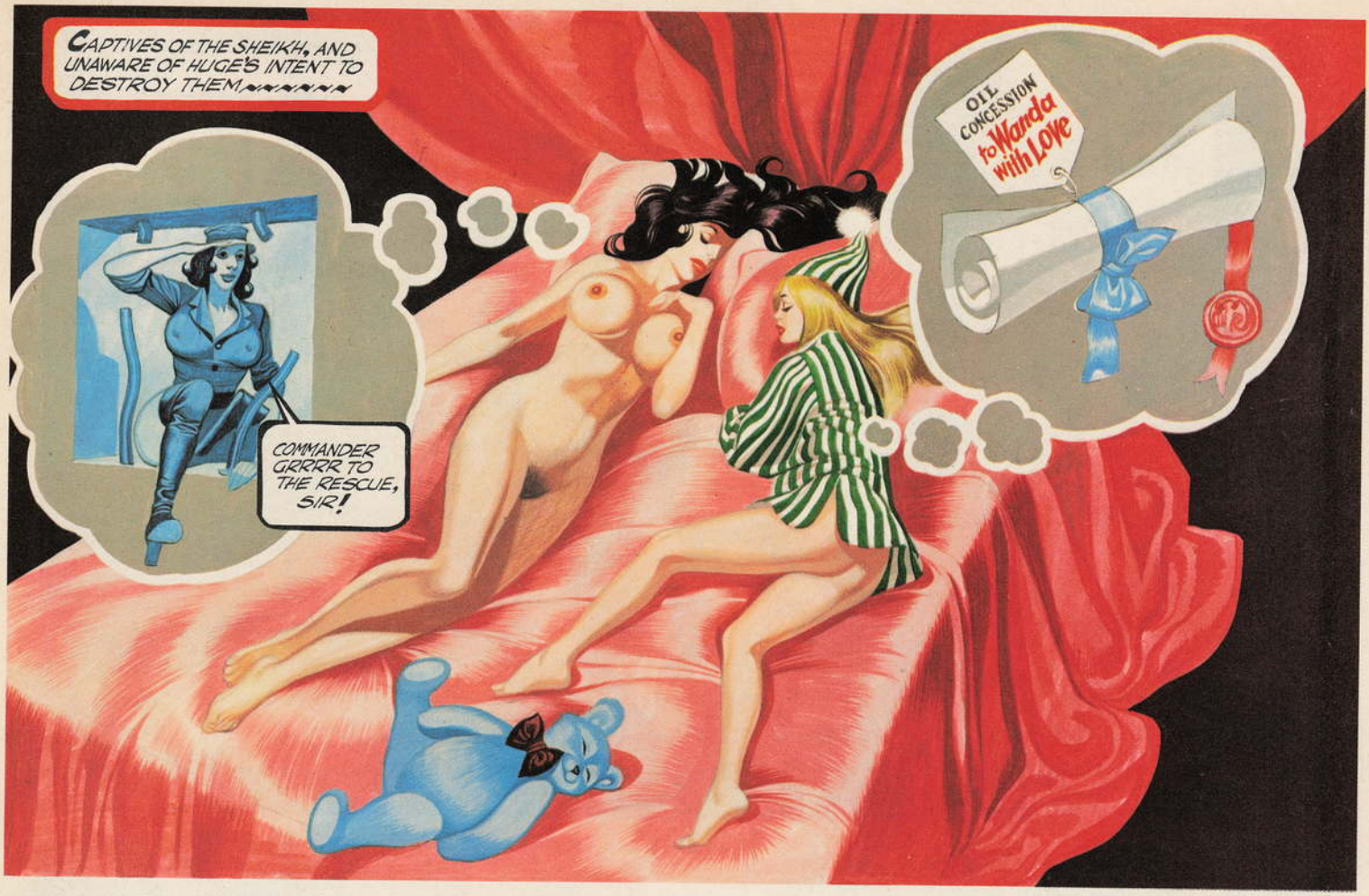
CABLE FROM LITTLE TONIO, MR HUGE. MUSTAPHA'S ABOUT TO SIGN OVER THE OIL TO CANDYFLOSS BEFORE GETTING HIS I.P.I.P. OKAY FOR TONIO TO BUMP HER OFF?
CABLE BACK: 'HIT CANDYFLOSS. SAVE THE VON KREESUS BROAD FOR ME!'
AND HAVE ONE OF MY JETS STAND BY AT NASSAU TO TAKE US TO JIGGA-JIGGA!
MONEY, SUN, SEX, LUXURY! WHY AM I BORED!
I'LL TELL YA WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD—THE CAPITALISTS GET ALL THE CRUMPET!
YOU'RE COMING INTO SOME MONEY —IT SAYS HERE?
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
THIS AIN'T CHIANTI!
ITS P..P...P POIS..... GASP!
YOU'RE RIGHT —GO GET ME SUMP'N ELSE!
OKAY, BURPO— HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!
...GET YOURS!
...GET YOURS!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BUT WILL WANDA'S PUSS COMMANDOS MAKE IT IN TIME.....
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NEW STOCK
UNAUTHOR-ISED ENTRY BRINGS A STIFF PENAL STRETCH
KISSINGER WAS HERE TOO
RIGHT—I'LL BUY WOOLWORTHS AND MARKS AND SPENCER!
AND I WANT THE LEASE OF THE WHITE HOUSE!

DAMN THING WON'T START!
WHY DO YOU STILL RUN THAT CLAPPED OUT OLD BANGER?
PSSST! THE SHEIKH AWAITS THEE, TO HAND OVER THE OIL CONCESSION!

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A MAN!
HE'S GORGEOUS!
DELICIOUS!
DROOL
GIMME!
A MAN!
I SAW HIM FIRST!
HE'S MINE!
MINE!
PURR-
R-R
R-R-R!
PANT
GASP!

FRAUD!
ORGY POOPER!
I'VE GOT MORE'N HE HAS!
SELL OUT!
IMPOSTER!
WE BIN ROBBED!
IT'S A CARVE UP!
SADIST!
C'MON- WHERE YA HIDIN IT?
WHAT A NAUSEATING SPECTACLE!
PROD
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YEEIKE!
JERK
GROPE
GUG!
AAGHH!
EEOWVV!
R-I-I-I-I-P!
WRENCH!
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POLYORIFICE ENTERPRISES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

He turns his back and adjusts something in his groin area. Thuy Kieu takes the opportunity to yawn. He turns around, and to her amazement he has a ten-dollar American greenback rolled around his erect cock and held with a rubber band. She breaks into a startled laugh.

"Sugar, you scoff; but wait and see
This little beauty will set you free."

He lowers himself onto her. She still laughs, but now is showing signs of sinuous movement.

"Hang on tight, sweet bite
Ease this bit of lucre from off my foocker."

He slips it into her wet vagina. Her laughter stops and her vaginal muscles begin to clutch at the bill. Soon, she is panting and heaving, clawing and scratching; surpassing Tex's expectations, lurching like a wild bronc.

And Tex Buchanan is in the saddle. "YIPPEE-I-OH-THAI-AYE!"

Thuy Kieu wants that bill. And the more she wants it, the more excited she soon becomes. Boom, boom, boom goes the drum. Ohhhhh, but she's *really* gonna cum! She clutches his buttocks. Ooooh, aaaah, gonna feel so numba huckin one. She wraps her legs around the small of his back. She concentrates: ease it off. There. Mmm, it slipped a bit. Just a little more. . . . Carefully, carefully. . . . Her spherical muscles are like a thousand beggars, clutching hands, a wet sucking intelligence trying to ease the green sleeve from its post.

Tex raises himself on his hands, looks into her hungry eyes, and speaks:

"Oh, livid lump of love
No need to push and shove
The bounties of this conjunction
Are a far far subtler function
So, hot puss, perspire no more
Let sweet whispers do the chore."

She squirms a bit beneath him as he parts her fine black hair, and in soft, velvety tones, sends words into her ear:

"Freedom," he sighs.
"Eh?" she mumbles.
"The Pursuit of Happiness."
"Ummm."
"Lewis and Clark."
"Ahhh."
"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death."
"Ohhh."
"Babe Ruth."
"Ooooh."
"Wendell Willkie."
"Ummm."
"General MacArthur, *Time* magazine, and Dairy Queen."
"AHHHH."
"Two Cigars in Every Garage."
"OHHHH."
"The Lions Club."
"OHHHHHHH!"

"President Eisenhower, Roger Maris, and Samsonite."

"AHHHHHHH!"

"Dow Chemical."

"UMMMMMM!"

"The Empire State Building."

"YEEEES OHHHH YEEES!"

"The Manhattan Project."

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Elvis Presley, Robert McNamara, and TEXAS!"

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH OO OH OOOH OOOOOOH OWWWWWWWW WW AHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhmmmm mmmmmm. . . ."

Tex eases out. The bill is gone. Thuy Kieu is aglow, her wagon is fixed, and it's back to the boonies for old friend Tex.

Tex Joins the Firm

Tex Buchanan is once again a grunt, once again "in the shit." His Personnel Record identifies him as Phil T. H. Buchanan, US14915546, Specialist Four, Light Weapons Specialist, born Wicheta Falls, Texas, June 3, 1946. A prematured pop in the baby boom.

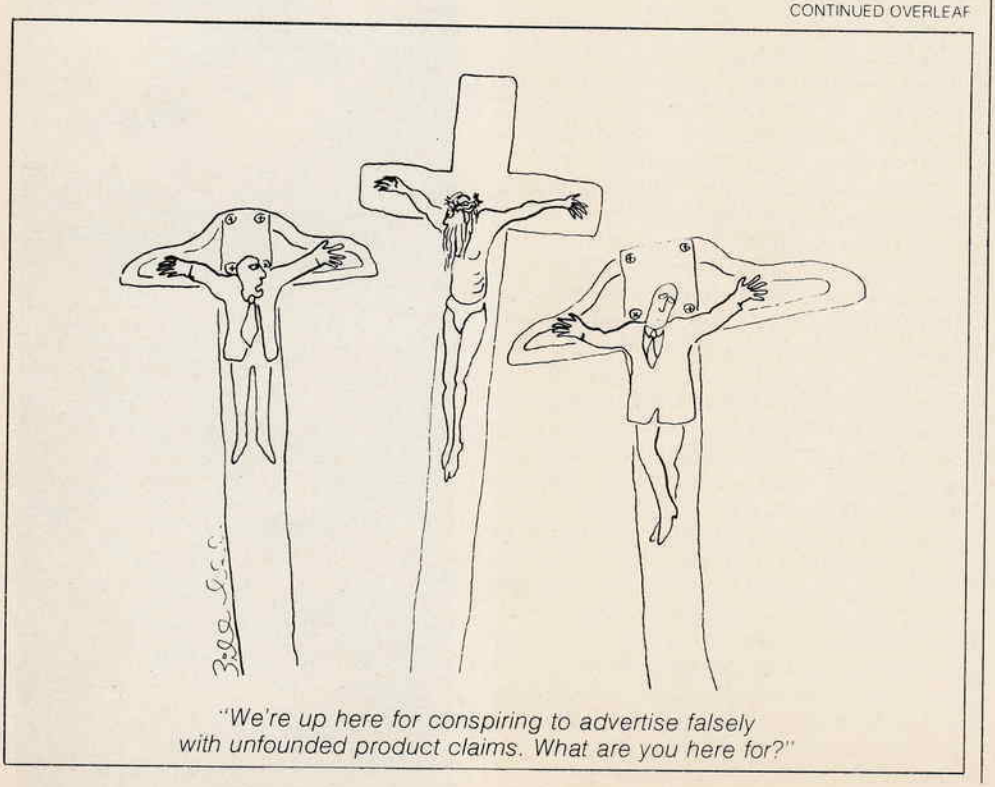
Tex is tall (six-feet-four), a bit clumsy and terrified of fine porcelain, red-haired and friendly; he's a country boy at heart, simple and candid, loves animals, and takes no shit from no man, unless the fellow is smaller than him and helpless, in which case Tex generally guffaws it off. He played center on his high school football team, raised a prize steer while a member of the Future Farmers of America, and earned his only "A" for a tryst with his twelfth-grade English teacher, Miss Ophelia Pluto. A happy childhood, on the whole. Tex still loves his eighty-five-pound mother back in Wicheta Falls; her prize cactus candy is held in great esteem by Tex and his squad mates.

Right now, Tex is stumbling and hacking his way through a thousand-pound bomb crater smoldering three kilometers east of the Cambodian border. The area was peppered by B-52's the day before and looks like an uprooted lunar botanical garden; it's like moving through a Jackson Pollack painting done in greens and charcoal. Tex is sweating, thinking about Thuy Kieu's limber limbs; roots and vines grab his ankles, the animal and vegetable smoke scrapes the inside of his lungs. Search and destroy. Tex finds this ironic.

Coming from a long line of patriots (his great, great, great grandfather rubbed elbows with Davy Crockett), Tex has faith in God and can be relied upon to serve his nation vigorously in time of crisis. He adheres to his General Orders, specific orders, and vague orders, wears his uniform proudly at home and in airports and bus stations, never questions his more-informed superiors, keeps his body and soul clean and ready for inspection, and has developed a satisfactory degree of hatred for dinks. He also has the Army Commendation Medal with V-device for climbing a tree under fire.

Tex sees nothing but the "little picture," he is a white pawn unable to visualize anything above the bishop's navel. His body has been bought. His mind can go anywhere, rebel, twist around on itself, expand, or disappear entirely, it does not matter—as long as the body is unhindered in its contracted function: to kill. Preventive medical measures (avoiding bullets) are left to Tex, and his mind is correctly fixed on these measures during a normal day's work —unless, perchance, his body is required in a passionate state of national emergency or General whim, in which case preventive

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



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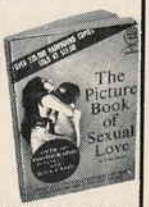

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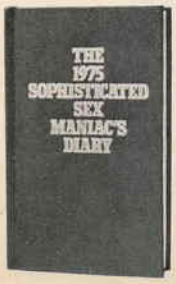

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measures are overlooked and the Veterans Administration is quickly called in.

Tex's Liability

Tex has a new orifice. An inch and a half below his right nipple, 7.62 millimeters in diameter, it reaches his spine at a slight diagonal. Here it opens a bit to about the size of two vertebrae. Skin has been grafted over this confused area, but Tex is still aware of it as he sits on wheels in the dim light playing pinochle with Sam. Sam is more fortunate than Tex in that, although he doesn't have legs that don't work, he does feel the legs that he doesn't have.

Their third-floor ward overlooks a city street. On the other side is a steel-and-glass entrance to the Hartford Life Building. They keep the venetian blinds shut most of the time and just sit there for days, good friends by now, talking, greeting nervous visitors or shy children, reading, writing letters home and sometimes to the newspaper or a congressman, eating, sleeping; and every weekday at exactly 12:07 they raise the blinds to declare boisterously what they could do for the young secretaries that file out of the Hartford Building on lunch break.

An obscure and dependent tedium frightens Tex more than the disability or the pain. He sees death everywhere—except in Sam's eyes, where he sees himself.

The Life Principle

Weeks, months, almost a year of whirlpool baths, massages, bedpans, wheelchair exercises, and solitary, dark meditation, and friend Tex is loose—a one-man vengeance show on wheels. Now this boy is mad: He's woolly, he's wild, he's no one to jest—why he's the goddamn wheelin' dealin'est cripple in the West!

He's got him a motorized chair with saddlebags. He keeps a Colt .357 Magnum in the one on the right, a bag of marijuana in the one on the left. He's a low-flyin' paranoid with a big kick. A legless churning acid bath. A Panzer. A useless lump.

Put a man on wheels who belongs on legs, and things begin to happen. First he blames God; but to no satisfaction, since there is no way to receive an apology from God. God has no knees. Then he blames the NVA, the filthy Commie rotters, maybe even supports the John Birch candidate for Congress. Still, distance proves the final obstacle in this direction, preventing even a temporary level of satisfaction. This goes on, from one thing to another, through countless labels and manifestations, until one day, like Newton discovering gravity, he hits upon the correct course of action. Out of the blue, he blames YOU. YOU did it. YOU tried to kill me. YOU are *still* trying to kill me. YOU are a murderous coward. So be warned: if YOU so much as show your murderous intentions, so much as make a quick move, disagree with me, or help me across the doorjamb, it's kill or be killed. Blow your fuckin' guts out. Watch you bleed. Die. WHAM! BAM! Thank you. . . . Damn! It's good to be alive. ○+■

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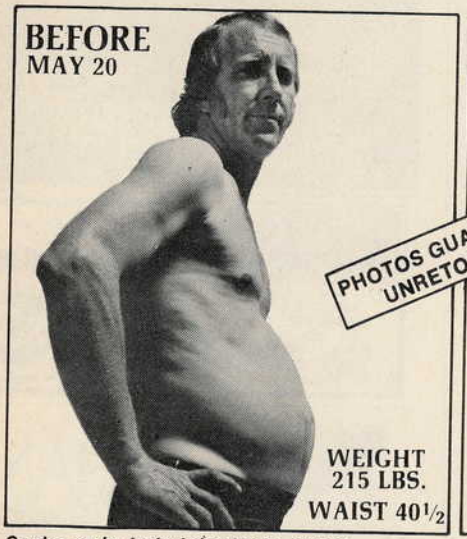
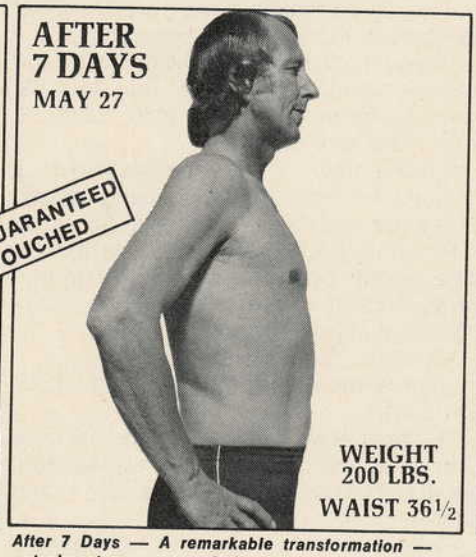


Gordon as he looked the day he started.



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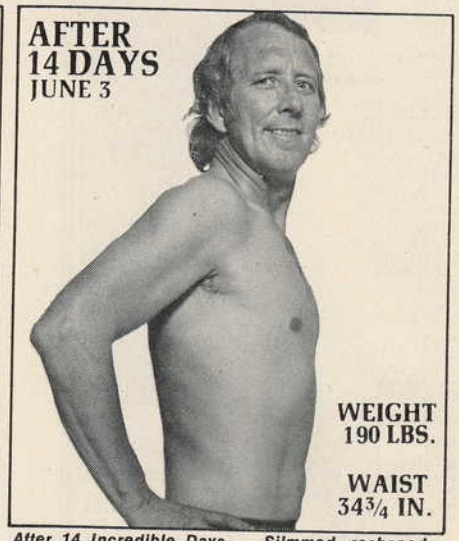

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Results vary depending upon how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. These people have given from 5 to 10 minutes twice daily to our one simple exercise, lying on their backs in comfort, even while watching TV—(and just cutting down about 20% on the foods they eat—without giving up the foods they love). Naturally, their impressive results vary. **But, we guarantee that you, too, can expect to lose from 5 to 10 pounds and from 2 to 4 inches in 14 days—or your $9.95 will be refunded.**

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Surviving the End of the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Jim Gangi's scorpion hunt started Thursday night when he poked his head into the shelter where Ogden was lying and said, "Hold it, Frank. There's a scorpion on your back!"

Before he could knock it off, Gilley had flipped the scorpion into a metal cup and Fran had then shaken it into the plastic vial the Napoleon brandy had come in.

"I'm going to dip it in plastic or acrylic and make a necklace out of it," Fran told us, when Gangi protested that he'd spotted it first. "Find your own!"

So, on Friday, when Bruce Marshall took us in the boat to Cross Cay, Gangi asked, "Are there scorpions on the island?"

Marshall nodded; and Gangi was about to dive off the boat and swim the hundred yards back to shore, when Ogden said, "What's that in the water?"

"Stingray," said Marshall.

"It must be al least four feet long," Scott exclaimed.

By the time we had reached the beach at Cross Cay, we had also seen a three-and-a-half foot barracuda and over a dozen sand sharks.

"Where are the scorpions, Clarence?" Gangi asked.

Clarence, who was Marshall's nephew, said, "In the bark of dead trees—but scorpions are evil creatures. I wouldn't play with them."

"Clarence, how do you hold a scorpion?" Gangi asked.

"Ho! With a long stick," Clarence laughed, walking over to help Gangi, who was carefully peeling back the bark of a dead tree.

"Why's he want scorpions?" Marshall asked me.

"To make a necklace," I said.

"Oh, my God," said Marshall. "He's crazy!"

After a while, Clarence walked back to us, holding a Coke bottle—a piece of jetsam he'd found—with a scorpion inside. He showed this to Marshall and me, and then handed it to Gangi, saying, "There, that saves you the trouble of dying."

No Changes—The End of the Adventure

Gangi, who had come to the island carrying three different kinds of scorpion medicine, spent the last two days on the west coast searching for scorpions as though confronting what he'd feared would happen during the survival trip. But no change came for any of us. We were all—like spontaneous Chris, who had been hoping "to learn spontaneity"—caught in a self-conscious civilized knot. The survival trip itself couldn't change us; it could only prepare us for whatever would trigger a change.

"It's funny," Gangi said on Saturday. "I was so hungry just three days ago. Now I

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really can't remember what it was like. I feel just about the same as I did before I left Boston."

"We'll go home," Terri said, "and no one will be able to tell anything happened to us."

"What did happen to us?" asked Fran.

Terri shrugged.

"Nothing really," she said.

"Hey!" Wilton called, stalking rapidly around the fire that the other Red Bay teenagers were building for the party they were planning to give us later that night, "You look like priests. You [he pointed at Chris] look like Mary Magdalene. And you [to Terri], Mary the Mother of God. And you [Ogden], Saint Peter. . . ."

"Who am I?" asked Bill.

"Judas," Wilton said. And he was right. Bill did look like the Judas in the large 3-D postcard version of the Last Supper that hung in Reverend Newton's home. In our white bedsheet caftans, our hair matted and spiky, with eyes bleary from the sun, we did indeed look like a crowd of prophets. "You all disciples," Wilton said, pointing at the rest of us, "you, and you, and you, and you, and you. . . . Hey, boy, there're no more disciples!"

"There's a shortage of everything these days," Ogden said.

"Hey, Mr. Frank," Wilton sang, "you sin once, you lose your soul; you sin twice, you lose your job. . . ."

The sea was as milky as a dead fish's eye. Abraham, the quietest kid from Red Bay, came into camp carrying a foot-and-a-half barracuda, which he'd just caught in a bight a little way down the coast. Steve followed him, carrying six smaller fish. We wrapped them all in tinfoil Ogden had brought, cooked them, and squeezed sour oranges over the baked sweet meat. The machete and knives, which hung from a nearby bush like violent fruit, clicked against each other in the wind. The huge red sun, sinking below the horizon, lit the low clouds with a gorgeous crimson glow.

The Red Bay teenagers threw more mangrove wood on the fire and the flames roared twenty feet in the air, with sparks sailing wildly higher into the gathering darkness. Then they circled the blaze: Franklin, Johnny Gibson, and Danny Miller dancing; Freddy Barr, Donald Lewis, and Wilton drumming on up-ended plastic pails; Abraham clapping. . . .

"Mama Lou, Mama Lou, when she fell in the well. . . ." they sang.

And they went on dancing for song after song. "I'd rather be a free man in my grave, than living as a puppet or a slave," they sang. . . .

They danced on and on, while we sat, exhausted, already halfway home in our imaginations, vaguely threatened by and yet attracted to the uninhibited frenzy of the kids dancing around the roaring fire—as though our joining in the dance might throw back some bolt in our personalities, releasing us, opening us to that change we'd been waiting for all week.

"Get up, hey, get up!" Franklin cried. "You *know* you got to dance. . . ." O+

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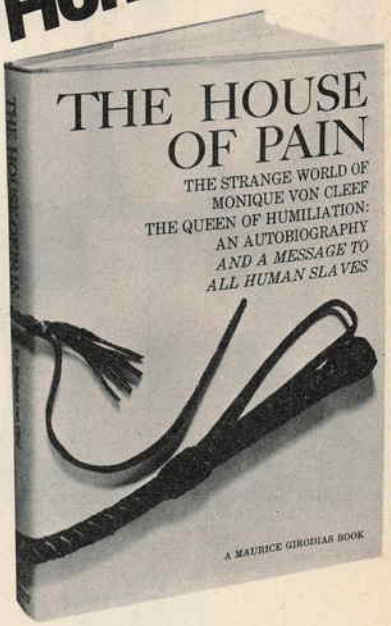
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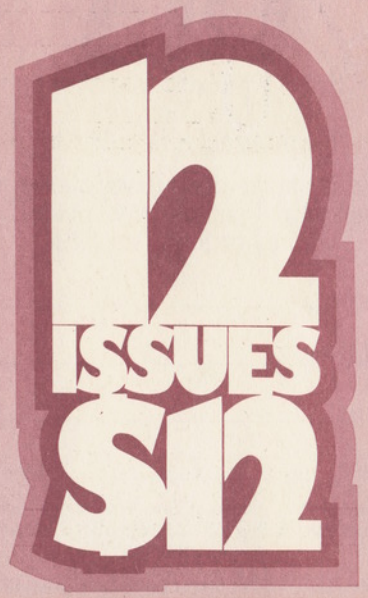

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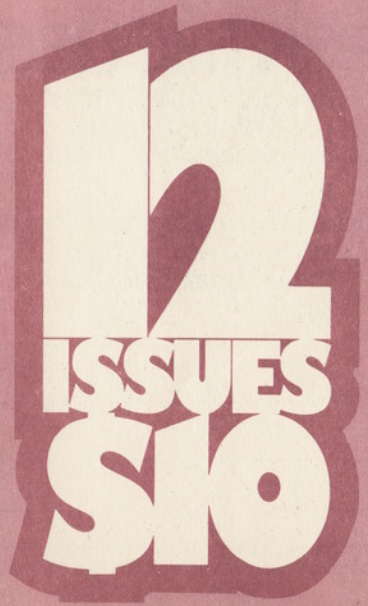

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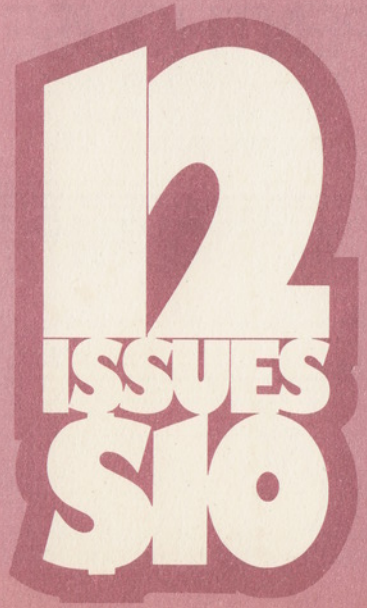

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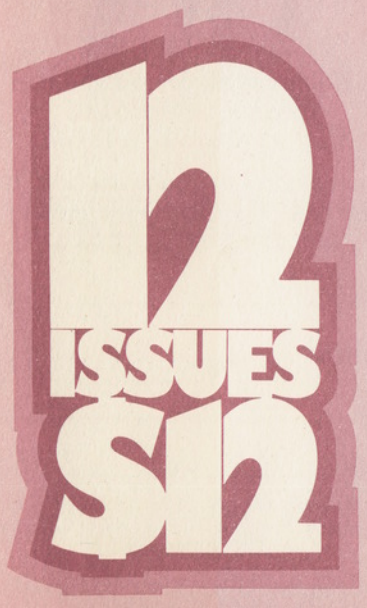

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